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A Land of Mystery

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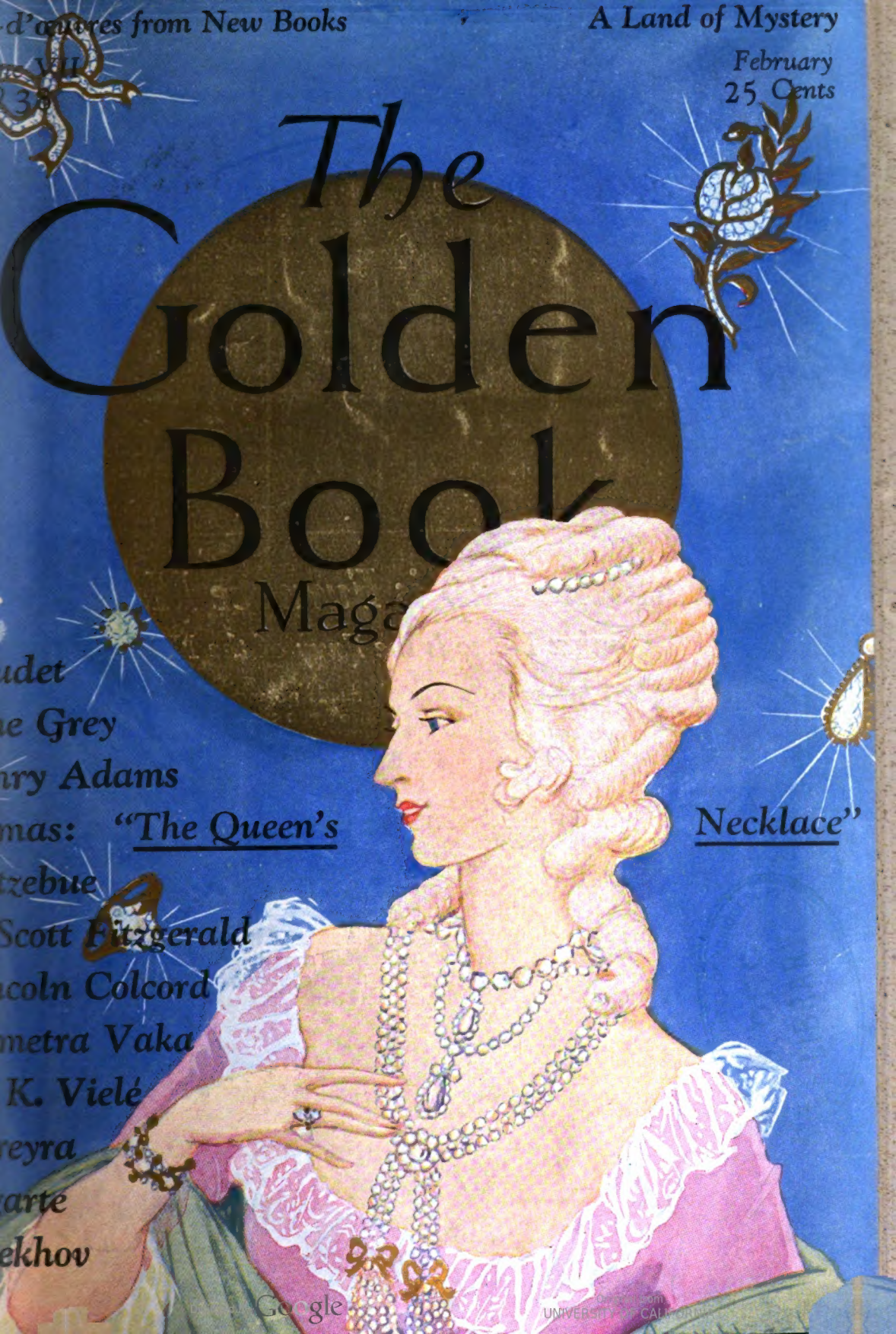

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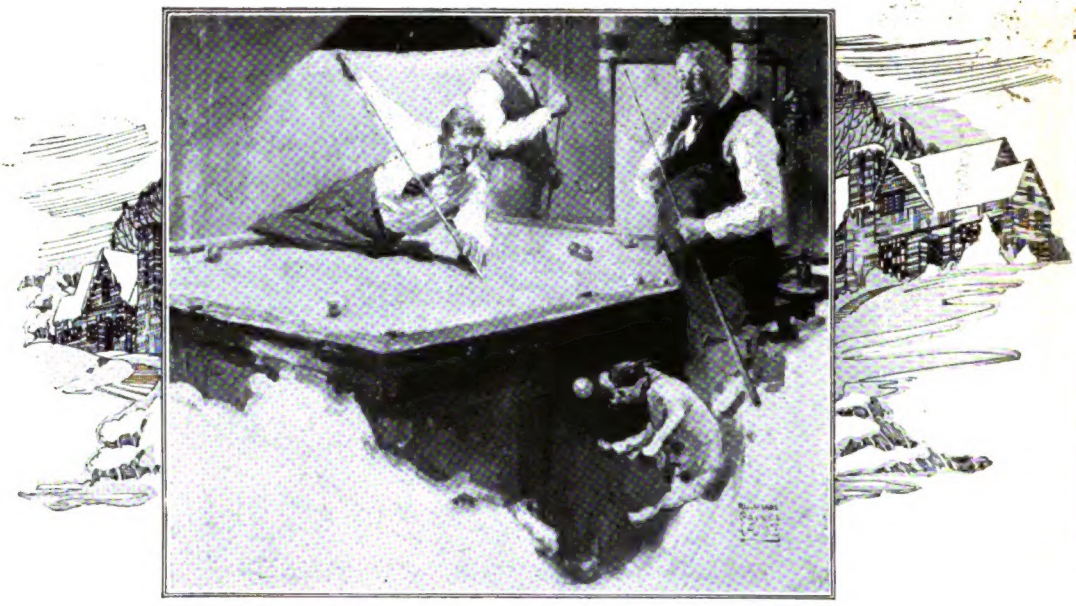

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Drawn by George Cruikshank

The "What Is It?"

(From the Ouran-outan Town Journal and Monkey World Gazette)

A VERY curious creature, unknown hitherto to the philosophy of Monkeydom, has been lately brought to this city, and is now to be seen at the Zoölogical Gardens. The stranger has been examined by the most learned citizens of Ouran-outan Town, and particularly by the President and Scientific Committee of the Society for the Promulgation of Unintelligible Knowledge; but opinion is divided as to his probable genus, race, and species. It is confidently stated, however, that he shows symptoms of belonging to a debased and degenerated breed of some savage Ouran-outan race, who, cut off from civilization and refinement, offer now a humiliating example of what a monkey may come to. The conjecture is supported by a sort of unintelligible jargon uttered by the animal. He frequently repeats sounds which may be spelt thus—"johnsmithstrandlondon"; and "dammeifthesemonkeychapsdontthinkthey'remen"; but upon no possible rules of philological philosophy can the meaning (if, indeed, it have any) of this gabble be ascertained. The animal, when captured by a hunting party from Ape Valley, was covered in a most ludicrous and absurd manner, by pieces of cloth cut into barbarous shapes, and presenting a sad instance of the utter negation of all rules of taste and propriety. He is believed not to have any natural tail, and so conscious is he of the want that he seems to have fashioned two cloth artificial ones, in which, by a strange and savage ingenuity, are placed (or misplaced) pouches, or holes—to be used, it is conjectured, for hiding his young ones. The animal, when taken, made no resistance, but seemed considerably surprised, and repeatedly uttered a sound like "monkeyshaveme," or "monkeysgotme," opinions are divided as to which; afterwards he looked steadily at his captors and distinctly pronounced "sichalotoguys," the apparent spelling of which was taken down on the spot.

Since its arrival at the Zoölogical Gardens the animal has manifested signs of decided intelligence. Meat having been set before him, instead of eating it like a civilized Ouran-outan with his paws, he produced, from some of his pouches, two strange instruments, one of a cutting nature, the other furnished with prongs, by means of which he divided the morsels and raised them to his mouth. After feeding, he now walks round the company upon his hind legs, in the manner of a rational being; and were it not for his absurd clothes, his habits of rubbing or brushing his hair, washing his face, never biting nor kicking, and especially were it not for a sort of chimney-pot which he wears upon his head, many Ouran-outans would really be inclined to think of him as approaching, in some degree, to the verge of a dim and cloudy rationality. At all events, the creature is a matter of enlightened curiosity, and we understand is likely to form one of the main attractions at the approaching Exhibition of the Want of Industry of Monkeys of all Nations. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

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FEBRVARY

IN THESE South Seas . . . I cannot tell you how many times Homer has come back to me since I have been floating about among the islands. Certainly I have begun to appreciate what wandering from island to island may have been to Ulysses . . . Were he shipwrecked he might find Nausicaä bathing or washing the clothes of his hostess, along with her companions; the same relative superiority being kept even in performing the same duties, or enjoying the same amusements. He might pray to the god of the river that received him safely from the dangerous sea, and he would be understood even among the so-called Christians. And if he escaped the devourers of men, he would be a guest in his own meaning of the term, he would be received by the maiden daughter of the Chief, he would be bathed, and have fresh clothes given him; all under feminine care and attention. He would be crowned with flowers, and set in the place of honour, and pledged in great bouts, and given great pieces, with fat, from the boar killed for him. And then he would tell his story, and there would be great dances in his honour, and he would duly praise them, comparing them with others; and when refreshed he departed, he would be given food and presents, duly enumerated and spread out, that everyone might know of the honour done him; and of what amount he might have to give some day in return, when his hosts in their wanderings might be thrown upon his hospitality. And as he looked about him he would see the Chiefs seated in rows in due precedence, with ample chests and great arms and legs, such as might have suited his own men;—there would be the warrior and the speech-maker, and the cup-bearers and the heralds.

Now if he talked about his own customs, though talking of what had happened to him at home, he would find much like his own. He would not be astonished at finding that the women of his host had been captured in war, or had been bought with heavy gifts, as wives; or had been returned with equal gifts; or that some were of immeasurably different quality, being of Chief or divine origin, as he would call it and call himself.

And so I have followed him in mind everywhere; and re-read the Odyssey, feeling as if never before had I sufficiently admired it, and sufficiently perceived its truth to everyday nature.

Sincerely, LA FARGE.

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1 It is statut and ordaint that during the rein of hir maist blessit Megeste, for ilk *yeare knowne* as lepe yeare, ilke mayden *ladye of bothe* highe and lowe estait shall hae liberte *to* bespeke ye man she likes, albeit he refuses to taik hir to be his lawful wyfe, he shall be mulcted in ye sum ane pundis or less, as his estait may be; except and awis gif he can make it appeare that he is betrothit ane ither woman he shall then be free. SCOTCH STATUTE, 1288.

2 But sweeter yet than dream or song of Summer or Spring
Are Winter's sometime smiles, that seem to well
From infancy ineffable.
COVENTRY PATMORE.

3 It is not well, friend, to go to a craftsman upon all matters, nor to resort unto another man in every business, but rather to make you a pipe yourself; and 'faith, 'tis not so hard, neither. BION.

4 Our joys are composed of shadow. The supreme smile is God's alone. HUGO.

5 "Beauty is nature's brag, and must be shown
In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,
Where most may wonder at the workmanship;
It is for homely features to keep home."
MILTON.

6 *1830.* A singularly ridiculous article appeared under the signature of Mr. J. W. Webb in the *Courier and Enquirer*. . . Webb went to flog Duff Green in Washington, and the latter armed himself with a pistol, and was so unreasonable as to refuse his consent to let the other pull his nose and slap his face. PHILIP HONE.

7 The man who separated the thought of chastity from Service and made it revolve around Self betrayed the human race.
JAMES HINTON.

8 The white frost covers all the arbute-trees
Like powder on the faces of women.
Looking from my window I consider
That a man without women is like a flower—
Naked without its leaves.
To drive away my bitterness
I write this thought with my narrowed breath
On the white frost. WANG CHI (MATHERS).

9 I open all the doors of my mind to doubts and to the voice of every new experience, sure that the fruit of it . . . can never destroy what I have once really thought, and that this, therefore, is true for ever. BENEDETTO CROCE.

10 A heavy price must all pay who thus err,
In some shape; let none think to fly the danger,
For soon or late Love is his own avenger.
BYRON.

11 You won't become a saint through other people's sins. CHEKHOV.

12 I never encourage deceit, and falsehood, especially if you have got a bad memory, is the *worst* enemy a fellow can have. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

13 At seven o'clock we went out for a walk, but Fedya suddenly wanted to kiss my hand in the street, and said that if I did not let him do it, he would not consider me his wife. Of course I tried my best to dissuade him: in the middle of the street with people looking on—it would be terribly ridiculous. Then Fedya said he would very much like to have some chocolate. Although a glass of chocolate costs eighteen kreutzers, I agreed, and we went into a café. MME. DOSTOEVSKY.

14 *MARGERY BREWS TO JOHN PASTON, 1476*

Right reverend and worshipful, and my right well-beloved Valentine, I recommend me unto you, full heartily desiring to hear of your welfare. . . . And my lady my mother hath laboured the matter to my father full diligently, but she can no more (dowry) get than ye know of for the which God knoweth I am full sorry. But if that ye love me, as I trust verily that ye do, ye will not leave me therefore; for if that ye had not half the livelihood that ye have . . . I would not forsake you. *Paston Letters.*

15 Yet again will Love eye me tenderly from beneath dark brows, and cast me with manifold magic into the hopeless net of the Love-Goddess. I swear his approach makes me tremble like an old champion horse of the chariot-race when he draws the swift car all unwillingly to the contest. IBYCUS,

16 To the Sun Tavern in expectation of a dinner, where we had sent us only two trenchers full of meat, at which we were very merry . . . and here we staid till seven at night, I winning at quart of sack of Shaw that one trencherfull that was sent us was all lamb and he that it was veal. I by having but 3d. in my pocket made shift to spend no more, whereas if I had had more I had spent more as the rest did, so that I see it is an advantage to a man to carry little in his pocket. PEPYS.

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17 THE BOY

Down through the snow-drifts in the street
With blustering joy he steers;
His rubber boots are full of feet
And his tippet full of ears.

EUGENE FIELD.

18 Adam had a right to lay some of the blame for the Fall on Eve; certainly she was guilty of contributory negligée.

OLIVER HERFORD.

19 God breathed into a foam of pearl
And fashioned the beginnings of this girl,
After, He mingled myrtle with the dew
And took white roses, too;
But in the end He had to add to these
All His bright gardens, all His waving trees.

Thousand Nights (MATHERS).

20 Kitchener has just come back (1894) from Suakim from a military promenade in the neighbourhood of Tokar, where the country was found green and well watered with streams running, and full of wild creatures, ariels and gazelles. All this because for five years the abominable animal, man, has been excluded. All the world would be a paradise in twenty years if man could be shut out.

WILFRED SCAWEN BLUNT.

21 How much are they deceiv'd who vainly strive,
By jealous Fears, to keep our Flames alive!
Love's like a Torch, which if secur'd from Blasts,
Will faintlier burn; but then it longer lasts.
Expos'd to storms of Jealousy and Doubt,
The Blaze grows greater, but 'tis sooner out.

WILLIAM WALSH (1692).

22 *Feb. 12, 1798.* Went with the family to a Ball in Alexa. given by the Citizens of it and its vicinity in commemoration of my birthday. GEORGE WASHINGTON.

(*Though the calendar had been changed in England in 1753, the Alexandria folk still adhered to the "old style," under which Washington was born: this made his birthday February 11—and that falling on a Sunday, the celebration was held next day.*)

23 A widow bird sat mourning for her love
Upon a wintry bough;
The frozen wind crept on above
The freezing stream below.

There was no leaf upon the forest bare,
No flower upon the ground,
And little motion in the air,
Except the mill-wheel's sound.

SHELLEY.

24 *1651.* I went to see a dromedary, a very monstrous beast, much like a camel, but larger. There was also dancing on the rope; but, above all, surprising to those who were ignorant of the address, was the water-spouter, who, drinking only fountain-water, rendered out of his mouth in several glasses all sorts of wine and sweet waters! For a piece of money he discovered the secret to me. EVELYN.

25 Fiercely the battle raged and, sad to tell,
Our corporal heroically fell!
Fame from her height looked down upon the brawl
And said: "He hadn't very far to fall."

BIERCE.

26 The renunciation of the self is not the routine solution of every conflict, any more than is the absolute failure to renounce. In a certain sense the duty towards the self comes before all others, because it is the condition on which duties towards others possess any significance and worth. HAVELOCK ELLIS.

27 He is a writer who has the gravy but not the rabbit. RODIN.

28 All animals except man know that the principal business of life is to enjoy it—and they do enjoy it as much as man and other circumstances will allow. He has spent his life best who has enjoyed it most.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

29 So long as a man calls aloud "Allah Ho! Allah Ho!" be sure that he has not found God, for he who has found him becomes still. RAMAKRISHNA.

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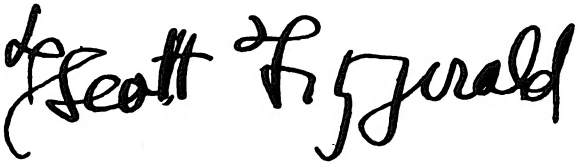
The Golden Book Magazine

VOLUME VII FEBRUARY, 1928 NUMBER 38

The Pusher-in-the-Face

By F. SCOTT FITZGERALD



THE last prisoner was a man—his masculinity was not much in evidence, it is true; he would perhaps better be described as a "person," but he undoubtedly came under that general heading and was so classified in the court record. He was a small, somewhat shriveled, somewhat wrinkled American who had been living along for probably thirty-five years.

His body looked as if it had been left by accident in his suit the last time it went to the tailor's, and pressed out with hot, heavy irons to its present sharpness. His face was merely a face. It was the kind of face that makes up crowds, gray in colour, with ears that shrank back against the head as if fearing the clamour of the city, and with the tired, tired eyes of one whose forebears have been underdogs for five thousand years.

Brought into the dock between two towering Celts in executive blue, he seemed like the representative of a long extinct race, a very fagged-out and shriveled elf who had been caught poaching on a buttercup in Central Park.

"What's your name?"

"Stuart."

"Stuart what?"

"Charles David Stuart."

The clerk recorded it without comment in the book of little crimes and great mistakes.

"Age?"

"Thirty."

"Occupation?"

"Night cashier."

The clerk paused and looked at the judge. The judge yawned.

"Wha's charge?" he asked.

"The charge is"—the clerk looked down at the notation in his hand—"the charge is that he pushed a lady in the face."

"Pleads guilty?"

"Yes."

The preliminaries were now disposed of. Charles David Stuart, looking very harm-

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less and uneasy, was on trial for assault and battery.

The evidence disclosed, rather to the judge's surprise, that the lady whose face had been pushed was not the defendant's wife.

On the contrary, the victim was an absolute stranger—the prisoner had never seen her before in his life. His reasons for the assault had been two: first, that she talked during a theatrical performance; and, second, that she kept joggling the back of his chair with her knees. When this had gone on for some time he had turned around and without any warning had pushed her severely in the face.

"Call the plaintiff," said the judge, sitting up a little in his chair. "Let's hear what she has to say."

The courtroom, sparsely crowded and unusually languid in the hot afternoon, had become suddenly alert. Several men in the back of the room moved into benches near the desk, and a young reporter leaned over the clerk's shoulder and copied the defendant's name on the back of an envelope.

The plaintiff arose. She was a woman just this side of fifty, with a determined, rather overbearing face under yellowish white hair. Her dress was a dignified black, and she gave the impression of wearing glasses; indeed the young reporter, who believed in observation, had so described her in his mind before he realized that no such adornment sat upon her thin, beaked nose.

It developed that she was Mrs. George D Robinson of 1219 Riverside Drive. She had always been fond of the theater and sometimes she went to the matinée. There had been two ladies with her yesterday, her cousin, who lived with her, and a Miss Ingles—both ladies were in court.

This is what had occurred:

As the curtain went up for the first act a woman sitting behind had asked her to remove her hat. Mrs. Robinson had been about to do so anyhow, and so she was a little annoyed at the request and had remarked as much to Miss Ingles and her cousin. At this point she had first noticed the defendant, who was sitting directly in front, for he had turned around and looked at her quickly in a most insolent way. Then she had forgotten his existence until just before the end of the act, when she made some remark to Miss Ingles—when suddenly he had stood up, turned around and pushed her in the face.

"Was it a hard blow?" asked the judge at this point.

"A hard blow!" said Mrs. Robinson, indignantly, "I should say it was. I had hot and cold applications on my nose all night."

—"on her nose all night."

This echo came from the witness bench, where two faded ladies were leaning forward eagerly and nodding their heads in corroboration.

"Were the lights on?" asked the judge.

No, but everyone around had seen the incident, and some people had taken hold of the man right then and there.

This concluded the case for the plaintiff. Her two companions gave similar evidence, and in the minds of everyone in the courtroom the incident defined itself as one of unprovoked and inexcusable brutality.

The one element which did not fit in with this interpretation was the physiognomy of the prisoner himself. Of any one of a number of minor offenses he might have appeared guilty—pickpockets were notoriously mild-mannered, for example—but of this particular assault in a crowded theater he seemed physically incapable. He did not have the kind of voice or the kind of clothes or the kind of mustache that went with such an attack.

"Charles David Stuart," said the judge, "you've heard the evidence against you?"

"Yes."

"And you plead guilty?"

"Yes."

"Have you anything to say before I sentence you?"

"No." The prisoner shook his head hopelessly. His small hands were trembling.

"Not one word in extenuation of this unwarranted assault?"

The prisoner appeared to hesitate.

"Go on," said the judge. "Speak up—it's your last chance."

"Well," said Stuart with an effort, "she began talking about the plumber's stomach."

There was a stir in the courtroom. The judge leaned forward.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, at first she was only talking about her own stomach to—to those two ladies there"—he indicated the cousin and Miss Ingles—"and that wasn't so bad. But when she began talking about the plumber's stomach it got different."

"How do you mean—different."

Charles Stuart looked around helplessly.

"I can't explain," he said, his mustache wavering a little, "but when she began talking about the plumber's stomach, you—you had to listen."

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A snicker ran about the courtroom. Mrs. Robinson and her attendant ladies on the bench were visibly horrified. The guard took a step nearer, as if at a nod from the judge he would whisk off this criminal to the dingiest dungeon in Manhattan.

But much to his surprise the judge settled himself comfortably in his chair.

"Tell us about it, Stuart," he said, not unkindly. "Tell us the whole story from the beginning."

This request was a shock to the prisoner, and for a moment he looked as though he would have preferred the order of condemnation. Then, after one nervous look around the room, he put his hands on the edge of the desk, like the paws of a fox-terrier just being trained to sit up, and began to speak in a quivering voice.

"Well, I'm a night cashier, your honour, in T. Cushmael's restaurant on Third Avenue. I'm not married"—he smiled a little, as if he knew they had all guessed *that*—"and so on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons I usually go to the matinée. It helps to pass the time till dinner. There's a drug store, maybe you know, where you can get tickets for a dollar sixty-five to some of the shows, and I usually go there and pick out something. They got awful prices at the box-office now." He gave out a long silent whistle and looked feelingly at the judge. "Four or five dollars for one seat——"

The judge nodded his head.

"Well," continued Charles Stuart, "when I pay even a dollar sixty-five I expect to see my money's worth. About two weeks ago I went to one of these here mystery plays where they have one fella that did the crime and nobody knows who it was. Well, the fun at a thing like that is to guess who did it. And there was a lady behind me that'd been there before and she gave it all away to the fella with her. Gee,"—his face fell and he shook his head from side to side—"I like to died right there. When I got home to my room I was so mad that they had to come and ask me to stop walking up and down. Dollar sixty-five of my money gone for nothing.

"Well, Wednesday came around again, and this show was one show I wanted to see. I'd been wanting to see it for months, and every time I went into the drug store I asked them if they had any tickets. But they never did." He hesitated. "So Tuesday I took a chance and went over to the box office and got a seat. Two seventy-five it cost me." He nodded impressively. "Two seventy-five. Like throwing money away. But I wanted to see that show."

Mrs. Robinson in the front row rose suddenly to her feet.

"I don't see what all this story has to do with it," she broke out a little shrilly. "I'm sure I don't care——"

The judge brought his gavel sharply down on the desk.

"Sit down, please," he said. "This is a court of law, not a matinée."

Mrs. Robinson sat down, drawing herself up into a thin line and sniffing a little as if to say she'd see about this after a while. The judge pulled out his watch.

"Go on," he said to Stuart. "Take all the time you want."

"I got there first," continued Stuart in a flustered voice. "There wasn't anybody in there but me and the fella that was cleaning up. After a while the audience came in, and it got dark and the play started, but just as I was all settled in my seat and ready to have a good time I heard an awful row directly behind me. Somebody had asked this lady"—he pointed to Mrs. Robinson—"to remove her hat like she should of done anyhow and she was sore about it. She kept telling the two ladies that was with her how she'd been at the theater before and knew enough to take off her hat. She kept that up for a long time, five minutes maybe, and then every once in a while she'd think of something new and say it in a loud voice. So finally I turned around and looked at her because I wanted to see what a lady looked like that could be so inconsiderate as that. Soon as I turned back she began on me. She said I was insolent, and then she said 'Tchk! Tchk! Tchk!' a lot with her tongue and the two ladies that was with her said 'Tchk! Tchk! Tchk!' until you could hardly hear yourself think, much less listen to the play. You'd have thought I'd done something terrible.

"By and by, after they calmed down and I began to catch up with what was doing on the stage, I felt my seat sort of creak forward and then creak back again and I knew the lady had her feet on it and I was in for a good rock. Gosh!" he wiped his pale, narrow brow on which the sweat had gathered thinly, "it was awful. I hope to tell you I wished I'd never come at all. Once I got excited at a show and rocked a man's chair without knowing it and I was glad when he asked me to stop. But I knew this lady wouldn't be glad if I asked her. She'd of just rocked harder than ever."

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Some time before, the population of the courtroom had begun stealing glances at the middle-aged lady with yellowish-white hair. She was of a deep, life-like lobster colour with rage.

"It got to be near the end of the act," went on the little pale man, "and I was enjoying it as well as I could, seeing that sometimes she'd push me toward the stage and sometimes she'd let go, and the seat and me would fall back into place. Then all of a sudden she began to talk. She said she had an operation or something—I remember she said she told the doctor that she guessed she knew more about her own stomach than he did. The play was getting good just then—the people next to me had their handkerchiefs out and was weeping—and I was feeling sort of that way myself. And all of a sudden this lady began to tell her friends what she told the plumber about his indigestion. Gosh!" Again he shook his head from side to side; his pale eyes fell involuntarily on Mrs. Robinson—then looked quickly away. "You couldn't help but hear some and I begun missing things and then missing more things and then everybody began laughing and I didn't know what they were laughing at and, as soon as they'd leave off, her voice would begin again. Then there was a great big laugh that lasted for a long time and everybody bent over double and kept laughing and laughing, and I hadn't heard a word. First thing I knew the curtain came down and then I don't know what happened. I must of been a little crazy or something because I got up and closed my seat, and reached back and pushed the lady in the face."

As he concluded there was a long sigh in the court room as though everyone had been holding in his breath waiting for the climax. Even the judge gasped a little, and the three ladies on the witness bench burst into a shrill chatter and grew louder and louder and shriller and shriller until the judge's gavel rang out again upon his desk.

"Charles Stuart," said the judge in a slightly raised voice, "is this the only extenuation you can make for raising your hand against a woman of the plaintiff's age?"

Charles Stuart's head sank a little between his shoulders, seeming to withdraw as far as it was able into the poor shelter of his body.

"Yes, sir," he said faintly.

Mrs. Robinson sprang to her feet.

"Yes, judge," she cried shrilly, "and there's more than that. He's a liar too, a dirty little liar. He's just proclaimed himself a dirty little——"

"Silence!" cried the judge in a terrible voice. "I'm running this court, and I'm capable of making my own decisions!" He paused. "I will now pronounce sentence upon Charles Stuart," he referred to the register, "upon Charles David Stuart of 212½ West 22nd St."

The courtroom was silent. The reporter drew nearer—he hoped the sentence would be light—just a few days on the Island in lieu of a fine.

The judge leaned back in his chair and hid his thumbs somewhere under his black robe.

"Assault justified," he said. "Case dismissed."

The little man, Charles Stuart, came blinking out into the sunshine, pausing for a moment at the door of the court and looking furtively behind him as if he half expected that it was a judicial error. Then, sniffing once or twice, not because he had a cold, but for those dim psychological reasons that make people sniff, he moved slowly south, with an eye out for a subway station.

He stopped at a news-stand to buy a morning paper; then entering the subway was borne south to Eighteenth Street, where he disembarked and walked east to Third Avenue. Here he was employed in an all-night restaurant built of glass and plaster white tile. Here he sat at a desk from curfew until dawn, taking in money and balancing the books of T. Cushmael, the proprietor. And here, through the interminable nights, his eyes, by turning a little to right or left, could rest upon the starched linen uniform of Miss Edna Schaeffer.

Miss Edna Schaeffer was twenty-three, with a sweet mild face and hair that was a living example of how henna should not be applied. She was unaware of this latter fact, because all the girls she knew used henna just this way, so perhaps the odd vermilion tint of her coiffure did not matter.

Charles Stuart had forgotten about the colour of her hair long ago—if he had ever noticed its strangeness at all. He was much more interested in her eyes, and in her white hands which, as they moved deftly among piles of plates and cups, always looked as if they should be playing the piano. He had once almost asked her to go to a matinée with him, but when she had faced him, her lips half-parted in a weary,

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cheerful smile, she had seemed so beautiful that he had lost courage and mumbled something else instead.

It was not to see Edna Schaeffer, however, that he had come to the restaurant so early in the afternoon. It was to consult with T. Cushmael, his employer, and discover if he had lost his job during his night in jail. T. Cushmael was standing in the front of the restaurant, looking gloomily out the plate-glass window, and Charles Stuart approached him with ominous forebodings.

"Where've you been?" demanded T. Cushmael.

"Nowhere," answered Charles Stuart discreetly.

"Well, you're fired."

Stuart winced.

"Right now?"

Cushmael waved his hands apathetically.

"Stay two or three days if you want to, till I find somebody. Then"—he made a gesture of expulsion—"outside for you."

Charles Stuart assented with a weary little nod. He assented to everything. At nine o'clock, after a depressed interval during which he brooded upon the penalty of spending a night among the police, he reported for work.

"Hello, Mr. Stuart," said Edna Schaeffer, sauntering curiously toward him as he took his place behind the desk. "What become of you last night? Get pinched?"

She laughed, cheerfully, huskily, charmingly he thought, at her joke.

"Yes," he answered on a sudden impulse, "I was in the Thirty-fifth Street jail."

"Yes, you were," she scoffed.

"That's the truth," he insisted, "I was arrested."

Her face grew serious at once.

"Go *on*. What did you do?"

He hesitated.

"I pushed somebody in the face."

Suddenly she began to laugh, at first with amusement and then immoderately.

"It's a fact," mumbled Stuart, "I almost got sent to prison account of it."

Setting her hand firmly over her mouth, Edna turned away from him and retired to the refuge of the kitchen. A little later, when he was pretending to be busy at the accounts, he saw her retailing the story to the two other girls.

The night wore on. The little man in the grayish suit with the grayish face attracted no more attention from the customers than the whirring electric fan over his head. They gave him their money, and his hand slid their change into a little hollow in the marble counter. But to Charles Stuart the hours of this night, this last night, began to assume a quality of romance. The slow routine of a hundred other nights unrolled with a new enchantment before his eyes. Midnight was always a sort of dividing point—after that the intimate part of the evening began. Fewer people came in, and the ones that did seemed depressed and tired: a casual ragged man for coffee, the beggar from the street corner who ate a heavy meal of cakes and a beefsteak, a few nightbound street-women and a watchman with a red face, who exchanged warning phrases with him about his health.

Midnight seemed to come early tonight, and business was brisk until after one. When Edna began to fold napkins at a nearby table he was tempted to ask her if she too had not found the night unusually short. Vainly he wished that he might impress himself on her in some way, make some remark to her, some sign of his devotion that she would remember forever.

She finished folding the vast pile of napkins, loaded it onto the stand and bore it away, humming to herself. A few minutes later the door opened and two customers came in. He recognized them immediately, and as he did so a flush of jealousy went over him. One of them, a young man in a handsome brown suit, cut away rakishly from his abdomen, had been a frequent visitor for the last ten days. He came in always at about this hour, sat down at one of Edna's tables, and drank two cups of coffee with lingering ease. On his last two visits he had been accompanied by his present companion, a swarthy Greek with sour eyes, who ordered in a loud voice and gave vent to noisy sarcasm when anything was not to his taste.

It was chiefly the young man, though, who annoyed Charles Stuart. The young man's eyes followed Edna wherever she went, and on his last two visits he had made unnecessary requests in order to bring her more often to his table.

"Good evening, girlie," Stuart heard him say to-night. "How's tricks?"

"O. K.," answered Edna formally. "What'll it be?"

"What have you?" smiled the young man. "Everything, eh? Well, what'd you recommend?"

Edna did not answer. Her eyes were staring straight over his head into some invisible distance.

He ordered finally at the urging of his companion. Edna withdrew, and Stuart

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saw the young man turn and whisper to his friend, indicating Edna with his head.

Stuart shifted uncomfortably in his seat. He hated that young man and wished passionately that he would go away. It seemed as if his last night here, his last chance to watch Edna, and perhaps even in some blessed moment to talk to her a little, was marred by every moment this man stayed.

Half a dozen more people had drifted into the restaurant—two or three workmen, the newsdealer from over the way—and Edna was too busy for a few minutes to be bothered with attentions. Suddenly Charles Stuart became aware that the sour-eyed Greek had raised his hand and was beckoning him. Somewhat puzzled, he left his desk and approached the table.

"Say, fella," said the Greek, "what time does the boss come in?"

"Why—two o'clock. Just a few minutes now."

"All right. That's all. I just wanted to speak to him about something."

Stuart realized that Edna was standing beside the table; both men turned toward her.

"Say, girlie," said the young man, "I want to talk to you. Sit down."

"I can't."

"Sure you can. The boss don't mind." He turned menacingly to Stuart. "She can sit down, can't she?"

Stuart did not answer.

"I say she can sit down, can't she?" said the young man more intently, and added, "Speak up, you little dummy."

Still Stuart did not answer. Strange blood currents were flowing all over his body. He was frightened; anything said determinedly had a way of frightening him. But he could not move.

"Sh!" said the Greek to his companion.

But the younger man was angered.

"Say," he broke out, "some time somebody's going to take a paste at you when you don't answer what they say. Go on back to your desk!"

Still Stuart did not move.

"Go on away!" repeated the young man in a dangerous voice, "Hurry up! *Run!*"

Then Stuart ran. He ran as hard as he was able. But instead of running away from the young man he ran *toward* him, stretching out his hands as he came near in a sort of straight-arm that brought his two palms, with all the force of his hundred and thirty pounds, against his victim's face. With a crash of china the young man went over backward in his chair, and, his head striking the edge of the next table, he lay motionless on the floor.

The restaurant was in a small uproar. There was a terrified scream from Edna, an indignant protest from the Greek, and the customers arose with exclamations from their tables. Just at this moment the door opened and Mr. Cushmael came in.

"Why, you little fool!" cried Edna, wrathfully. "What are you trying to do! Lose me my job?"

"What's this?" demanded Mr. Cushmael, hurrying over. "What's the idea?"

"Mr. Stuart pushed a customer in the face!" cried a waitress, taking Edna's cue. "For no reason at all!"

The population of the restaurant had now gathered around the prostrate victim. He was doused thoroughly with water, and a folded tablecloth was placed under his head.

"Oh, he did, did he?" shouted Mr. Cushmael in a terrible voice, seizing Stuart by the lapels of his coat.

"He's raving crazy!" sobbed Edna. "He was in jail last night for pushing a lady in the face. He told me so himself!"

A large labourer reached over and grasped Stuart's small trembling arm. Stuart gazed around dumbly. His mouth was quivering.

"Look what you done!" shouted Mr. Cushmael. "You like to kill a man."

Stuart shivered violently. His mouth opened and he fought the air for a moment. Then he uttered a half-articulate sentence:

"Only meant to push him in the face."

"Push him in the face?" ejaculated Cushmael in a frenzy. "So you got to be a pusher-in-the-face, eh? Well, we'll push your face right into jail!"

"I—I couldn't help it," gasped Stuart. "Sometimes I can't help it." His voice rose unevenly. "I guess I'm a dangerous man and you better take me and lock me up!" He turned wildly to Cushmael, "I'd push you in the face if he'd let go my arm. Yes, I would! I'd push you—right-in-the-*face!*"

For a moment an astonished silence fell, broken by the voice of one of the waitresses who had been groping under the table.

"Some stuff dropped out of this fella's back pocket when he tipped over," she explained, getting to her feet. "It's—why, it's a revolver and——"

She had been about to say handkerchief, but as she looked at what she was holding her mouth fell open and she dropped the thing quickly on the table. It was a small black mask about the size of her hand.

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Simultaneously the Greek, who had been shifting uneasily upon his feet ever since the accident, seemed to remember an important engagement that had slipped his mind. He dashed suddenly around the table and made for the front door, but it opened just at that moment to admit several customers, who, at the cry of "Stop him!" obligingly spread out their arms. Barred in that direction, he jumped an overturned chair, vaulted over the delicatessen counter, and set out for the kitchen, collapsing precipitately in the firm grasp of the chef in the doorway.

"Hold him! Hold him!" screamed Mr. Cushmael, realizing the turn of the situation. "They're after my cash drawer!"

Willing hands assisted the Greek over the counter, where he stood panting and gasping under two dozen excited eyes.

"After my money, hey?" shouted the proprietor, shaking his fist under the captive's nose.

The stout man nodded, panting.

"We'd of got it too!" he gasped, "if it hadn't been for that little pusher-in-the-face."

Two dozen eyes looked around eagerly. The little pusher-in-the-face had disappeared.

The beggar on the corner had just decided to tip the policeman and shut up shop for the night when he suddenly felt a small, somewhat excited hand fall on his shoulder.

"Help a poor man get a place to sleep—" he was beginning automatically when he recognized the little cashier from the restaurant. "Hello, brother," he added, leering up at him and changing his tone.

"You know what?" cried the little cashier in a strangely ominous tone. "I'm going to push you in the face!"

"What do you mean?" snarled the beggar, "Why, you Ga—"

He got no farther. The little man seemed to run at him suddenly, holding out his hands, and there was a sharp, smacking sound as the beggar came in contact with the sidewalk.

"You're a faker!" shouted Charles Stuart wildly. "I gave you a dollar when I first came here, before I found out you had ten times as much as I had. And you never gave it back!"

A stout, faintly intoxicated gentleman who was strutting expansively along the other sidewalk had seen the incident, and came running benevolently across the street.

"What does this mean!" he exclaimed in a hearty, shocked voice. "Why, poor fellow—" He turned indignant eyes on Charles Stuart and knelt unsteadily to raise the beggar.

The beggar stopped cursing and assumed a piteous whine.

"I'm a poor man, Cap'n——"

"This is—this is *horrible!*" cried the Samaritan, with tears in his eyes. "It's a disgrace! Police! *Pol——!*"

He got no farther. His hands, which he was raising for a megaphone, never reached his face—other hands reached his face, however, hands held stiffly out from a one-hundred-and-thirty-pound body! He sank down suddenly upon the beggar's abdomen, forcing out a sharp curse which faded into a groan.

"This beggar'll take you home in his car!" shouted the little man who stood over him. "He's got it parked around the corner."

Turning his face toward the hot strip of sky which lowered over the city, the little man began to laugh, with amusement at first, then loudly and triumphantly until his high laughter rang out in the quiet street with a weird, elfish sound, echoing up the sides of the tall buildings, growing shriller and shriller until people blocks away heard its eerie cadence on the air and stopped to listen.

Still laughing, the little man divested himself of his coat and then of his vest and hurriedly freed his neck of tie and collar. Then he spat upon his hands and with a wild, shrill, exultant cry began to run down the dark street.

He was going to clean up New York, and his first objective was the disagreeable policeman on the corner!

They caught him at two o'clock, and the crowd which had joined in the chase were flabbergasted when they found that the ruffian was only a weeping little man in his shirt sleeves. Someone at the station house was wise enough to give him an opiate instead of a padded cell, and in the morning he felt much better.

Mr. Cushmael, accompanied by an anxious young lady with crimson hair, called at the jail before noon.

"I'll get you out," cried Mr. Cushmael, shaking hands excitedly through the bars. "One policeman, he'll explain it all to the other."

"And there's a surprise for you too," added Edna softly, taking his other hand. "Mr. Cushmael's got a big heart and he's going to make you his day man now."

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"All right," agreed Charles Stuart, calmly. "But I can't start till to-morrow."

"Why not?"

"Because this afternoon I got to go to a matinée—with a friend."

He relinquished his employer's hand, but kept Edna's white fingers twined firmly in his.

"One more thing," he went on in a strong, confident voice that was new to him, "if you want to get me off, don't have the case come up in the Thirty-fifth Street court."

"Why not?"

"Because," he answered, with a touch of swagger in his voice, "that's the judge I had when I was arrested last time."

"Charles," whispered Edna suddenly, "what would you do if I refused to go with you this afternoon?"

He bristled. Colour came into his cheeks and he rose defiantly from his bench.

"Why, I'd—I'd—"

"Never mind," she said, flushing slightly. "You'd do nothing of the kind."

To Leuconoë

By QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS

(*Horace*: Book I, Ode XI)

Translated by Roselle Mercier Montgomery

SEEK not, Leuconoë, to know
What length of life Jove will bestow
On you or me—
Such things, hid from our mortal eyes,
No Babylonian sorceries
Can make you see!

Oh, better far to bravely bear
What heaven sends! No tear, no prayer
Can soften Jove!
This winter that now drives the sea
Upon the rocks perhaps may be
Our last, my love!

Forbear to guess the gods' design—
Instead, be wise and strain the wine. . .
Age comes apace—
Even as we talk, he steals on us
As though he might be envious
Of this day's grace!

Then let us, love, since life's brief span
Denies us hope, pluck while we can
This one bright hour,
Nor trust to future joys too much—
Our eager hands may never touch
To-morrow's flower!

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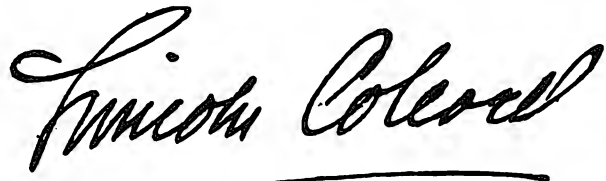
The Game of Life and Death

By LINCOLN COLCORD



THERE aren't any more of those evenings under the awning in Hong Kong harbour, the evenings that Nichols used to like so well. The ships and the trade have dropped away; and Nichols is gone, too, for that matter. But we who are left remember him always in connection with those friendly gatherings. We came to look for his little bark on our arrival; and more than often she would be lying under Kowloonside, a small vessel painted in most extraordinary colours, cream-white above and bottle-green below the water line, with a good deal of bright yellow on the woodwork about her decks.

Nichols stood apart, a singular and interesting man. His experience in the coastwise trade of China had been remarkable. A certain alien strain had crept into his blood; he held the reputation of knowing half a dozen Chinese dialects, and dealing in matters beyond the impenetrable border of the land.

As I came up the *Omega's* gangway one evening, Nichols was hanging paper lanterns beneath the awning. He expected the captains of the fleet on board to bid him good-bye. Together we sat by the rail and watched the sampans gather from the ships. A puff of off-shore breeze lifted the awning, rustling among the paper globes. The quiet harbour lay like a pool at the foot of the Peak. Men drifted in by twos and threes, dropping into comfortable deck-chairs. Glasses clinked, cigars were lighted. The talk turned to typhoons of the past; and Nichols told a tale.

I

"I WOULDN'T ask you to believe me," he began, "if I couldn't refer you to Lee Fu Chang. You know him; he's probably chartered all of you for home, at different times. He is the soul of honour, and would confirm my most incredible detail. The next time any of you fellows have occasion to call at his office, bear my story in mind and take another look at him. You'll see him as he chooses to have it, for purposes of business; a tall and rather stout Chinaman, smiling, dignified, graceful, offering you a chair beside a heavily carved blackwood table, and a cup of tea in an eggshell from his own hands. You may imagine that his thoughts are bounded by the walls of that little room, piled high with rolls of silk, embellished with fantastic decorations and ornaments, the symbols of his trade. He sits there so placidly, seems so utterly at rest. You would be astonished and disconcerted to know what's going on behind his eyes.

"'Babbling fool,' he is thinking, 'I see that you are not for long. My race, enduring quietly, and waiting, has acquired much wisdom through many years. The progress of races is accomplished only in the soul of the individual; and the soul of the individual increases, not according to its knowledge of many extraneous matters, but rather according to its wisdom in a few essential matters. Nothing can be important, if through it the life of the race fails.'

"Then, maybe, Lee Fu will run over your charter-party with you; and while you're giving it a final examination, he'll lean back in his chair and fold his hands. 'What other race than mine, my friend,' he'll go on thinking, 'could throw off the evil of opium by the assembled efforts of individual wills? What other race than mine could have kept its lands in a state of undiminished fertility for forty centuries? What other race than mine could have developed

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an immunity to its native diseases through the fundamental process of natural selection? These matters, my friend, touch the life of the race. They are greater things than to have made many inventions, or triumphed in many wars.'

"By this time, you'll have finished reading your charter-party. Lee Fu will receive it from your hand, and fold it carefully; and as he puts it away in its proper pigeonhole, he'll say to himself, 'My friend, I hate you, as a member of your mean and lying race. I see you coming to China for gold, with words of hypocrisy in your mouths. You have forced the opium upon us at the point of the sword. In the name of your religion, you have seized our lands. We see at last that there is no truth in you, nor any good intention; but that your civilization rests wholly upon the power of wealth and arms. From now, China shall rise against you. The best she will take, and the worst she will throw aside. You are not worthy to survive. Wait a thousand years, and I will draw up a charter-party with you again.'"

Nichols waved a thin and expressive hand. "These Chinamen!" he said. "They have a latent power. Witness their game of poker. There's an enterprise that fits the Chinese character; it's philosophical, it requires a soul. They play it, stolid and inscrutable, with joy in their hearts. The contest goes on above the cards, an elusive passage of spirits, a clash of intangible energy, that in some way thrills and electrifies the beholder, though it's never betrayed by a glance or a movement or a word. I'm sure that Lee Fu Chang took a certain fierce pleasure in the game that night. In memory I feel it, too; but that's quite different. I'm free to admit that at the time the stakes were a trifle too heavy to attract my Occidental soul.

II

"I WAS bound from Hong Kong to Amoy; and Lee Fu Chang had taken passage with me, to attend to interests of his in the latter port. We have been friends for many years; I was then sailing on his charter. The old *Omega* here was a stauncher vessel in those days; although she lasts me very well. Jove, you should have seen her when they towed us into Hong Kong after the typhoon; a total wreck aloft, leaking, and badly stove about the decks. Worst of all, there was the terrible mess forward. We'd thrown the bodies overboard, but the blood remained. It took us a couple of months to get her into shape again, lying under the sheer-legs there, on Kowloonside. For one thing, I had the decks around the forecastle carefully planed. It was a disastrous trip for me; but, on the whole, I considered myself very lucky. To men who sympathized with me I answered that I wasn't complaining. No. Every time that I passed through the forward cabin and remembered what I'd seen there, I thanked my particular stars for being alive. God knows what might have become of us; the imagination halts at the possibilities. Torture, captivity, nameless ends—it isn't pleasant to contemplate. I can see them yet, a cabin-full of yellow masks, concealing a cabin-full of hearts that would have stopped at nothing; all watching the game, watching for a turn of the cards, for a sign to strike. No, it was good luck, the best of luck; a few masts are immaterial. Such cards are always good luck, though the heavens fall; especially when they're the only cards that will win.

"We sailed from Hong Kong in August, near the break of the southwest monsoon, a bad time to be starting north; but I've never hesitated at beating up or down the sea, as some men do. As for typhoons, there had been news of one outside the previous week; and I hoped to slip up along the coast before another put in an appearance.

"For a number of days we had light weather and a fair wind, the tailing-off of the southerly monsoon. Lee Fu and I played cards. He likes, as he expresses it, to keep his hands occupied, and does his thinking while he plays; a different attitude toward cards than the European one of playing them to pass away the time. We began at poker; but with all his preoccupation, not in the least assumed, I couldn't make the game interesting for him. I was born with a Caucasian face. We all have them—twitching faces, full of nerves, and eyes that are too closely hooked to the brain. Lee Fu's face is smooth and calm, like a face of frozen butter. His eyes seem not to move of themselves; now and then he'll turn his head slowly, and point them at you. It's disquieting, at a critical point in a losing game, to find a pair of eyes like that fixed upon you. I couldn't play his game of poker for a minute; so we took up cribbage. Now, I like cribbage; the cards play the game for you, mostly, and your soul doesn't get stirred up with trying to read another man's mind, and keeping your own mouth shut. So we cribbed it, morning, noon, and night. It was dull for Lee Fu.

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"After a few days, the wind became variable; but the general weather seemed so quiet that I hung to the land, for the sake of the night breeze off-shore, watching all the while for typhoon signs out in the Channel. In five days, owing to contrary currents, we had made less than three hundred miles up the coast. There's a light on Lamock Island, which we passed on the evening of the fourth day, leaving it a dozen miles to port. Lee Fu was on deck with me that evening; and soon after we had passed the light he called my attention to a heavy bank of clouds low on the southeastern horizon. The words were hardly out of his mouth, when we noticed for the first time the lift of a new swell, coming in from the eastward; the vessel rose and dipped, and my heart suddenly felt as if it were rolling over to find a different position. That lift of the waters has but one meaning.

"'A rather bad place to get caught in,' I remarked over my shoulder to Lee Fu.

"He glanced astern, then in toward the land. 'Very bad,' he said. 'I think that we will get the first wind down the coast from north. The center of the typhoon is out there, toward Formosa.' He always speaks as if in close communication with the spirit and authority of storms.

"'How do you know that, Lee Fu?' I asked.

"'There are many ways, all equally hard to explain,' he answered. 'Say, by the feeling of the swell.'

"I laughed. 'Well, there's but one thing to do,' I said. 'Put her on the starboard tack, and get her out into Formosa Channel.' The wind was still to the southward then. I took a turn across the deck, and found Lee Fu's eyes fixed on me. 'What else is there to do?' I demanded.

"He considered a while before answering. 'You know Formosa Bank?' I nodded. 'In typhoons, the waves rage on those shallow waters, and no ship lives. You cannot go far in that direction. You will get the wind from the north, shifting to east; and on your lee lies the coast of China. Such a contingency would leave us a regrettably brief time yet to live.'

"'What shall I do? The coast heads me off to the north; and south would be going directly into the face of that black cloud. I'll be hanged if I run toward a storm—couldn't, anyway, until the wind changes.'

"'If you wish, Captain,' said Lee Fu, 'I will take you to a safe anchorage in Chauan Bay.'

"I looked at him in amazement. Take me to an anchorage on a practically uncharted coast, in the face of a typhoon! I'd seen him beat a full-rigged ship through Lymoon Pass, the narrow door to Hong Kong harbour, less than a quarter of a mile wide; I'd seen him carry a vessel out of the middle of the fleet under sternway, with royals set. I knew that he was a consummate master of any sailing craft, that he could have handled my ship perfectly; but I had no reason to suppose, at that time, that his judgment of general conditions on the high seas was better than my own. If I had let him take charge of the *Omega* then, we would have caught only the brush of the storm on the western edge, with a weather shore most of the time. Chauan Bay, I learned later, is deep and well-protected on the north. But I put her out into it, got cornered, as he said I would, and had to anchor on a lee shore in the end.

"We took the wind from about northeast; that told us that the center of the storm was south and east of us, blocking our only way to open water, and moving directly toward us at an uncertain rate. To leeward lay the China coast, in places not over a dozen miles away; if we weren't to make a harbour—and I didn't for a moment consider the possibility—there was nothing for it but to put her head off-shore on the port tack, stand out into the face of the storm, and trust to luck. It might be traveling slowly, in which case we could get across the northern front of it before the center came along; or it might deviate from the theoretical direction, as many typhoons do in the Formosa Channel, and miss us altogether. In any case, we had to have sea-room. For a number of hours the wind held within bounds; I was able to keep considerable sail on the ship up to midnight, when we were obliged to shorten down and heave her to. In that time, however, we must have made some thirty miles of offing.

"But I won't go into the details of that typhoon. It was a terrific blow. From midnight till noon of the next day, we lay hove-to on the port tack, without a change of wind; the center of the storm was coming toward us, but must have been moving very slowly. The sea, in those rather shallow waters, made up to a tremendous size; I began to be frightened for the ship. Half of the time she seemed buried, submerged; the immense waves stood above her and inundated her decks in constant succession, like the overflow from a great waterfall

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Lee Fu kept the deck with me all day, wrapped in a long oilskin coat. Side by side we clung to the rail. Talk was out of the question; we hung on grimly, fought with the wind for our breath, and waited for the hours to go.

"We were coming through it very nicely, when, along in the latter part of the day, the wind began to veer into the east. It meant that the center was passing inshore to south of us; and, with plenty of sea-room, I couldn't have asked for a more favourable turn. But, after drifting for a good twelve hours, we had no idea within many miles of our position; and this shift of wind was driving us directly inshore. Of that we were certain; the whole coast of China lay there on our lee to catch us, perhaps fifty miles away, perhaps fifteen. The storm was moving so slowly that the wind might hold in this quarter for hours; a question of its blowing itself out, so that we could get sail on the ship, before it had blown us ashore. And night was coming on.

"Lee Fu edged up to me, and put his lips close to my ears. 'Anchors . . . ready . . . chains,' I heard. 'They weren't unshackled,' I screamed. 'We can shove them off the forecastle.' I made a prying motion with my hand. He nodded, and turned away.

"There was nothing to do but wait. The wind came in fierce squalls, with undiminished violence. It held in the east. Night fell, a solid blackness, hideous with the incessant roar and crash of the seas. Moment by moment we were driving in toward the land.

"When a couple of hours must have passed I felt Lee Fu's hand on my arm. A lull came, and I heard him distinctly: '*Shoal water!*' I had noticed the fearful jerking of the vessel, that could mean only a shortened sea. In the appalling darkness I leaned forward to listen; and suddenly a new note came to my ears, breaking across the thunder of the storm. It was a sharp, insistent note, pounding through the gale like the slat of a sail adrift; a faint sound, but perfectly distinguishable, as if a mouth were whispering horrible words close to my ears. Breakers! We had used up our distance, and were on the lee shore.

"How we got the masts cut away I can't remember. I've a recollection of lifting an ax to strike at the mizzen rigging, and having it snatched away by the wind before I could bring it down. I sawed the lanyards off with my pocket-knife. Lee Fu attended to the main. Those two masts went clean at the deck; the foremast went at the masthead. The mate and second mate must have gone overboard at this time, among the wreckage; we never saw them again.

"Then we were on the forecastle-head, prying at the anchors with capstan-bars. After a long, long time—a time that seemed ages—we got them both over the side. My crew, all Chinamen, worked well. We had lost the sound of the breakers; I couldn't understand it. All at once, as we swung around, we were in the midst of them. In the morning, when we were able to look around and get our bearing, I saw how it had been. We rode not two ship's lengths from the rocks; though we had probably dragged in the latter part of the night. When she lifted her stern on the pitch of a swell, we looked across a mile or two of bleak and ragged country; and in the offing directly ahead of us, lay a nest of black rocks, sticking up ten or twenty feet above the breakers. These snags had given us the warning; we'd been by before we had heard them—must have passed them within a hundred yards. So it had been none too soon that our anchors had bit the night before, at the end of every inch of chain that we had in the lockers.

"Did any of you fellows ever ride out a hurricane at anchor in an open seaway? We lay like a huge log of wood, wallowing low in the water; and every sea broke clean over us from bow to stern, exactly as a comber curls over a man bathing on the beach. How my crew saved themselves, how Lee Fu and I got aft, what happened to any of us, I have no idea. Some time later, as I was clinging to the rail by the quarter-bitts, I found Lee Fu at my side. There was no use in taking such punishment; if the anchors held and the ship kept afloat, we would come through; if not, we couldn't reach the shore alive by any possible chance. I nodded my head in the direction of the companionway; and when the next lull came—what passed for a lull in that hell of wind and water—we managed to get the door open and scramble below.

"In the shelter of the cabin, after many hours on deck, the scene seemed strange. The motions of the ship were inhuman, like the writhings of a tortured man. We couldn't anticipate the next jump—would be flung suddenly forward, or our feet would be knocked from under us without warning. Standing braced in the doorway of his room, Lee Fu took off his oilskin coat and wiped his face. His embroidered

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garments were drenched and stained; I noticed that he had broken two of his long finger-nails. Not an expression disturbed the placidity of his face; an idea crossed my mind, that he was making preparations for bed. He could have done that, too, and slept comfortably; death was nothing but death—why be disturbed? But another matter of the body interested him more; while I struggled to get out of my own wet clothes, he made his way into the forward cabin, and soon returned with a loaf of bread and a jar of marmalade. There were a few tins of sardines and a case of beer, in a locker under the starboard couch; we braced our feet against the big chair screwed to the deck, and made a hearty meal. I hadn't stopped to think how hungry and thirsty I had been.

"'It looks like a slim chance, Lee Fu,' I said, listening to the turmoil overhead and around us. 'I'm afraid that this is the finish of all things.'

"'Such talk is nonsense,' he answered sharply. 'The matter is now beyond us, in the hands of the gods. It should concern us no longer.'

"I smiled. 'The anchors took hold, anyway. My anchors and chains are heavy, for a vessel of the *Omega's* size.'

"Lee Fu got up, handed himself over to the chart table, took a pack of cards and a cribbage board from the drawer, and brought them to the couch. 'Captain, let us play,' he said.

"My heart turned against it. 'How can I?' I demanded. 'Listen to that! . . . Not just now.'

"'Nevertheless, force yourself,' he said. 'Play.'

"So we played.

III

"THE wind screamed overhead all night; the ship wallowed and plunged, groaning at every seam; the seas thundered upon her and roared along her decks. We sat on the starboard couch, playing cribbage; strange as it may seem, the game helped me through the night. Or perhaps it was the quiet influence of a man whose soul was sure. At dawn the typhoon broke; and we were still afloat. We lay, as I've told you, with our stern brushing the rocks; the spot couldn't have been more exposed. We had fetched up against a long point that ran southerly, like a breakwater, in front of a deep bay. Off to the southeast was the reef of rocks that we had passed as we drifted in; a row of jagged teeth, gnashing themselves at our escape. The point was barren and deserted; we saw no human being on the land. Something about the situation seemed uncanny; the sea rolled in heavily from the open Channel, bursting with a continual roar on the iron ledges astern; and there we rode, in ten fathoms of water with muddy bottom, almost touching the land, and yet cut off from it—a land of which we knew nothing and could learn nothing, but which had the appearance, as we examined it, of a mysterious new continent, as yet undiscovered and uninhabited by man. A weird coast, gray and gloomy, without a tree or a sign of green: had we been blown off the good old earth altogether, to some demoniac shore? My nerves were on edge; more than once that day, as I glanced astern, I felt that unseen eyes might be watching me, that evil things might be going on in the deep and dark caverns of that broken land.

"And still there was nothing for us to do. The ship didn't leak badly; a few hours' pumping through the day kept her free. As for a jury rig, the best that I could hope to do would be to get up something at the fore, enough to run her back to Hong Kong before the northeast monsoon, when it set in. I figured, from the time we'd been hove-to, that we must have landed somewhere along the coast between Swa-tau and Hong Hai Bay; I knew that we couldn't very well be to the westward of Hong Kong. But my mate and second mate were missing, I myself was completely fagged, and my Chinese crew, good enough at handling the vessel, would have been heavy at a rigging job; the sea continued high, and there would have been little prospect of accomplishing much anyway; so I decided to rest fore and aft through that day, and be ready for real work the next morning. I longed for more room under our stern, but couldn't have moved the ship in such a sea; hesitated to heave her ahead on the chains, for fear of starting something; and meanwhile comforted myself with the knowledge that she had held in this position through the worst of the typhoon.

"Night came on, dark as a pocket; I set an anchor-watch, though nothing afloat would be liable to bother us, and went below for a much-needed nap. I slept soundly till midnight; when I got up, Lee Fu sat reading in the after cabin.

"'Haven't you been asleep, Lee Fu?' I

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asked in surprise. 'Why don't you put up your book and turn in?'

"'I am wakeful, Captain,' he said. 'I have just come down from the deck. The wind has gone and the sea is dropping fast. She rides beautifully.'

"'What's worrying you?' I asked, as I went by him. The question was fortuitous; I made it without thought, expected no answer, got none, and went on my way. I spent five or ten minutes on deck, but couldn't see my hand before me. Off over the water, a few stars had begun to appear through rifts in the heavy clouds. I interviewed my anchor-watch, saw that everything was all right, came aft, listened a moment at the head of the companion, sniffed the land-smell in the air, and went below.

"'It's devilish dark,' I said to Lee Fu as I came in. 'I prophesy that we have no wind for a day or two.'

"'Yes, very dark,' he said. 'Too dark, in many ways. Captain, shall we play a game of cards?'

"I'd been about to propose the same—wanted to keep awake the rest of the night. We decided to play on the forward cabin table, where a bracket-lamp against the mast gave the best light. Minute by minute as we sat there the sea went down. I felt the ship grow quiet; it seemed very still, too, in the cabins, after the creaking and groaning that had filled our ears so long. My nerves relaxed in the deep silence; life became real, possible, on an even keel again. We had come home to ships and the world, and could settle down once more, forgetful of the inexorable destiny. I leaned back on the settee, and lost game after game of cribbage with the best of grace.

"At length Lee Fu looked over at me with a smile. 'We must change the game,' he said. 'Let us try poker. Your luck may be in that to-night.'

"I brushed the cribbage board aside. 'Deal,' I answered.

"He held up a warning hand. 'Listen . . . what was that?'

"Something had struck the ship forward, a dull, thudding sound. We felt a slight shock pass along the deck under our feet. My first rapid thought was that she had gone adrift, and touched the bottom; then I knew that it couldn't be. The touch of a ship on bottom is distinctive, unmistakable; it travels up your spine, jars your teeth, speaks of the solid earth, that seems to stiffen and rise against the least impact of a floating vessel. This was a hollow sound, a bump, a shock of wood on wood. Something alongside . . . a boat, a vessel . . . a junk. I leaped to my feet. At the same instant from forward came a wild and long-drawn yell.

"Lee Fu blocked my way to the door. 'Do not go out!' he said sharply. 'This is what I feared.'

"'What?' I cried. Feet were pattering overhead along the house. A frantic howling had risen forward—sharp screams of pain and terror—awful sounds.

"'Sit down,' said Lee Fu calmly. 'It is useless now. Sit down!' He forced me back onto the settee.

"'In the name of God, what is it?' I cried.

"'Men from shore—wreckers, thieves, pirates,' he replied. 'I knew that they would come.'

"'Pirates!' I exclaimed. 'Here—now—in this day?' I hadn't been many years then in the China Sea.

"'In lonely places, Captain,' said Lee Fu, 'this day is not different from any other day.'

"'Why didn't you warn me?'

"'What would have been the use? I hoped that we were not seen; but it makes no matter. We are helpless, at their mercy. They can come in thousands. Hundreds of them are now on board your ship.'

"I gripped his arm. 'What are they doing forward?' I asked.

"'Killing the men,' said Lee Fu. 'They are already beyond our aid.'

"I caught my breath and stood up, listening. In the acute silence I heard loud whispers, muttering voices, and the swish of bare feet in the alleyway. Suddenly the unearthly yelling broke out again, nearer now, in the waist of the ship. I started for the door, and paused, absolutely undone.

"'Lee Fu, I must go out,' I said.

"He had seated himself again at the table, and was dealing out two hands of cards. Tapping with his long nails on the polished wood, he glanced up at me. 'Do you wish to die?' he asked. 'You would never carry your head through the companion door. Sit down.'

"'Die?' I cried wildly. 'For God's sake, what's the use of staying here? The cabin isn't locked; there isn't a key in a door!'

"'I know,' he answered in an even voice. 'Sit down, and we will play a game—the game of life and death. Be quiet, and sit down!'

"I dropped into my seat without volition. It's impossible to impart to you the singular horror of those few moments. I felt, I re-

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member, as if I had been drugged into a state of semi-consciousness; a succession of events had in some way become enormously distorted, hideously changed, like things seen at the height of a fever. I sat inert and numb, hearing clearly the gathering of stealthy forces on deck—scufflings, noises of many feet, sharp words, startling and unintelligible cries. Then I picked up the five cards that Lee Fu had dealt me, and gazed at them like a man in a dream.

"Some time must have passed while we sat listening—while we sat absolutely motionless, facing each other and holding our cards. Faint sounds broke out now in the after cabin; we heard lowered voices behind the two closed doors. My eyes wandered—rested at last on Lee Fu's face. He was looking at his cards. He carefully picked out three of them and threw them on the table.

"'How many will you have?' he asked, his voice at its ordinary pitch, clear and undisturbed. Suddenly he leaned across the table, and his eyes opened wide, showing the depths that are seldom revealed. 'Play, for the sake of your God!' he whispered fiercely. 'Much depends upon you. Play!'

"I selected a card at random and threw it down. As I drew out a second card, I became aware instinctively that we were not alone. I felt the power of eyes . . . then heard the creaking of the hinges as the doors that led into the after cabin opened quietly. Heard, too, a mutter from across the table—'*Do not turn.*' No fear of that—I didn't dare; but in a flash of understanding, his idea had come to me. I took a physical grip, as it were, of every nerve in my body, and threw down the second card.

"'I will take two cards,' I said, in the best voice that I could muster.

"I believe that nothing in heaven or earth could have stopped them from rushing at us but the very unexpectedness of what they found. They had been gathering, assembling, preparing themselves for an attack—one can well imagine. One can see them crouching aft, fearing to open the companion door—stealing at length down the companionway, astonished at the quiet, peering into my room, into the two cabin staterooms, exchanging swift glances, whispering their amazement—pausing suddenly, as they heard voices in the forward cabin—listening—finally opening the door. The picture framed there must have excited their surprise—two men, one a Chinaman, one a European, playing earnestly at cards, while all around them death stalked and blood was flowing. It was a dramatic masterpiece. But I saw, as I sat there with a thousand thoughts surging through my brain, that Lee Fu was bidding for a still higher trump, striking a deeper note than would appear. He was making an appeal to a national characteristic. These Chinamen!—their lives are games of cards. There in the forward cabin, the first hand of a tremendous struggle was played. I looked again at Lee Fu, saw him turn his head slowly; followed his glance, and beheld the after cabin doors filled with staring faces and half-naked forms, arrested, as it were, on the threshold of a great and absorbing mystery. Lee Fu regarded them coldly; then raised his hand in a gesture commanding silence, and turned his impenetrable visage back to the game.

"We played slowly, intensely; my head seemed tight, and it took me a long while to operate my cards. As we played, Chinamen by the dozen filed silently into the room, sliding behind the settees, crowding against the walls, watching us catlike with their flat, beady eyes. One glance at them had been enough. But their presence enthralled me; it took all the power of my will to hold my attention to the game. While I riveted my eyes on the cards I saw constantly a picture of the men standing opposite me. I wanted to look at them, I itched to look at them; but something told me that I mustn't. I saw them, just the same—can never forget them. They stood closely pressed together, line behind line of evil faces, breathing down upon us, a cruel and bloodthirsty guard; while we played for the minutes as they passed, like men working desperately in a nightmare over some extravagant and useless business.

"Lee Fu won steadily. I happened to have a large sum of money about me, that I carried to use on the ship, and had no safe place to tuck away in; and this I doled out dollar by dollar. The pile on the opposite side of the table soon grew to considerable proportions. Now and then the trace of a smile crossed Lee Fu's face. They saw it; by the tone of the whispered comment that went on behind my back, I knew that they despised my weakness at the game. Cold sweat stood on my forehead; and that helped too, because I seemed to be taking my loss hard. As a matter of fact, I was grinding my teeth to keep from shouting aloud. I thought, without exaggeration, that I'd go mad. There was

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something sickening about the awful business; it seemed so utterly hopeless to me. The stink of those Chinamen was abominable, too.

"At length I put up my last dollar, and Lee Fu won. I leaned back, and looked across the table littered with cards; waited there like a man with his head on the block. The belly of a Chinaman pressed against my shoulders; I braced my feet under the table, and held back with all my strength. This was the end of the rope—and I was anxious enough to have it over with.

"Then Lee Fu, without a tremor, took up the second hand of the bigger game. Pointing with a claw-like forefinger to a man standing near the head of the table, he motioned him toward my seat.

"'Sit down and play,' he said, in the Canton dialect that he had taught me.

"Nothing could have been more daring, more opportune. They had been watching us, whetting their appetites; seeing the white man lose, too, and the Chinaman win. Their gambling spirit had been thoroughly aroused. And now, at the height of the interest, the game was suddenly cut off; and as suddenly, an opportunity was offered for its renewal. An opportunity, moreover, with the interest enormously multiplied, with the possibilities of excitement increased beyond bounds. I stood up; and without a word the other man, as if drawn by a magnet, took my place opposite Lee Fu.

"I noticed him for the first time then. He was undoubtedly the leader of the crew. His face was intelligent, his whole appearance far above that of the other men, who were of the lowest coolie caste. He was dressed like a clerk: white trousers, a short black coat, and a close-fitting black cap. Lee Fu's eyes, it seems, had been busy while he played.

"I moved toward the head of the table, surrounded by wet, slimy bodies; and the two Chinamen began to play. The rows of faces on either side of the cabin crowded closer, emitting grunts and exclamations of approval. Standing there at the heart of this extraordinary scene, I seemed to drift off into a region of total unsubstantiality. For a long while my thoughts were wandering and inattentive; I tried to retrace the last few hours, to piece the crazy circumstances together; and as I worked my way up to the present situation, I gradually became aware that I was witnessing a rare and powerful exhibition—a battle in the air. Men have paid heavily to see the wonders of art, to hear music played, to be touched to the core by a perfection of illusion. Well, here was the reality . . . and free, too, or maybe bought at the final and complete price which opens still more mysterious doors. And I was touched, believe me! I was thrilled in every nerve, by waves, by surges of emotion; I was dazzled, staggered, appalled, at the fearfulness of the stroke, and at its diabolical cleverness. For I saw at last the full value of the stake for which my friend Lee Fu Chang played.

"They sat with the cards between them, absolutely quiescent save for the movements of their hands. Their faces were inscrutable. As I watched them, I felt like a man trying to read deep and pregnant words on a blank page. With all their immobility, they didn't give an impression of indifference. Far from it. Behind those placid countenances, revealing no trace of thought, the imagination was stirred to discern a veritable ocean of sensations and ideas: in one, watchfulness that mustn't show in the eyes, anxiety that mustn't influence a decision, hope and impatience that mustn't outreach themselves, despair that mustn't creep into the voice; plans and plans, being advanced, analyzed, weighed, approved or thrown aside; the consummate game itself being carried on without hesitation or mistake; and all concealed behind the veil: in the other, surprise, distrust, excitement, keen curiosity, and supreme carelessness, for of course there was no danger to himself in any possible outcome. . . . Think of it, you fellows! These two men, both of the incomprehensible race whose real life goes on beyond our horizon—these two playing a game for pleasure, as it seemed, playing to pass the time; and yet throwing into the scene, by the very incongruity of their nerveless attitudes, the glamour of a hidden and deathly struggle, a combat of the secret, elemental forces of the mind. It was stunning, marvelous . . . and terrible. Not a covert glance, not a twitch of a muscle, not a quickened breath. They were the sum and expression of complete impersonality. And, to add the crowning touch, I saw that each perfectly understood the other—understood that the mask before him screened all that moves in the human heart and soul."

Nichols paused in his tale; some one touched my elbow, and I found a Chinaman bending above me. I started from my chair. It was the steward offering drinks on a tray.

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"Nichols, you've woven a spell," I said.

He sipped his liquor in silence, then gave a smile. "The European nerves," he said. "Imagination . . . without control. Don't deny the Chinaman the imagination, or the nerves, either; but acknowledge how overwrought you are. You are the slave, instead of the master. You should take a lesson from my friend Lee Fu Chang.

"While the game went on, more and more men kept filing into the forward cabin. I was shoved against the edge of the table; I could feel them pressing behind me, coming down the forward companionway. There must have been fifty cutthroats about us; the after cabin was full, too, and you could hear them passing word of the game back to the rear. Their faces were savage, brutish, ferocious; they grunted and snarled, baring white teeth; they leered at me malevolently, thrusting their yellow visages forward to catch my attention. I returned their scrutiny with a blank gaze, glanced to my left, and saw extended a smooth yellow arm, dripping with blood; shuddered, and turned my eyes back to the game.

"The leader of the crew had pulled from some inside pocket a bag of coin, a considerable sum of money. He was no stranger to the game. My head had cleared now, with the removal of the dreadful necessity for action; I was able to follow and grasp the details of what was going on. Considered apart, the delicacy of the game was amazing; you who have never seen Chinamen play poker can hardly appreciate it. It seemed to make no difference what they held—they didn't depend on the cards. Bluff was the game. Time and again they bet on hands that any one of us would have thrown down; and both having the same style of attack, as you might say, the same daring, the same abandon, it was surprising how often they matched with nothing, and clashed over empty hands.

"Knowing what was in his mind, I saw after a little while that the honours went to Lee Fu Chang. At the opening of the game he had won a few hands; and immediately afterward had lost heavily, to an accompaniment of guttural cries from the infernal crew. Then he had begun to win again, slowly—so slowly that with each gain he held the gambling spirit of his countrymen, with each loss he drew them farther on. Like a man manipulating the fine wires of some instrument, he played surely, cunningly this masterful double game. His adversary, it soon developed, was a poker-player to be reckoned with. How to clean him out, and yet keep the flame alive among his men; more than this, how to lash them, madden them, intoxicate them, so that at the last the flame would burn brightest:—here was a problem for all acuteness and power. The strain upon me, though I had nothing but a passive part, was terrific.

"But after suspense that seemed to be stretched out through long hours, standing there and watching Lee Fu's winnings ebb and flow, the tide coming in each time with an amount slightly increased, I felt approaching the culmination that he desired. It was in the air—he had them! I knew it from sudden movements of the crowd, from the rapid shuffling of feet, from the swaying of shoulders and the jerking of heads, from smothered but violent words. Slight things, but evidences of an excitement barely controlled. It was in the air. They had forgotten life, gain, and the business of the night; they were mad with the game.

"Lee Fu picked up his hand, and glanced across at his opponent's resources. They were growing very small.

"'I want no cards,' he said. 'I will bet five dollars.'

"The other drew two cards, examined them, and slipped his hand together into a neat pack.

"'Five dollars more,' he said.

"The betting continued; we leaned forward above the table. Ten, twenty, fifty dollars—at length Lee Fu's opponent threw down his last dollar, and called. He spread out his cards before him one by one, a flush in hearts.

"'I have a full house,' said Lee Fu, showing his cards, and raking the pile toward his side of the table.

"The other man got up. Lee Fu sat motionless, silently regarding him. He seemed lost in thought; his hands played with the heap of silver and gold on the table. I held my breath. A moment passed, a fine-spun interval. Suddenly Lee Fu spoke in a voice of fire.

"'Sit down!' he said. 'I will give you a stake worth playing for. I will bet all that is here, many dollars, all that I have; together with two lives, and a fine ship of European build. If you win, they are yours, to do with as you will. But if I win, you and your men are to leave us as you found us, and go. Now we will play . . . one hand. Sit down!'

"The Chinaman seemed to break and falter—turned to his men, speaking in a rapid patter of dialect. I caught a few

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words. An argument was going on; they didn't fully understand the offer and the terms. But when he had spoken for a time, I saw their eagerness shining in their eyes. An explosion of cries burst out; wiry arms shot forth, pointing toward the table and the game. The man sat down. His face for a moment lost its immobility; he stretched out his hands like a man inspired.

"'Play!' he cried.

"Swifter than thought, Lee Fu had dealt the cards. He picked up his hand, held it before him an instant, selected deliberately one card, and threw it away; the other four he made into a pack, and placed face downward on the table. I thought rapidly. He might be holding two pair; he might be hoping to complete a flush, with a number of chances; or he might be bidding for a straight, in which case his hand would be worthless if one particular card didn't come his way. I tried to read his face. Anything to end the awful suspense—hope or despair, it didn't much matter. But only the blank page confronted me.

"The other had thrown away two cards. My instant thought was that he held three of a kind. They would beat Lee Fu's two pair—would beat anything that Lee Fu held now, for who could hope to complete a scattered hand at such a pass? We were beaten already. And yet . . .

"Without a word, Lee Fu dealt his adversary two cards; then took the next card on the pack, his card, and calmly looked at it. A glance was enough—he placed it face downward on the top of the other four. A pause fell, and the eyes of the two men met across the table.

"Until that instant I hadn't realized the added grimness of this hand. There was to be no betting, no issue of personalities, no escape from the decree—nothing but luck, the cold and unchangeable cards. We lost or we won. Life hung by a hair. . . . I watched it straining. And yet, some of the madness of the game must have taken hold even of me; for I remember that, as I waited for their eyes to finish the battle, my nerves quieted and my heart grew still. Beyond the bounds of terror lies a realm of delirious and ghastly joy.

"The outlaw laid down his cards. He held a straight flush in spades, headed by the queen.

"Wonderful luck!—he had completed this hand with two cards out; he had not held three of a kind. Irresistible luck—fatal luck. I gasped, and my eyes wandered to Lee Fu. Perhaps I felt that in the stress of our predicament, the emotions that gripped me might at last find an answer there. His face was placid, smooth, serene, like the face of a Buddha carved out of soft stone. Meditatively, he picked up the little pack of his hand and turned the upper card, the card that he had drawn. It was the ace of hearts. He turned the others slowly, placing the cards in a methodical row, his eyes on each card as it fell, as if confirming the miracle for his own satisfaction—king, queen, knave, and ten-spot, all of hearts. He had completed a royal flush, the highest combination that the cards afford.

IV

"I LEANED against the table, faint and exhausted. The two men stood up, facing each other. Lee Fu waved a hand, a slight gesture toward the cards. The tiers of faces pressed forward, gazing wildly, incredulously. A murmur ran through the room, increasing to a spluttering outburst of jargon. The leader cried out sharply: the uproar ceased. For some seconds a tense silence held, while they looked their fill.

"Then Lee Fu's opponent raised his hand, and uttered a command. The yellow forms began to stream past me, making for the forward companionway; I felt them brush my elbows, I smelled their breaths as they muttered imprecations in my face; some of them spat at me. They melted from the room like ghosts, furtive and noiseless; before I had taken my eyes from the cards that had spelled out deliverance we were alone with the leader of the crew.

"He rested his hands on the table, devouring the cards with his gaze. He was loath to leave. A shout came down the companion. He started, dragged himself to the door, and turned. There, as if overcome by the inadequacy of all speech and expression, he made a hopeless movement with his shoulders, and suddenly was gone. We stood like wooden images, hearing his thick-soled shoes clatter up the stairs.

"They were gone. I sank to the settee, bolt upright, and waited in an appalling silence—waited and listened, fearing that what had come to pass was only another trick of fate, expecting minute by minute that they would be back, armed with death . . . that they were already turning, gathering outside the door. Lee Fu stood above his marvelous cards, without motion or sound. Ten minutes must have gone by. But after those departing steps on the stairs we heard no more. They had van-

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ished whence they came. They had slunk off like men in fear, like men rebuked by fate; they had withdrawn quietly, hoping to be unobserved of the gods, ere they had overstepped too far the forbidden line. They had incurred dire penalties; they had opposed one obviously under divine protection. Me, the white devil, they had hated; they had spat upon me. But they had left me alive, and gone. I bowed my head on the table, and let my nerves have their run.

"When I looked up, Lee Fu was fingering the pile of coin that was the least of his winnings. He spread both hands flat upon it, and pressed down, thinking his own thought. With a rush, the realization, the awakening, came to me. He had won all—*all!* The ship, our lives . . . and this, too, the last straw. Reckoned by the coin of the earth, he had made a good night of it. He had won perhaps a thousand dollars; he had cleaned them out. These men had stood beside us, filling the cabin, ready to strike us down; they had left with us, as it were, a few slight tokens—their ready money and their odour; and they were *gone.* They had returned to the barren, unnatural country of their habitation; a shore of death, defended by outlying reefs—a land where no man was seen to move by day. Before God, if it hadn't been for what we found, I could have discredited my best senses, could have doubted their reality altogether.

"After an hour of waiting we went on deck, and picked our way cautiously forward among the wreckage. The ship seemed deserted. I lit a lantern in the galley; the first ray of light along the deck disclosed the reason of the deep silence. We were alone on the vessel, Lee Fu and I. My Chinamen had been killed to the last man. They lay in hideous postures, as if thrown down violently from a great height. A pile of bodies choked each forecastle door. The knife had done it all.

"I staggered aft, and walked blindly down the port alleyway, trying to get as far off as I could. The lantern had gone out; I remember that I flung it overboard. A puff of cool land-breeze, thick with the odour of flowers, came across the water. Life seemed very sweet. Land was near—I smelled it. The world waited for me; it was still the same. When we touch death with our finger-tips, and feel how cold it is, we discover that we're all selfish beasts at heart. I drank in deep draughts of living air, and gloried in the postponement of my dissolution, in the opportunity to follow for a while longer the trivial round of my habits and affairs.

"'Lee Fu, I have to thank you for my life,' I said. He had ranged up beside me at the rail.

"'No, no, Captain," he remonstrated. 'You do not understand. The gods have favoured us.'

"'No one but you,' I said, 'could have played and won that game.'

"'My friend,' answered Lee Fu, 'the gods were trying me. I felt it, and had faith. Your European way is very bad. You would have taken upon yourself the work of the gods, and solved your own destiny. You would have flourished your revolver, and shot a few; and finally many would have killed you in horrible ways, as you have seen. An uninteresting method, you admit. It seemed better to play; and we were amply repaid by the game. As for the matter of winning or losing, that concerned us not at all. I left it entirely with the gods. They sent the cards.'"

Pioneer Pigs

By ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

PIONEER pigs, you rooted a wilderness
Into an habitation, pioneer pigs,
Your feet followed Indian trails
Spread like veins of a leaf through the forest,
Your cleaving feet deepened old trails
And you scared the deer from their springs.
Pioneer pigs, you only among all beasts
Had no fear of the diamonded snakes rustling among the leaves.
What were their coils, or their darting arrow-shaped heads
To your fat-armored greed?
Pioneer pigs, your flesh it was built the sinews
Of backwoodsmen and rangers and long-armed homesteaders.

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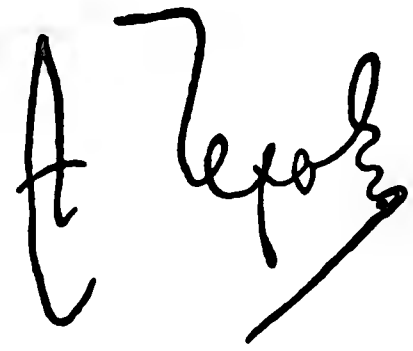
A Happy Ending

By ANTON P. CHEKHOV



Translated by Constance Garnett

LYUBOV GRIGORYEVNA, a substantial, buxom lady of forty, who undertook match-making and many other matters of which it is usual to speak only in whispers, had come to see Stytchkin, the head guard, on a day when he was off duty. Stytchkin, somewhat embarrassed, but, as always, grave, practical, and severe, was walking up and down the room, smoking a cigar and saying:

"Very pleased to make your acquaintance. Semyon Ivanovitch recommended you on the ground that you may be able to assist me in a delicate and very important matter affecting the happiness of my life. I have, Lyubov Grigoryevna, reached the age of fifty-two; that is a period of life at which very many have already grown-up children. My position is a secure one. Though my fortune is not large, yet I am in a position to support a beloved being and children at my side. I may tell you between ourselves that apart from my salary I have also money in the bank which my manner of living has enabled me to save. I am a practical and sober man, I lead a sensible and consistent life, so that I may hold myself up as an example to many. But one thing I lack—a domestic hearth of my own and a partner in life, and I live like a wandering Magyar, moving from place to place without any satisfaction. I have no one with whom to take counsel, and when I am ill no one to give me water, and so on. Apart from that, Lyubov Grigoryevna, a married man has always more weight in society than a bachelor. . . . I am a man of the educated class, with money, but if you look at me from another point of view, what am I? A man with no kith and kin, no better than some Polish priest. And therefore I should be very desirous to be united in the bonds of Hymen—that is, to enter into matrimony with some worthy person."

"An excellent thing," said the match-maker, with a sigh.

"I am a solitary man, and in this town I know no one. Where can I go, and to whom can I apply, since all the people here are strangers to me? That is why Semyon Ivanovitch advised me to address myself to a person who is a specialist in this line, and makes the arrangement of the happiness of others her profession. And therefore I most earnestly beg you, Lyubov Grigoryevna, to assist me in ordering my future. You know all the marriageable young ladies in the town, and it is easy for you to accommodate me."

"I can. . . ."

"A glass of wine, I beg you. . . ."

With an habitual gesture, the match-maker raised her glass to her mouth and tossed it off without winking.

"I can," she repeated. "And what sort of bride would you like, Nikolay Nikolayitch?"

"Should I like? The bride fate sends me."

"Well, of course it depends on your fate, but everyone has his own taste, you know. One likes dark ladies, the other prefers fair ones."

"You see, Lyubov Grigoryevna," said Stytchkin, sighing sedately, "I am a practical man and a man of character; for me, beauty and external appearance generally take a secondary place, for, as you know yourself, beauty is neither bowl nor platter, and a pretty wife involves a great deal of anxiety. The way I look at it is, what matters most in a woman is not what is external, but what lies within—that is, that

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she should have soul and all the qualities. A glass of wine, I beg. . . . Of course, it would be very agreeable that one's wife should be rather plump, but for mutual happiness it is not of great consequence; what matters is the mind. Properly speaking, a woman does not need mind either, for if she has brains she will have too high an opinion of herself, and take all sorts of ideas into her head. One cannot do without education nowadays, of course, but education is of different kinds. It would be pleasing for one's wife to know French and German, to speak various languages—very pleasing; but what's the use of that if she can't sew on one's buttons, perhaps? I am a man of the educated class; I am just as much at home, I may say, with Prince Kanitelin as I am with you here now. But my habits are simple, and I want a girl who is not too much a fine lady. Above all, she must have respect for me and feel that I have made her happiness."

"To be sure."

"Well, now as regards the essential. . . . I do not want a wealthy bride; I would never condescend to anything so low as to marry for money. I desire not to be kept by my wife, but to keep her, and that she may be sensible of it. But I do not want a poor girl either. Though I am a man of means, and am marrying not from mercenary motives, but from love, yet I cannot take a poor girl, for, as you know yourself, prices have gone up so, and there will be children."

"One might find one with a dowry," said the matchmaker.

"A glass of wine, I beg. . . ."

There was a pause of five minutes.

The matchmaker heaved a sigh, took a sidelong glance at the guard, and asked:

"Well, now, my good sir . . . do you want anything in my line? I have some fine bargains. One is a French girl and one is a Greek. Well worth the money."

The guard thought a moment and said:

"No, I thank you. In view of your favourable disposition, allow me to enquire now how much you ask for your exertions in regard to a bride?"

"I don't ask much. Give me twenty-five roubles and the stuff for a dress, as is usual, and I will say thank you . . . but for the dowry, that's a different account."

Stytchkin folded his arms over his chest and fell to pondering in silence. After some thought he heaved a sigh and said:

"That's dear. . . ."

"It's not at all dear, Nikolay Nikolayitch! In old days when there were lots of weddings one did do it cheaper, but nowadays what are our earnings? If you make fifty roubles in a month that has not a fast, you may be thankful. It's not on weddings we make our money, my good sir."

Stytchkin looked at the matchmaker in amazement and shrugged his shoulders.

"H'm! . . . Do you call fifty roubles little?" he asked.

"Of course it is little! In old days we sometimes made more than a hundred."

"H'm! I should never have thought it was possible to earn such a sum by these jobs. Fifty roubles! It is not every man that earns as much! Pray drink your wine. . . ."

The matchmaker drained her glass without winking. Stytchkin looked her over from head to foot in silence, then said:

"Fifty roubles. . . . Why, that is six hundred roubles a year. . . . Please take some more. . . . With such dividends, you know, Lyubov Grigoryevna, you would have no difficulty in making a match for yourself. . . ."

"For myself?" laughed the matchmaker. "I am an old woman."

"Not at all. . . . You have such a figure, and your face is plump and fair, and all the rest of it."

The matchmaker was embarrassed. Stytchkin was also embarrassed, and sat down beside her.

"You are still very attractive," said he; "if you met with a practical, steady, careful husband, with his salary and your earnings you might even attract him very much, and you'd get on very well together. . . ."

"Goodness knows what you are saying, Nikolay Nikolayitch."

"Well, I meant no harm. . . ."

A silence followed. Stytchkin began loudly blowing his nose, while the matchmaker turned crimson, and, looking bashfully at him, asked:

"And how much do you get, Nikolay Nikolayitch?"

"I? Seventy-five roubles, besides tips. . . . Apart from that we make something out of candles and hares."

"You go hunting, then?"

"No. Passengers who travel without tickets are called hares with us."

Another minute passed in silence. Stytchkin got up and walked about the room in excitement.

"I don't want a young wife," said he.

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"I am a middle-aged man, and I want someone who . . . as it might be, like you . . . staid and settled . . . and a figure something like yours. . . ."

"Goodness knows what you are saying," . . . giggled the matchmaker, hiding her crimson face in her kerchief.

"There is no need to be long thinking about it. You are after my own heart, and you suit me in your qualities. I am a practical, sober man, and if you like me . . . what could be better? Allow me to make you a proposal!"

The matchmaker dropped a tear, laughed, and, in token of her consent, clinked glasses with Stytchkin.

"Well," said the happy railway guard, "now allow me to explain to you the behaviour and manner of life I desire from you. . . . I am a strict, respectable, practical man. I take a gentlemanly view of everything. And I desire that my wife should be strict also, and should understand that to her I am a benefactor and the foremost person in the world."

He sat down, and, heaving a deep sigh, began expounding to his bride-elect his views on domestic life and a wife's duties.

The Gypsy Countess

Old English Ballad

I

THERE cam' seven Egyptians on a day,
And wow, but they sang bonny!
And they sang sae sweet, and sae very complete,
Down cam' Earl Cassilis' lady.

II

She cam' tripping down the stair,
And a' her maids before her;
As soon as they saw her weel-faur'd face
They cast the glamourie owre her.

III

They gave to her the nutmeg,
And they gave to her the ginger;
But she gave to them a far better thing,
The seven gold rings off her fingers.

IV

And when the Earl he did come home,
Enquiring for his ladie,
One of the servants made this reply,
"She's awa' with the gypsie laddie."

V

"Come saddle for me the brown," he said,
"For the black was ne'er so speedy,
And I will travel night and day
Till I find out my wanton ladie."

VI

"Will you come home, my dear?" he said,
"Oh will you come home, my honey?
And by the point of my broad sword,
A hand I'll ne'er lay on you." . . .

VII

"Yestreen I rade this water deep,
And my own gude lord beside me;
But this night I maun wet my little pretty feet
With a wheen blackguards to wade me.

VIII

"Yestreen I lay on a good feather-bed,
And my own wedded lord beyond me,
And to-night I'll lie in the ash-corner,
With the gypsies all around me.

IX

"They took off my high-heeled shoes,
That were made of Spanish leather,
And I have put on coarse Lowland brogues,
To trip it o'er the heather.

X

"The Earl of Cassilis is lying sick;
Not one hair I'm sorry;
I'd rather have a kiss from Johnny Faa's lips
Than all his gold and his money."

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So They Say

Mrs. Frank E. Simpson:
of Omaha, sails for India with a cargo of 550 mules for the British army

"Mules are very beautiful animals. They like to be petted, but you don't dare to trust them for a minute."

Anthony Fokker:
builder of airplanes, bewails the dullness of present-day aviation

"No fun any more. Too safe. You go up, you come down."

"Atlanta Constitution":
discussing transatlantic flights

"The Atlantic declines to be double-crossed."

Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick:
of the Park Avenue Baptist Church, New York

"God is not a cosmic bell-boy for whom we can press a button to get things."

Joseph Major:
arrested when he "beats up" a woman in a leopard-skin coat on the street

"I'm awfully sorry. I thought she was my wife."

Bishop of Woolwich:
England

"Christianity is not a sop to keep the people quiet. It is dynamite."

Judge Juan Correa Nieto:
pronounces kissing on the street in Old Mexico legal, when a couple is brought before him

"A kiss is not only legitimate, but sublime."

Bertrand Russell:
English philosopher

"Such drinking as I have seen in America in recent years would not have lent itself to treatment in verse."

Kathryn:
a quiet-looking woman, when Judge Feinberg finds her guilty of hexagamy

"Husbands are easy to get. All you have to do is flatter them and they marry you. Spinsters should learn about flattery."

Constance Lindsay Skinner:
in "North American Review";

"Less is really known about the mind of woman than about any other chemical which man employs in his formulæ of joy. Wine, song and stud poker are far better documented."

Lady Bowden:
of England

"Women, thanks to education, have become fact instead of fancy."

Walter Hagen:
after coming from behind to win the professional golf championship, when his opponent missed an easy putt on the 37th hole

"What are you going to do when they won't take it?"

James A. Reed:
U. S. Senator from Missouri

"What Christ had not been able to accomplish in 2,000 years is not going to be accomplished by a resolution passed around a table at Versailles or any other place."

Kneeland ("Ruzzie") Green:
art director of a silk corporation

"I think that all the ugly pairs of legs one sees are more than made up for by one pretty pair."

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LUCIEN LELONG:
Paris couturier

"Dress should refresh one, not agitate one."

DR. JOHN J. TIGERT:
U. S. Commissioner of Education of the Department of the Interior

"I repeat the statement for which I have been roasted. There is more illiteracy in New York City than in all the mountains of the Southern States."

HARRY M. DAUGHERTY:
former Attorney-General of the United States, and political manager

"By the right sort of organization and management any one of ten men could be nominated for President by the Republican party."

H. M. KALLEN:
of the New School for Social Research

"Communism in Russia is as much a faith and as little a fact as Christianity in the United States."

GRACE DRAYTON:
who created the "Soup Kid" famed in advertisements

"Children possess all the wisdom adults lose."

"BOBBY" JONES:
U. S. amateur golf champion

"The backbone of golf is now and always will be the average golfer. It is men such as he who pay the freight."

MAXIM GORKY:
Russian novelist of protest

"We have had tragedies enough."

ANDREW FARRELL:
seventy-five years old, faith healer, who cures with his hands

"I'm a healer. . . . I know I am, because the Divine Healer taps me on the ears to reassure me that He is with me, from time to time."

JEDDHU KRISHNAMURTI:
the "new Messiah" of India, heralded by Mrs. Anne Besant

"I could have been a rich man. I was offered $10,000 a week to appear in the movies in America, but of course I turned down the offer. . . . I have seen Buddha. I have communed with Buddha. I am Buddha."

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW:
has his own ideas about movies

"I would find it extremely tantalizing to see another man kissing Miss Pickford."

FOUAD I:
King of Egypt, at a dinner given him by the President of France

"Hereafter, the Orient can stretch out a hand across Egypt to the Occident, and nothing else could contribute so effectively to the bringing together of the races."

YOUNG VIENNESE MEN:
studying how legs are related to character, find they fall into eight categories

"Flower-pot legs.
Cudgel legs.
Fairy legs.
Doll legs.
Circus legs.
Baroque legs.
Champagne-bottle legs.
Ideal legs."

HENRI MATISSE:
French painter and leader of the "New Art"

"The epoch of violent experimentalism in painting is finished, at least for the time being."

PROFESSOR BENJAMIN WOOD:
in charge of mental tests at Columbia University

"An attractive young woman who smiles eagerly at her professor will make a better impression than a bored young man who appears to slumber through lectures, even though the young man may possess far more native intelligence."

REV. FATHER FRANCIS P. DUFFY:
former chaplain of the 165th (old 69th) Regiment, and pastor of the Holy Cross Church

"There are too many religious organizations run by women; and I've said this before women, too. Women can't run a church, for they are too good to run a church. First they drive all the men out, and then they quit themselves."

LOUIS DUPONT:
twice cited for bravery, who deserted as a gendarme to join the army in Syria, explains, when on trial as a deserter

"*Mon Colonel*, my wife used to beat me something terrible. That's the reason I left. In Syria, against the Druses, we get many hard knocks, but one has a chance to fight back."

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LOUIS GOLDING:
author

"Every man who is in the least fortunate is possessed of a heart that awaits the smile or the frown of a woman. She is the stoker who keeps the fires within him burning."

THOMAS A. EDISON:
inventor

"We emphasize the slogan, 'See America,' but the automobile has done more than that. It has made a good many hundred thousand Americans see themselves and their neighbours for the first time."

HENRY BUSHE:
to the Sinecure Committee in England

"I am Resident Surveyor, with perpetual leave of absence, in a remote colony. I do not work, but receive my salary four times a year by deputy."

HEDDA HOYT:
correspondent for the "North China Star," Tien Tsin

"A man may relish a rouge-smeared mouth, but a cold-creamed eyelid ruins his appetite for romance. . . . Faces in the cocoon stage have no attraction for men."

ONE OFFICE BOY:
to another

"Henry, don't be foolish! You talk like I used to."

CHARLES R. FORBES:
former director of the U. S. Veterans' Bureau, on his release from imprisonment for defrauding the Government

"President Harding was a man who loved his friends, and who was victimized through his belief in the fundamental honesty of men in high public office."

PHILIP MATTIESSEN CHANCELLOR:
twenty, who on his next birthday comes into the principal of a $9,000,000 trust fund

"I don't propose to let money dominate me."

HOWARD B. MACDONALD:
globe-trotter, has discovered that bull fighting is the only completely honest sport

"The bull cannot be fixed."

SHERWOOD ANDERSON:
novelist and country editor

"What is the use of my trying to make my son or daughter think I have led a pure life, if I haven't? Few of us have."

DR. LAWSON G. LOWREY:
Director of the Institute of Child Guidance

"Children should have some time when they are free from the pressure of obligations and demands imposed by other persons."

NEWELL W. EDSON:
of the Social Hygiene Committee

"Youth would welcome information as to sex, but they want facts, not dogma or moralizing, and it is up to us to give them facts."

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON:
historian and essayist, just married

"As I am a writer and my wife is on the stage, we have found that living apart is a very pleasant system."

PAUL CLAUDEL:
French Ambassador to the United States

"Some people seem in America to entertain the foolish idea that Frenchmen have a natural taste for war. . . . It is just the same as if you said that South Americans were fond of yellow fever and Japanese of earthquakes."

PANAIT ISTRATI:
Rumanian novelist

"I am poor, and I hope to die poor, because I am marching through life accompanied by an immense family of beggars whom I have met on the various roads I have traveled."

DR. E. W. BARNES:
Bishop of Birmingham

"We regard the assertion that any church is infallible as alike impudent and dangerous."

PROF. WILLIAM NORTH RICE:
head of geology department at Wesleyan University

"I believe that this skeptical, questioning age possesses a truer appreciation of Christ than any age that has gone before."

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Miss Gordon Hamilton:
of the Social Service Department of Presbyterian Hospital, N. Y. C., says more than 400 modern social diseases have been recognized

"A person with diabetes, for instance, with his morbid concentration upon his own appetite, is narcissistic."

Miss Emily Howland:
noted in education, preparing for her 100th birthday

"Since I passed seventy I have had time to carry on my education as I wanted to."

Associate Justice Holmes:
holds motorists responsible for safety at grade crossings

"It seems to me that if a man who goes upon a railroad track relies upon not hearing the train or any signal, and takes no further precaution, he does so at his own risk."

Dr. Joseph Jastrow:
professor of psychology at the University of Wisconsin

"We have greatly over-emphasized the value of intelligence in business and other affairs of every-day life. Many have achieved success without any undue display of mental activity."

Campbell Stephen:
Labour M. P. for the Camlachie Division of Glasgow, when Lady Astor cries "Shame!" at his congratulating himself on having escaped matrimony

"Possibly I failed to meet you in time."

Fannie Ward:
actress, 60 years old, but looking only 30

"I've spent all my life trying to find ways to keep young, so I wouldn't have to have my face lifted."

Mme. Karen Bramson:
Danish writer, says Europeans do not feel that young beauty is sufficiently mellow and worthy of attention

"I have yet to see a really beautiful elderly American woman."

Dr. Walter Radivoj:
member of the executive committee of the Federalist Croat party

"There are no more natural friends to the world than the Balkan peoples, because by peace they have everything to gain and nothing to lose."

Dr. Frederick Peterson:
neurologist

"There are no failures in life at all. All discontented, unhappy people are maladjusted to a varying extent. They have not found the one thing to which they are suited."

Mary Garden:
singer, arriving in America, describes her ensemble costume

"A blood-red dress with ruffles, and don't forget the ruffles—a hat to match, the usual sable coat and approximately seven bracelets."

Dr. E. M. Best:
of McGill University

"Every one of us is descended from William the Conqueror, and Anglo-Saxons are all at least thirtieth cousins to each other."

Wickham Steed:
British editor

"To-day we English are not pulling our full weight in the world, and, sad to say, we are not wholly fit to pull it."

Sir Esme Howard:
British Ambassador, declares England and U. S. have much to learn from each other

"I remember Englishmen thirty or forty years ago who looked on bathrooms in English houses as a subtle and dangerous form of American propaganda which would undermine the sturdy British race."

Irving A. Priest:
Boston banker, and Secretary of the Republican Town Committee of Sudbury, suggests doubling the President's salary and electing Mr. Coolidge for life

"In the flesh of Calvin Coolidge has come to life the long-idealized, mythical Uncle Sam—thin, sharp-featured, grim, deliberate, cool, firm, thrifty, patient, sagacious, tolerant, kind, Christian."

George Schultz:
sixty-seven-year-old Don Juan, arrested for bigamy, denies that he has been married at least twenty times, as charged

"I am sure that I have not married more than half a dozen times, and, in fact, I can remember only four."

President Coolidge:
when asked what he intended to do upon the expiration of his term

"For a year or two I am going to whittle."

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The Fourth Wife

By DEMETRA VAKA

Demetra Vaka

I LOOKED forward to my third visit with even greater anticipation than to the other two: and, indeed, it promised to be all a student of Turkish customs could ask for. The friend I was to visit was a girl I had known better than any other Osmanli girl. I was to find her the mother of three children, and the fourth wife of one of the most powerful pashas in the Sultan's entourage,—a man much older than herself, to whom her family had given her in marriage without a by-your-leave. I was tremendously interested to see how she had accepted the situation.

Djimlah, moreover, had a vigorous and original mind, which had attracted me in our youth—although as she grew up and began to think of love, her thoughts were frightful. Once she said to me: "Love has nothing to do with one's thoughts or one's aspirations. It is merely a manifestation of the senses. The intensity of one's love depends on one's physical condition. When a man loves a woman he does not care whether she is good or bad, whether she will be a friend and companion to him or not. He simply wants that woman, and will do all he can to get her. As for the woman, she obeys her instincts as blindly as an animal."

"How about her soul?" I asked.

She laughed scornfully. "You little petal of a flower, woman has no soul."

"Yes, that is what you Turks say," I cried. "But we do not believe in that doctrine. Woman has a soul."

"No, she hasn't," Djimlah contradicted; "she is all emotions and senses."

If an ugly girl had spoken as Djimlah spoke, it would have been very repulsive; but the radiant loveliness of the girl could not fail to modify the impression made by her words. While speaking, she would clasp her hands above her head, the sleeves falling away from her white arms; she would half close her eyes, in a way that made the light shining through them softer; and her lips forming her words were fresh and crimson, like a rose with the dew on it. The Greek in me, looking at her, forgave her words—one of the judges who liberated the accused Phryne, because she was so beautiful, may have been an ancestor of mine. And she prefaced all her blighting remarks with such endearments as "little crest of the wave," "little mountain brook," or "flower of the almond tree." It was as if I were being taken to a slaughter-house through a rose-conservatory.

Foreigners she hated intensely, and to be the wife of a foreigner was to her the most miserable existence imaginable.

One day, when she was telling me that "love was a necessity of the body, like food and air, and that when the senses awoke and asked their due, they ought to get it," I asked:—

"Djimlah, since love is nothing but the rightful demand of sense, and since you believe in its gratification, while at the same time you hate foreigners so tremendously, what should you do if you fell in love with a foreigner?"

"Oh! I should let him love me for a while, and then have him killed."

She said this without the slightest tremor in her voice, without the faintest added pink mounting her cheeks. What a sinner she would have made, had she been a European woman! How many souls of men she would have sent to eternal damnation with a slight shrug of her superb shoulders!

When she had written to me in her faultless French, asking me to visit her, I was both pleased and surprised; for I knew her husband's household to be one of the very orthodox, into which foreigners were almost never allowed to penetrate. During my

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girlhood, although I had been in many haremliks, I had never happened to be in one where more than one wife was living, and they had all been somewhat Europeanized. Selim Pasha's was the first old-fashioned harem which was opening its doors to me.

It was Djimlah herself who called for me in her brougham. A tall, powerful eunuch opened the door of her carriage, and when I was in it, jumped up to his seat beside the coachman, and we were off. Inside was Djimlah, with two slaves. When she took me in her arms and kissed me, I was enveloped in an atmosphere of subtle perfume and rich luxury. I thought how a French writer would have loved to describe her. Her immaculate yashmak, transparently gauzy, let me see her beauty, resplendent, yet somehow softer than I remembered it. She had always been of the tall, self-reliant type: now she looked still more sure of herself, invested as she was with the name of a powerful pasha.

In our girlhood we had been on the same social footing; but with the turning of the wheel of fortune I had gone under and had become a breadwinner—she had been carried up to the top. The present meeting was the first for six years.

It is difficult to talk in a carriage anywhere, but in Constantinople it is impossible. Rolling over the miserable pavement makes a noise worthy of the dogs. Djimlah and I, after our first embrace, lay back against the cushions and closed our eyes, she holding my hand in hers. Once, when the carriage stopped for a minute, she opened her eyes, and looking long and earnestly at me, said, with delightful Oriental frankness:—

"You have changed, little flower. America has robbed you of your youth. I must keep you here and help you to get it back."

When we arrived at her palace, she took me directly to my room, where a pretty slave was waiting for me.

"This is your room," she said, and, pointing to the slave, "she is yours also." She opened a large cupboard whose shelves were filled with clothes: "And here is all you will need while you stay with us." To the slave she added:—

"Kondjé, this is your mistress. If she does not look any better when she leaves than she does now, let me never see your face again. If she improves, you can ask me anything you like." Drawing the slave to her and petting her, she went on, pointing to me as if I were an inanimate object: "Kondjé, she used to be very pretty—look at her now! Could you believe that she is younger than I?"

The slave shook her head, and looked me up and down compassionately.

I burst out laughing. "Really, Djimlah, you must learn to spare my feelings; I have just come from America, where we don't tell the truth like that."

"Nasty country, anyhow!" she observed.

The slave came to me and threw her arms around me. "Young Hanoum, is it a disappointment in love?" she asked sympathetically.

"Nonsense!" Djimlah interjected, "Foolishness! that's the reason. Instead of letting a good strong man take care of her, she is doing it for herself—disgracing Allah and his sons. Now good-by, and rest all you can."

Kondjé took her task to heart. She bathed and massaged me, as if I were to be made over. Then she brought out several garments, and after discarding them all as not befitting my beauty,—or, to be more accurate, my lack of it,—she at last satisfied herself from a fresh armful from the closet.

After I had rested, I went down to the garden, where Djimlah presented me to the other three wives of Selim Pasha, their ladies-in-waiting, and a few guests. We were twenty-seven in all, and we reclined under a canopy of flowers, and waited for the coming sunset. A high wall hid us from the outside world, and a pergola, covered with pink and purple wistaria, protected us from any masculine eyes which might chance to look over from the side of the palace reserved for men. I took my seat by Djimlah, on a lot of cushions.

Presently one of the women reached up a bare arm, plucked a bunch of wistaria, and threw it at another woman. Simultaneously several bare arms went up, and pink and purple wistaria went flying right and left, so that in a few minutes the ground and the Turkish rugs on which we were reclining were covered with flowers.

"Give us some music, beautiful ones," said the first wife, who was the head of the household, and who was addressed as Validé Hanoum.

Some of the young slaves picked up their zithers, and the music of the East charmed our ears for a few minutes.

"See now, see how fast he is traveling!" exclaimed Djimlah, pointing to the sun. "He is getting impatient to reach his home and throw his arms around his women-folk and rest from the day's labour."

She turned to me. "Do you remember, little bride of the river, how you and I used to run to catch the sun when we were small? And do you remember how once we were so

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engrossed with him that we fell into the Propontis?"

"Yes, I do remember," I answered; "how very happy we were then, Djimlah!"

"Why 'then'?" inquired the young woman. "Are we not happy now? Are you not, Allah's little ray?"

"Are you?" I questioned.

"Of course I am," the young wife answered, clasping her youngest child to her bosom. "I am even more happy now with my babies and my lord." Then she added, as if the thought had just come to her, "You have not taken a master to your heart, dear one—why? You remember how we used to plan about our husbands, and you always said you would marry a prince ever so great and powerful. I have my husband; where is yours, little blossom?"

"I have searched all Europe," I replied, "and in despair I have crossed the ocean and gone to America. He is quite elusive; he evades me everywhere."

"Does it make you sad, Allah's little cloud?" said the Validé Hanoum, leaning over and running her fingers over my hair.

"Look! look at him now!" cried another, pointing to the sun. "He is kissing the hills good-by. Look, how he makes them blush; how pink they grow in their love for him! In their joy now they will sing in colours."

"Mashallah! mashallah!" exclaimed several women, kissing their fingers to the departing sun. From outside the walls a shepherd was singing the sunset song as he walked behind his sheep. The slaves, this time of their own accord, were softly singing, "Happy, happy we, dwellers of this beautiful land!"

These women were all intoxicated with the beauty of nature before them. Nowhere have I seen such pure enjoyment of life. Nothing was bothering them. They had no other career except that of being beautiful and happy.

The colour of the sky was spreading, taking in the Byzantine wall, the Golden Horn, and the slender minarets silhouetted from afar; and the East little by little crept again into my blood, and I let myself go and be happy in mere existence.

After sunset the Validé Hanoum gave the signal of departure, and at once wives, children, guests, and slaves rose to their feet. Two eunuchs carried the rugs and pillows, while the others carried the young children. There were eight of these black cerberi—two for each wife. As we descended from the hill the dwelling presented itself in full view. It was a huge, ugly wooden structure of ninety rooms, looking more like a factory than a rich residence. Of the ninety rooms only twenty were given over to the master and his retinue; the best belonged to the women.

The Validé Hanoum, in her position as first wife, occupied the first floor, and had more rooms assigned to her than any other wife. Djimlah, my friend, as fourth wife, was destined to see the world from the top of the house; and she had only fourteen rooms for herself. There was but one bath-house, and that belonged to the Validé Hanoum; but all the ladies took their hour-long ablutions there. On each floor there was a connecting passage to the other side of the house, through which the master could visit each wife without being seen by the others.

As I said before, this household was a very strict one, and the women of the house obeyed all the laws of their creed, and followed the prescribed customs rigorously. Their nails were profusely dyed, and their indoor robes were one-piece garments of very costly materials. Their hair was done up in braids, while gauzy pieces of silk, cut bias, were arranged round their heads. Saluting with the graceful *temena*—touching the floor, the knees, the heart, the lips, and the forehead—was customary, on every occasion; and strict attention was given to precedence.

The Validé Hanoum sat at the head of the table, the second wife sitting at the foot. The third wife sat at the right of the first, and the fourth at the right of the second. On no occasion were these places changed. The first wife was served first, and it was she who gave the signal for conversation. Also permission for inviting guests or going out to pay visits was granted or refused by the Validé.

As far as I could judge, there was no jealousy between the wives. The others looked upon the Validé as a mother, though she was little older than the second and third wives. I was given to understand that the harmony of the household depended absolutely on the character of the first wife. As the household was very Oriental, the only chairs to be seen were in the dining-room. There were several reception rooms, one of which was supposed to be furnished in European fashion. It was as European as the Oriental rooms in America are Oriental.

In the sixty-five rooms assigned to women there was not a room that could be called a bedroom, that is, that had the appearance of being given over to that use. Instead, there were many rooms bare of furniture except

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for rugs and pillows, and one or two low tables inlaid with mother-of-pearl. These rooms had beautiful damask hangings at the windows, and a low platform with two steps leading up to it, on one side of the room. On this platform was a silken rug, and baskets or vases of flowers. Had one had the curiosity to open the large cupboards in these rooms, one would have found all the bedclothes neatly folded away. The Turks never use hard mattresses, like ours, but several well-kept soft ones, made of cotton. From the closets the bedclothes were taken at night and arranged on the low platforms. This mode of living, I suppose, is a remnant of their former nomadic habits.

On the first night of my arrival, while I was lying on my platform, thinking over my day's experience, the door of my room opened softly to let Djimlah pass. I was certain that while she sat in my room a eunuch was crouching at my door. She was ready for the night—her hair done up in that queer Oriental fashion becoming only to Eastern women. It was divided in two and parted in the middle; each division again subdivided in two, and each braided loosely. Then the ends of the two front braids were tied up by a wide, soft piece of silk, which hung loose in the back and formed a kind of background for the face. Djimlah's head-dress was of pale blue, which brought out the colour of her deep blue eyes. As she sat at the foot of my platform a lovely perfume of roses emanated from her.

"Sun-ray," I said to her, "your approach signals roses."

"Yes, blossom of the almond tree," was her reply. "I have had my rose-bath. You shall have yours presently. But before Kondjé comes, let us make use of the flying time—not so?" Djimlah always spoke Turkish, to the consternation of my poor ears, which had been out of training for years. Though she spoke French and English perfectly, she seldom made use of them. She abhorred anything foreign to Mahometanism, her strong affection for me being her only exception.

"Little river," she said bluntly, as is the Turkish custom, "I hate to think of you living away in that half-civilized country of America. You really must stay here and be married."

"Do you think, Djimlah, my dear," I asked, matching her own frankness, "that I should be happy with a quarter of a husband?"

She laughed till the tears came to her eyes.

"I have just been paying a visit to Nassarah and Tsakran," I went on; "but Tsakran is a little kitten, and I don't think it matters to her whether she is the first or second wife; and Nassarah, for the sake of the boys, does not mind sharing her husband."

"There is where you make a mistake, my little one," Djimlah said. "You never share your husband. What a man gives to one woman he never gives to another. What he is to his first wife he never is to his second or third. It always amuses me how slow you European women are to understand men. You put up with the greatest outrages in order to remain the only wives. A man is not like a woman, who is essentially a mother. A man by nature is polygamous. His nature must expand: sometimes it is more than one woman that he must love; sometimes he gives himself over to state matters; sometimes it is a career or a profession that he needs. But whatever he does, the love of one woman is not and cannot be enough to occupy him. When a man has a nature to love more than one woman, what happens? According to our sacred laws he may marry them. They are loved and honoured by him, and the children of this second or third love are his children, and share his name as they share his property. But what happens in your countries and with your habits? A man repudiates his first wife, generally with a great deal of scandal, for a second. He gives her little money, and her children lose their father's companionship. If the man cannot divorce his wife, he leads her the life of a dog, and lives a libertine himself. Or if he loves another woman, and she loves him, and they live together, the woman carries a burden of shame, and the children born out of their great love are outcasts."

As Djimlah spoke of our system her blue eyes widened, her long earrings shook, and disgust was painted on her beautiful features. I chuckled inwardly, remembering some lectures I had heard in America in which the women of the harem were spoken of as most miserable beings, and in which our duty was pointed out to us to work toward their deliverance.

"Djimlah," I said, "you speak of course from your experience, as perhaps the most loved of the wives. Suppose to-morrow your husband were to cast you aside and bring into the household a younger and possibly a handsomer wife—what then?"

Djimlah's pretty face lighted up with a smile. "You dear, dear *yavroum*, you will never understand. If my husband has ten more wives, it does not alter my position. I

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shall be his Djimlah then as always. He will still love me for myself, for the love I have for him, and for the children I have given him."

"But, Djimlah, wouldn't that love be greater if he loved only you, and shared it with no one else? If you were the only affection in his life?

Djimlah caressed my hand. "My little one, don't make this mistake in life. If you were the most intelligent woman in the world, the most entertaining, the most brilliant, the most beautiful, you could never be everything to your husband. That is the way Allah has made them; that is the way all of them are—and those that are not are good for nothing."

"Djimlah," I said at last, perceiving that she would never see my point of view, "how about the women? Don't they, too, need more than one in their lives?"

Djimlah smiled her wise smile again. "*Yavroum*, women are not like men. Women, good women, natural women, are mothers above all. Their hearts are filled the moment they become mothers. All their effort, their ambition, their love, settles on the head of the child."

Just then Kondjé came in, carrying a small basket full of rose-petals. She spoke in low tones to the young wife, who blushed furiously, and shyly bade me good-night.

"Honoured Hanoum," the young girl said to me, "may I be so blessed as to have the pleasure of giving you your bath of roses?"

"You may," I answered, "if you will call me anything else except 'Honoured Hanoum.' I can stand being the bride of the brook and the cloud of the sky, but I draw the line at being 'Honoured.' It makes me feel old and venerable. And, besides, you know I have not yet a husband, so I can't be 'Honoured,' anyway."

Kondjé, giggling, took down my hair, filled it with rose-petals, and rubbed them into the hair and scalp. Afterwards she did the same to my body, so that in half an hour I and the room were filled with the odour of roses, and I went to sleep dreaming of flowers.

The following days revealed to me a Djimlah so foreign to her former self as to be an entirely new person. Even her beauty had changed. It was no longer the audacious allurement of a handsome animal: there was calm and repose in it. She was still a woman for men to love desperately, but with a higher love, if one less maddening than the one she would have inspired six years ago.

One night, as we were sitting on the foot of my bed and talking of the past, I said to her:—

"Djimlah, you have changed morally and mentally much more than I have physically, though your change has been for the better. What has done it?"

She laughed, and there was a little scorn in her rippling young laugh. "You dear little crest of the wave, because you have been studying and running around the world, 'improving' and 'enlarging' your mind, you think that you know something. Why, you are ignorant as my baby. You may think you are ahead of me, but really you are very far behind. The mysteries of the world, which you do not even dream of, are mine. You will never know them until you love a man and are his. Then—" She clasped her hands over her breast, and her face changed its expression. It was lovely with a loveliness mystic and holy. She leaned towards me, and in a voice tremulous and full of melody, spoke of her motherhood. "To be a mother! To see the pink rosy mouth of your baby seeking life from your very body!" She raised her hands. "O Allah! how good you are to women! No, little mountain-spring, books will never teach you life as a man and a child will. Books may feed your mind, but your heart will be starved—and human beings must live through the heart."

She had moved me; I believed her; but habit was stronger than momentary emotion. I was living through my mind, and the next minute I asked her:—

"You used to say that love was nothing but a matter of the senses. Did you find it so?"

"At first, yes—then all at once it changed. You become a new person—a good woman—when Allah gives you a child. Something restful comes over the senses, and they retire to the background; they no longer dominate love."

"And thus a woman acquires a soul?" I inquired flippantly.

She replied soberly:—

"A woman has no soul. It may be that if she had she would spend her life cultivating it, and forget that she had to devote herself to those to whom she must give a soul. A woman is a one-thought creature. Besides, she stands for abnegation: to know life, she must give, always give, and never ask for anything in return. Through giving she grows—never through receiving, for then she shrinks."

This was my Djimlah of six years ago! She had traveled far and fast on the road which leads to the divine throne, through her love and her mother-love. She was right: books do not teach life.

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The Tendency of History

By HENRY ADAMS

Henry Adams

III—The Rule of Phase Applied to History

IN 1876-1878 Willard Gibbs, Professor of Mathematical Physics at Yale, published in the Transactions of the Connecticut Academy his famous memoir on the "Equilibrium of Heterogeneous Substances," containing the short chapter "On Existent Phases of Matter," which, in the hands of the Dutch chemists, became, some ten years afterwards, a means of greatly extending the science of Static Chemistry. Although the name of Willard Gibbs is probably to-day the highest in scientific fame of all Americans since Benjamin Franklin, his Rule of Phases defies translation into literary language. The mathematical formulas in which he hid it were with difficulty intelligible to the chemists themselves, and are quite unintelligible to an unmathematical public, while the sense in which the word Phase was used, confused its meaning to a degree that alters its values, and reduces it to a chemical relation. Willard Gibbs helped to change the face of science, but his Phase was not the Phase of History.

As he used it, the word meant Equilibrium, which is in fact the ordinary sense attached to it, but his equilibrium was limited to a few component parts. Ice, water, and water-vapour were three phases of a single substance, under different conditions of temperature and pressure; but if another element were added,—if one took sea-water for instance,—the number of phases was increased according to the nature of the components. The chemical phase thus became a distinct physical section of a solution, and as many sections existed as there were independent components.

The common idea of phase is that of the solution itself, as when salt is dissolved in water. It is the whole equilibrium or state of apparent rest. It means, perhaps, when used of movement, a variance of direction, but it seems not to have been so much employed to indicate a mere change in speed. Yet the word would apply in literature as well as it does in physical chemistry to the three stages of equilibrium: ice, water, and steam. Where only one component is concerned, the Rule of Phase is the same for chemistry as for general usage. A change of phase, in all cases, means a change of equilibrium.

Whether the equilibrium or phase is temporary or permanent,—whether the change is rapid or slow,—whether the force at work for the purpose is a liquid solvent, or heat, or a physical attraction or repulsion, — the interest of the equilibrium lies in its relations, and the object of study is the behaviour of each group under new relations. Chemists and physicists have turned their studies, for twenty or thirty years past, to these relations, and the various conditions of temperature, pressure, and volume have become more important than the atoms and molecules themselves, while new processes,—osmosis, electrolysis, magnetic action,—have made a new world that is slowly taking the place of the world as it existed fifty years ago; though as yet the old curriculum of thought has been hardly touched by the change.

The new field can be entered only by timid groping for its limits, and with certainty of constant error; but in order to enter it at all, one must begin by following the lines given by physical science. If the Rule of Phase is to serve for clue, the first analogy which imposes itself as the starting-point for experiment is the law of solutions, which seems to lie on the horizon of science as the latest and largest of possible generali-

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zations. As science touches every material or immaterial substance, each in its turn dissolves, until the ether itself becomes an ocean of discontinuous particles.

A solution is defined as a homogeneous mixture, which can pass through continuous variations of composition within the limits that define its existence. Solids, as we all know, may be dissolved, but we do not all realize that liquids and gases may also be dissolved, or that a change in composition must accompany a change of phase. As early as 1662, Isaac Voss, in his work, "De Lucis Natura," on the Nature of Light, defined Heat as "actus dissolvens corpora," the solvent of material bodies; and in 1870, the French chemist Rosenstiehl published a paper in the Comptes Rendues of the French Academy (vol. LXX) suggesting that any gas might be likened to a body dissolved in the medium of the universal solvent, the ether. Reversing the theory, the English and Dutch physicists have solidified every gas, including even helium. The solvent has been suggested or found for every form of matter, even the most subtle, until it trembles on the verge of the ether itself; and a by-stander, who is interested in watching the extension of this new synthesis, cannot help asking himself where it can find a limit. If every solid is soluble into a liquid, and every liquid into a gas, and every gas into corpuscles which vanish in an ocean of ether,—if nothing remains of energy itself except potential motion in absolute space,—where can science stop in the application of this fecund idea?

Where it can stop is its own affair, dependent on its own will or convenience; but where it must stop is a larger question that interests philosophy. There seems to be no reason for insisting that it must necessarily stop anywhere within the region of experience. Certainly it cannot stop with static electricity, which is itself more obviously a mere phase than water-vapour. The physicists cannot conceive it without conceiving something more universal behind or above it. The logic of former thought, in its classic simplicity, would have taken for granted that electricity must be capable of reduction to a solid,—that it can be frozen,—and that it must also be soluble in ether. One has learned to distrust logic, and to expect contradiction from nature, but we cannot easily prevent thought from behaving as though sequence were probable until the contrary becomes still more probable; and the mind insists on asking what would happen if, in the absence of known limit, every substance that falls within human experience should be soluble successively in a more volatile substance, or under more volatile conditions. Supposing the mechanical theories of matter to be carried out as far as experience warrants,—supposing each center of motion capable of solution in a less condensed motion,—supposing every vortex-center treated as a phase or stage of equilibrium which passes, more or less abruptly, into another phase, under changed conditions; must all motion merge at last into ultimate static energy existing only as potential force in absolute space?

The reply of the physicist is very simple as a formula of experiment; he can carry his theory no further than he can carry his experience; but how far does he, as a matter of fact, carry his habitual, ordinary experience? Time was when experiment stopped with matter perceptible to the senses; but the chemist long ago lost sight of matter so limited. Vehemently resisting, he had been dragged into regions where supersensual forces alone had play. Very unwillingly, after fifty years of struggle, chemists had been forced to admit the existence of inconceivable and incredible substances, and their convulsive efforts to make these substances appear comprehensible had measured the strain on their thought. Static electricity already lay beyond the legitimate domain of sensual science, while beyond static electricity lay a vast supersensual ocean roughly called the ether, which the physicists and chemists, on their old principles, were debarred from entering at all, and had to be dragged into, by Faraday and his school. Beyond the ether, again, lay a vast region, known to them as the only substance which they knew or could know—their own thought,—which they positively refused to touch.

Yet the physicists here, too, were helpless to escape the step, for where they refused to go as experimenters, they had to go as mathematicians. Without the higher mathematics they could no longer move, but with the higher mathematics, metaphysics began. There the restraints of physics did not exist. In the mathematical order, infinity became the invariable field of action, and not only did the mathematician deal habitually and directly with all sorts of infinities, but he also built up hyper-infinites, if he liked, or hyper-spaces, or infinite hierarchies of hyper-space. The true mathematician drew breath only in the hyper-space of Thought; he could exist only by assuming that all

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phases of material motion merged in the last conceivable phase of immaterial motion—pure mathematical thought.

The physicist, in self-defense, though he may not deny, prefers to ignore this rigorous consequence of his own principles, as he refused for many years to admit the consequences of Faraday's experiments; but at least he can surely rely upon this admission being the last he will ever be called upon to make. No phase of hyper-substance more subtle than thought can ever be conceived, since it could exist only as his own thought returning into itself. Possibly, in the inconceivable domains of abstraction, the ultimate substance may show other sides or extensions, but to man it can be known only as hyper-thought,—the region of pure mathematics and metaphysics,—the last and universal solvent.

There even mathematics must stop. Motion itself ended; even thought became merely potential in this final solution. The hierarchy of phases was complete. Each phase, measured by its rapidity of vibration, arranged itself in the physical sequence familiar to physicists, such as that sketched by Stoney in his well-known memoirs of 1885, 1890, and 1899, and as reasonable as the solar spectrum. The hierarchy rose in an order more or less demonstrable, from:—

1. The *Solids*, among which the Rule of Phases offers ice as a convenient example of its first phase, because under a familiar change of temperature it passes instantly into its next phase:—

2. The *Fluid*, or water, which by a further change of temperature transforms itself suddenly into the third phase:—

3. *Vapour*, or gas, which has laws and habits of its own, forming the chief subject of chemical study upon the molecule and the atom. Thus far, each phase falls within the range of human sense, but the gases, under new conditions, seem to resolve themselves into a fourth phase:—

4. The Electron or *Electricity*, which is not within the range of any sense except when set in motion. Another form of the same phase is Magnetism; and some psychologists have tried to bring animal consciousness or thought into relation with electro-magnetism, which would be very convenient for scientific purposes. The most prolonged and painful effort of the greatest geniuses has not yet succeeded in uniting Electricity with Magnetism, much less with Mind, but all show the strongest signs of a common origin in the next phase of undifferentiated energy or energies called:—

5. The *Ether*, endowed with qualities which are not so much substantial or material as they are concepts of thought,—self-contradictions in experience. Very slowly and unwillingly have the scientists yielded to the necessity of admitting that this form of potential energy—this undifferentiated substance supporting matter and mind alike—exists, but it now forms the foundation of physics, and in it both mind and matter merge. Yet even this semi-sensual, semi-concrete, inconceivable complex of possibilities, the agent or home of infinite and instantaneous motion like gravitation,—infinitely rigid and infinitely elastic at once,—is solid and concrete compared with its following phase:—

6. *Space*, knowable only as a concept of extension, a thought, a mathematical field of speculation, and yet almost the only concrete certainty of man's consciousness. Space can be conceived as a phase of potential strains or disturbances of equilibrium, but whether studied as static substance or substance in motion, it must be endowed with an infinite possibility of strain. That which is infinitely formless must produce form. That which is only intelligible as a thought, must have a power of self-induction or disturbance that can generate motion.

7. Finally, the last phase conceivable is that which lies beyond motion altogether as Hyper-space, knowable only as Hyper-thought, or pure mathematics, which, whether a subjective idea or an objective theme, is the only phase that man can certainly know and about which he can be sure. Whether he can know it from more than one side, or otherwise than as his own self-consciousness, or whether he can ever reach higher phases by developing higher powers, is a matter for mathematicians to decide; but, even after reducing it to pure negation, it must still possess, in the abstractions of ultimate and infinite equilibrium, the capacity for self-disturbance; it cannot be absolutely dead.

The Rule of Phases lends itself to mathematical treatment, and the rule of science which is best suited to mathematical treatment will always be favoured by physicists, other merits being equal. Though the terms be as general as those of Willard Gibbs' formulas, if they hold good for every canonical system they will be adopted. The Rule itself assumes the general fact, ascertained by experiment or arbitrarily taken as starting point, that every equilibrium, or phase, begins and ends with

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what is called a critical point, at which, under a given change of temperature or pressure, a mutation occurs into another phase; and that this passage from one to the other can always be expressed mathematically. The time required for establishing a new equilibrium varies with the nature or conditions of the substance, and is sometimes very long in the case of solids, but the formula does not vary.

In chemistry the Rule of Phase applied only to material substances, but in physics no such restriction exists. Down to the moment of Hertz's experiments in 1887 and 1888, common-sense vigorously rejected the idea that material substance could be reduced to immaterial energy, but this resistance had to be abandoned with the acceptance of magneto-electricity and ether, both of which were as immaterial as thought itself; and the surrender became final with the discovery of radium, which brought the mutation of matter under the closest direct observation. Thenceforward nothing prevented the mathematical physicist from assuming the existence of as many phases, and calculating the values of as many mutations, as he liked, up to the last thinkable stage of hyper-thought and hyper-space which he knew as pure mathematics, and in which all motion, all relation, and all form, were merged.

The laws governing potential strains and stresses in an ideal equilibrium infinitely near perfection, or the volatility of an ideal substance infinitely near a perfect rest, or the possibilities of self-induction in an infinitely attenuated substance, may be left to mathematics for solution; but the ether, with its equally contradictory qualities, is admitted to exist; it is a real substance—or series of substances,—objective and undeniable as a granite rock. It is an equilibrium, a phase, with laws of its own which are not the laws of Newtonian mechanics; it requires new methods, perhaps new mind; but, as yet, the physicist has found no reason to exclude it from the sequence of substances. The dividing line between static electricity and ether is hardly so sharp as that between any of the earlier phases,—solid, fluid, gaseous, or electric.

The physicist has been reluctantly coerced into this concession, and if he had been also a psychologist he would have been equally driven, under the old laws of association formerly known as logic, to admit that what he conceded to motion in its phase as matter, he must concede to motion in its form as mind. Without this extension, any new theory of the universe based on mechanics must be as ill-balanced as the old. Whatever dogmatic confidence the mechanist had professed in his mechanical theory of the universe, his own mind had always betrayed an uneasy protest against being omitted from its own mechanical creation. This neglect involved not only a total indifference to its claim to exist as a material—or immaterial—vibration, although such mere kinetic movement was granted in theory to every other substance it knew; but it ignored also the higher claim, which was implied in its own definition, that it existed as the sole source of Direction, or Form, without which all mechanical systems must remain forever as chaotic as they show themselves in a thousand nebulæ. The matter of Direction was more vital to science than all kinematics together. The question how order could have got into the universe at all was the chief object of human thought since thought existed; and order,—to use the expressive figure of Rudolph Goldscheid,—was but Direction regarded as stationary, like a frozen waterfall. The sum of motion without direction is zero, as in the motion of a kinetic gas where only Clerk Maxwell's demon of Thought could create a value. Possibly, in the chances of infinite time and space, the law of probabilities might assert that, sooner or later, some volume of kinetic motion must end in the accident of Direction, but no such accident has yet affected the gases, or imposed a general law on the visible universe. Down to our day Vibration and Direction remain as different as Matter and Mind. Lines of force go on vibrating, rotating, moving in waves, up and down, forward and back, indifferent to control and pure waste of energy,—forms of repulsion,—until their motion becomes guided by motive, as an electric current is induced by a dynamo.

History, so far as it recounts progress, deals only with such induction or direction, and therefore in history only the attractive or inductive mass, as Thought, helps to construct. Only attractive forces have a positive, permanent value for the advance of society on the path it has actually pursued. The processes of History being irreversible, the action of Pressure can be exerted only in one direction, and therefore the variable called Pressure in physics has its equivalent in the Attraction, which, in the historical rule of phase, gives to human society its forward movement. Thus in the historical formula, Attraction is equivalent to Pressure, and takes its place.

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In physics, the second important variable is Temperature. Always a certain temperature must coincide with a certain pressure before the critical point of change in phase can be reached. In history, and possibly wherever the movement is one of translation in a medium, the Temperature is a result of acceleration, or its equivalent, and in the Rule of historical phase Acceleration takes its place.

The third important variable in the physico-chemical phase is Volume, and it reappears in the historical phase unchanged. Under the Rule of Phase, therefore, man's Thought, considered as a single substance passing through a series of historical phases, is assumed to follow the analogy of water, and to pass from one phase to another through a series of critical points which are determined by the three factors of Attraction, Acceleration, and Volume, for each change of equilibrium. Among the score of figures that might be used to illustrate the idea, that of a current is perhaps the nearest; but whether the current be conceived as a fluid, a gas, or as electricity,—whether it is drawn on by gravitation or induction,—whether it be governed by the laws of astronomical or electric mass,—it must always be conceived as a solvent, acting like heat or electricity, and increasing in volume by the law of squares.

This solvent, then,—this ultimate motion which absorbs all other forms of motion in an ultimate equilibrium,—this ethereal current of Thought,—is conceived as existing, like ice on a mountain range, and trickling from every pore of rock, in innumerable rills, uniting always into larger channels, and always dissolving whatever it meets, until at last it reaches equilibrium in the ocean of ultimate solution. Historically the current can be watched for only a brief time, at most ten thousand years. Inferentially it can be divined for perhaps a hundred thousand. Geologically it can be followed back perhaps a hundred million years, but however long the time, the origin of consciousness is lost in the rocks before we can reach more than a fraction of its career.

In this long and—for our purposes—infinite stretch of time, the substance called Thought has,—like the substance called water or gas,—passed through a variety of phases, or changes, or states of equilibrium, with which we are all, more or less, familiar. We live in a world of phases, so much more astonishing than the explosion of rockets, that we cannot, unless we are Gibbs or Watts, stop every moment to ask what becomes of the salt we put in our soup, or the water we boil in our teapot, and we are apt to remain stupidly stolid when a bulb bursts into a tulip, or a worm turns into a butterfly. No phase compares in wonder with the mere fact of our own existence, and this wonder has so completely exhausted the powers of Thought that mankind, except in a few laboratories, has ceased to wonder, or even to think. The Egyptians had infinite reason to bow down before a beetle; we have as much reason as they, for we know no more about it; but we have learned to accept our beetle Phase, and to recognize that everything, animate or inanimate, spiritual or material, exists in Phase; that all is equilibrium more or less unstable, and that our whole vision is limited to the bare possibility of calculating in mathematical form the degree of a given instability.

Thus results the plain assurance that the future of Thought, and therefore of History, lies in the hands of the physicists, and that the future historian must seek his education in the world of mathematical physics. Nothing can be expected from further study on the old lines. A new generation must be brought up to think by new methods, and if our historical department in the Universities cannot enter this next Phase, the physical department will have to assume the task alone.

Meanwhile, though quite without the necessary education, the historical inquirer or experimenter may be permitted to guess for a moment,—merely for the amusement of guessing,—what may perhaps turn out to be a possible term of the problem as the physicist will take it up. He may assume, as his starting-point, that Thought is a historical substance, analogous to an electric current, which has obeyed the laws,—whatever they are,—of Phase. The hypothesis is not extravagant. As a fact, we know only too well that our historical Thought has obeyed, and still obeys, some law of Inertia, since it has habitually and obstinately resisted deflection by new forces or motives; we know even that it acts as though it felt friction from resistance, since it is constantly stopped by all sorts of obstacles; we can apply to it, letter for letter, one of the capital laws of physical chemistry, that, where an equilibrium is subjected to conditions which tend to change, it reacts internally in ways that tend to resist the external constraint, and to preserve its established balance; often it is

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visibly set in motion by sympathetic forces which act upon it as a magnet acts on soft iron, by induction; the commonest school-history takes for granted that it has shown periods of unquestioned acceleration. If, then, society has in so many ways obeyed the ordinary laws of attraction and inertia, nothing can be more natural than to inquire whether it obeys them in all respects, and whether the rules that have been applied to fluids and gases in general, apply also to society as a current of Thought. Such a speculative inquiry is the source of almost all that is known of magnetism, electricity and ether, and all other possible immaterial substances, but in history the inquiry has the vast advantage that a Law of Phase has been long established for the stages of human thought.

No student of history is so ignorant as not to know that fully fifty years before the chemists took up the study of Phases, Auguste Comte laid down in sufficiently precise terms a law of phase for history which received the warm adhesion of two authorities,—the most eminent of that day, —Émile Littré and John Stuart Mill. Nearly a hundred and fifty years before Willard Gibbs announced his mathematical formulas of phase to the physicists and chemists, Turgot stated the Rule of historical Phase as clearly as Franklin stated the law of electricity. As far as concerns theory, we are not much further advanced now than in 1750, and know little better what electricity or thought is, as substance, than Franklin and Turgot knew it; but this failure to penetrate the ultimate synthesis of nature is no excuse for professors of history to abandon the field which is theirs by prior right, and still less can they plead their ignorance of the training in mathematics and physics which it was their duty to seek. The theory of history is a much easier study than the theory of light.

It was about 1830 that Comte began to teach the law that the human mind, as studied in the current of human thought, had passed through three stages or phases: —theological, metaphysical, and what he called positive as developed in his own teaching; and that this was the first principle of social dynamics. His critics tacitly accepted in principle the possibility of some such division, but they fell to disputing Comte's succession of phases as though this were essential to the law. Comte's idea of applying the rule had nothing to do with the validity of the rule itself. Once it was admitted that human thought had passed through three known phases,—analogous to the chemical phases of solid, liquid, and gaseous,—the standard of measurement which was to be applied might vary with every experimenter until the most convenient should be agreed upon. The commonest objection to Comte's rule, —the objection that the three phases had always existed and still exist, together,—had still less to do with the validity of the law. The residuum of every distillate contains all the original elements in equilibrium with the whole series, if the process is not carried too far. The three phases always exist together in equilibrium; but their limits on either side are fixed by changes of temperature and pressure, manifesting themselves in changes of Direction or Form.

Discarding, then, as unessential, the divisions of history suggested by Comte, the physicist-historian would assume that a change of phase was to be recognized by a change of Form; that is, by a change of Direction; and that it was caused by Acceleration, and either increase of Volume or Concentration. In this sense the experimenter is restricted rigidly to the search for changes of Direction or Form of thought, but has no concern in its acceleration except as one of the three variables to which he has to assign mathematical values in order to fix the critical point of change. The first step in experiment is to decide upon some particular and unquestioned change of Direction or Form in human thought.

By common consent, one period of history has always been regarded, even by itself, as a Renaissance, and has boasted of its singular triumph in breaking the continuity of Thought. The exact date of this revolution varies within a margin of two hundred years or more, according as the student fancies the chief factor to have been the introduction of printing, the discovery of America, the invention of the telescope, the writings of Galileo, Descartes, and Bacon, or the mechanical laws perfected by Newton, Huyghens, and the mathematicians as late as 1700; but no one has ever doubted the fact of a distinct change in direction and form of thought during that period; which furnishes the necessary starting-point for any experimental study of historical Phase.

Any one who reads half a dozen pages of Descartes or Bacon sees that these great reformers expressly aimed at changing the Form of thought; that they had no idea but to give it new direction, as Columbus and Galileo had expressly intended to affect

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direction in space; and even had they all been unconscious of intent, the Church would have pointed it out to them, as it did with so much emphasis to Galileo in 1633. On this point there was no difference of opinion; the change of direction in Thought was not a mere acceleration; it was an angle or tangent so considerable that the Church in vain tried to ignore it. Galileo proved it, and the Church agreed with him on that point if on no other. Nothing could be more unanimously admitted than the change of direction between the thought of St. Augustine and that of Lord Bacon.

Since the Rule of historical Phase has got to rest on this admission, theory cannot venture on the next step unless this one is abundantly proved; but, in fact, no one as yet has ever doubted it. The moment was altogether the most vital that history ever recorded, and left the deepest impression on men's memory, but this popular impression hardly expresses its scientific value. As a change of phase it offered singular interest, because, in this case alone, the process could be followed as though it were electrolytic, and the path of each separate molecule were visible under the microscope. Any schoolboy could plot on a sheet of paper in abscissæ and ordinates the points through which the curve of thought passed, as fixed by the values of the men and their inventions or discoveries. History offers no other demonstration to compare with it, and the more because the curve shows plainly that the new lines of Force or Thought were induced lines, obeying the laws of mass, and not those of self-induction. On this obedience Lord Bacon dwelt with tireless persistence; "the true and legitimate object of science is only to endow human life with new inventions and forces"; but he defined the attractive power of this magnet as equal to the sum of nature's forces, so far as they could serve man's needs or wishes; and he followed that attraction precisely as Columbus followed the attraction of a new world, or as Newton suffered the law of gravitation on his mind as he did on his body. As each newly appropriated force increased the attraction between the sum of nature's forces and the volume of human mind, by the usual law of squares, the acceleration hurried society towards the critical point that marked the passage into a new phase, as though it were heat impelling water to explode as steam.

Only the electrolytic process permits us to watch such movements in physics and chemistry, and the change of phase in 1500-1700 is marvelously electrolytic, but the more curious because we can even give names to the atoms or molecules that passed over to the positive or negative electrode, and can watch the accumulation of force which ended at last by deflecting the whole current of Thought. The maximum movement possible in the old channel was exceeded; the acceleration and concentration, or volume, reached the point of sudden expansion, and the new phase began.

The history of the new phase has no direct relation with that which preceded it. The gap between theology and mathematics was so sharp in its rapid separation that history is much perplexed to maintain the connection. The earlier signs of the coming change,—before 1500—were mostly small additions to the commoner mechanical resources of society; but when, after 1500, these additions assumed larger scope and higher aim, they still retained mechanical figure and form even in expanding the law of gravitation into astronomical space. If a direct connection between the two phases is more evident on one line than on another, it is in the curious point of view that society seemed to take of Newton's extension of the law of gravitation to include astronomical mass, which, for two hundred years, resembled an attribute of divinity, and grew into a mechanical theory of the universe amounting to a religion. The connection of thought lay in the human reflection of itself in the univers ; yet the acceleration of the seventeenth century, as compared with that of any previous age, was rapid, and that of the eighteenth was startling. The acceleration became even measurable, for it took the form of utilizing heat as force, through the steam-engine, and this addition of power was measurable in the coal output. Society followed the same lines of attraction with little change, down to 1840, when the new chemical energy of electricity began to deflect the thought of society again, and Faraday rivaled Newton in the vigour with which he marked out the path of changed attractions, but the purely mechanical theory of the universe typified by Newton and Dalton held its own, and reached its highest authority toward 1870, or about the time when the dynamo came into use.

Throughout these three hundred years, and especially in the nineteenth century, the acceleration suggests at once the old, familiar law of squares. The curve resembles that of the vaporization of water. The resemblance is too close to be disregarded, for nature loves the logarithm,

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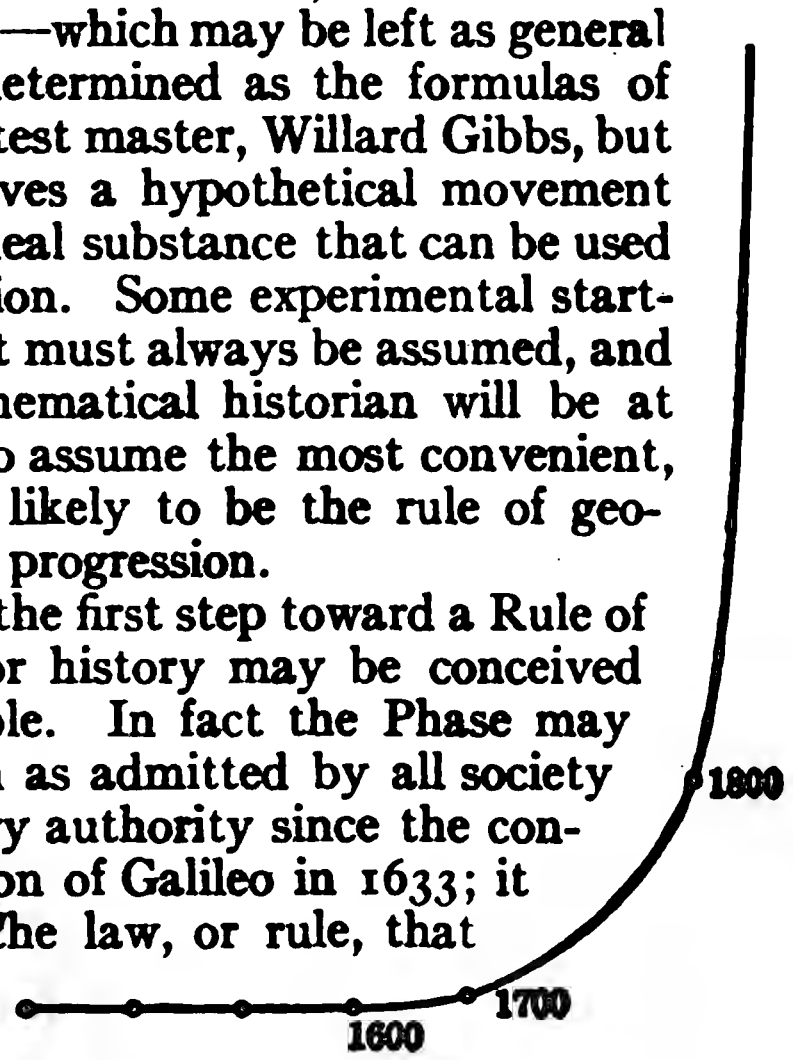
and perpetually recurs to her inverse square. For convenience, if only as a momentary refuge, the physicist-historian will probably have to try the experiment of taking the law of inverse squares as his standard of social acceleration for the nineteenth century, and consequently for the whole phase, which obliges him to accept it experimentally as a general law of history. Nature is rarely so simple as to act rigorously on the square, but History, like Mathematics, is obliged to assume that eccentricities more or less balance each other, so that something remains constant at last, and it is compelled to approach its problems by means of some fiction,—some infinitesimal calculus,—which may be left as general and undetermined as the formulas of our greatest master, Willard Gibbs, but which gives a hypothetical movement for an ideal substance that can be used for relation. Some experimental starting-point must always be assumed, and the mathematical historian will be at liberty to assume the most convenient, which is likely to be the rule of geometrical progression.

Thus the first step toward a Rule of Phase for history may be conceived as possible. In fact the Phase may be taken as admitted by all society and every authority since the condemnation of Galileo in 1633; it is only the law, or rule, that



the mathematician and physicist would aim at establishing. Supposing, then, that he were to begin by the Phase of 1600-1900, which he might call the Mechanical Phase, and supposing that he assumes for the whole of it the observed acceleration of the nineteenth century, the law of squares, his next step would lead him backward to the far more difficult problem of fixing the limits of the Phase that preceded 1600.

Here was the point which Auguste Comte and all other authorities have failed to agree upon. Although no one denies that at some moment between 1500 and 1700 society passed from one form of thought to another, every one may reasonably hesitate to fix upon the upper limit to be put on the earlier. Comte felt the difficulty so strongly that he subdivided his scale into a fetish, polytheistic, monotheistic, and metaphysical series, before arriving at himself, or Positivism. Most historians would admit the change from polytheism to monotheism, about the year 500, between the establishment of Christianity and that of Mohammedanism as a distinct change in the form or direction of thought, and perhaps in truth society never performed a more remarkable feat than when it consciously unified its religious machinery as it had already concentrated its political and social organism. The concentration certainly marked an era; whether it marked a change of Direction may be disputed. The physicist may prefer to regard it as a refusal to change direction; an obedience to the physico-chemical law that when an equilibrium is subjected to conditions which tend toward change, it reacts internally in ways that tend to resist the external constraint; and, in fact, the establishment of monotheism was regarded by the philosophers even in its own day rather as a reaction than an advance. No doubt the Mohammedan or the Christian felt the change of deity as the essence of religion; but the mathematician might well think that the scope and nature of religion had little to do with the number of Gods. Religion is the recognition of unseen power which has control of man's destiny, and the power which man may, at different times or in different regions, recognize as controlling his destiny, in no way alters his attitude or the form of the thought. The physicist, who affects psychology, will regard religion as the self-projection of mind into nature in one direction, as science is the projection of mind into nature in another. Both are illusions, as the metaphysician conceives, and in neither case does—or can—the mind reach anything but a different reflection of its own features; but in changing from polytheism to monotheism the mind merely concentrated the image; it was an acceleration, not a direction that was changed. From first to last the fetish idea inhered in the thought; the idea of an occult power to which obedience was due,—a reflection of the human self from the unknown depths of nature—was as innate in the Allah of Mohammed as in the fetish serpent which Moses made of brass.

The reflection or projection of the mind in nature was the earliest and will no doubt be the last motive of man's mind, whether as religion or as science, and only the attraction will vary according to the value which the mind assigns to the image of the thing that moves it; but the mere concentration of the image need not change the direction of movement, any more than the concentration of converging paths into one single road need change the direction of travel or

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traffic. The direction of the social movement may be taken, for scientific purposes, as unchanged from the beginning of history to the condemnation of Galileo, which marked the conscious recognition of break in continuity; but in that case the physicist-historian will probably find nowhere the means of drawing any clean line of division across the current of thought, even if he follows it back to the lowest known archaic race. Notoriously, during this enormously long Religious Phase, the critical point seemed to be touched again and again,—by Greeks and Romans, in Athens, Alexandria, and Constantinople, long before it was finally passed in 1600; but so also, in following the stream backwards to its source, the historian will probably find suggestions of a critical point in ethnology long before such a critical point can be fixed. So far as he will see, man's thought began by projecting its own image, in this form, into the unknown of nature. Yet nothing in science is quite so firmly accepted as the fact that such a change of phase took place. Whether evolution was natural or supernatural, the leap of nature from the phase of instinct to the phase of thought was so immense as to impress itself on every imagination. No one denies that it must have been relatively ancient;—few anthropologists would be content with less than a hundred thousand years;—and no one need be troubled by admitting that it may have been relatively sudden, like many other mutations, since all the intermediate steps have vanished, and the line of connection is obliterated. Yet the anthropoid ape remains to guide the physical historian, and, what is more convincing than the ape, the whole phase of instinct survives, not merely as a force in actual evidence, but as the foundation of the whole geological record. As an immaterial force, Instinct was so strong as to overcome obstacles that Intellect has been helpless to affect. The bird, the beetle, the butterfly accomplished feats that still defy all the resources of human reason. The attractions that led instinct to pursue so many and such varied lines to such great distances, must have been intensely strong and indefinitely lasting. The quality that developed the eye and the wing of the bee and the condor has no known equivalent in man. The vast perspective of time opened by the most superficial study of this phase has always staggered belief; but geology itself breaks off abruptly in the middle of the story, when already the fishes and crustaceans astonish by their modern airs.

Yet the anthropoid ape is assumed to have potentially contained the future, as he actually epitomized the past; and to him, as to us, the phase to which he belonged was the last and briefest. Behind him and his so-called instinct or consciousness, stretched other phases of vegetable and mechanical motion,—more or less organic,—phases of semi-physical, semi-material attractions and repulsions,—that could have, in the concept, no possible limitation of time. Neither bee, nor monkey, nor man, could conceive a time when stones could not fall. The anthropoid ape could look back, as certainly as the most scientific modern historian, to a critical point at which his own phase must have begun, when the rudimentary forces that had developed in the vegetables had acquired a volume and complexity which could no longer be enclosed in rigid forms, and had expanded into freer movement. The ape might have predicted his own expansion into new force, for, long before the first man was sketched, the monkeys and their companions in instinct had peopled every continent, and civilized—according to their standards—the whole world.

The problem to the anthropoid ape a hundred thousand years ago was the same as that addressed to the physicist-historian of 1900:—How long could he go on developing indefinite new phases in response to the occult attractions of an iffinitely extended universe? What new direction could his genius take? To him, the past was a miraculous development, and, to perfect himself, he needed only to swim like a fish and soar like a bird; but probably he felt no conscious need of mind. His phase had lasted unbroken for millions of years, and had produced an absolutely miraculous triumph of instinct. Had he been so far gifted as to foresee his next mutation, he would have possibly found in it only a few meager pages, telling of impoverished life, at the end of his own enormous library of records, the bulk of which had been lost. Had he studied these past records, he would probably have admitted that thus far, by some mechanism totally incomprehensible, the series of animated beings had in some directions responded to nature's call, and had thrown out tentacles on many sides; but he, as a creature of instinct, would have instinctively wished to develop in the old directions,—he could have felt no conscious wish to become a mathematician.

Thus the physicist-historian seems likely

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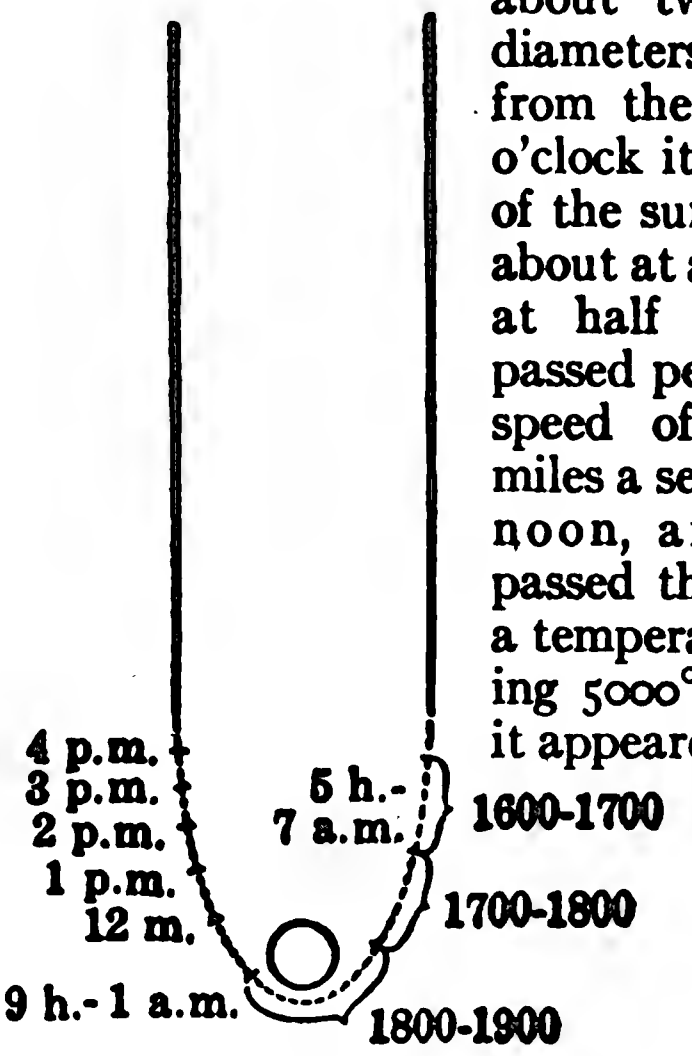
to be forced into admitting that an attractive force, like gravitation, drew these trickling rivulets of energy into new phases by an external influence which tended to concentrate and accelerate their motion by a law with which their supposed wishes or appetities had no conscious relation. At a certain point the electric corpuscle was obliged to become a gas, the gas a liquid, the liquid a solid. For material mass, only one law was known to hold good. Ice, water, and gas, all have weight; they obey the law of astronomical mass; they are guided by the attraction of matter. If the current of Thought has shown obedience to the law of gravitation it is material, and its phases should be easily calculated.

The physicist will, therefore, have to begin by trying the figure of the old Newtonian or Cartesian vortices, or gravitating group of heterogeneous substances moving in space as though in a closed receptacle. Any nebula or vortex-group would answer his purpose,—say the great nebula of Orion, which he would conceive as containing potentially every possible phase of substance. Here the various local centers of attraction would tend to arrange the diffused elements like iron-filings round a magnet in a phase of motion which, if the entire equilibrium were perfect, would last forever; but if, at any point, the equilibrium were disturbed, the whole volume would be set in new motion, until, under the rise in pressure and temperature, one phase after another must mechanically,—and more and more suddenly,—occur with the increasing velocity of movement.

That such sudden changes of phase do in fact occur is one of the articles of astronomical faith, but the reality of the fact has little to do with the convenience of the figure. The nebula is beyond human measurements. A simple figure is needed, and our solar system offers none. The nearest analogy would be that of a comet, not so much because it betrays marked phases, as because it resembles Thought in certain respects, since, in the first place, no one knows what it is, which is also true of Thought, and it seems in some cases to be immaterial, passing in a few hours from the cold of space to actual contact with the sun at a temperature some two thousand times that of incandescent iron, and so back to the cold of space, without apparent harm, while its tail sweeps round an inconceivable circle with almost the speed of thought,—certainly the speed of light,—and its body may show no nucleus at all. If not a Thought, the comet is a sort of brother of Thought, an early condensation of the ether itself, as the human mind may be another, traversing the infinite without origin or end, and attracted by a sudden object of curiosity that lies by chance near its path. If such elements are subject to the so-called law of gravitation, no good reason can exist for denying gravitation to the mind.

Such a typical comet is that of 1668, or 1843, or Newton's comet of 1680; bodies which fall in a direct line,—itself a miracle,—from space, for some hundreds of years, with an acceleration given by the simple formula $k\frac{M}{r^2}$, where k is the constant of gravitation, M the mass of the sun and r the distance between the comet and the center of the sun. If not deflected from its straight course by any of the planets, it penetrates at last within the orbit of Venus, and approaches the sun.

At five o'clock one winter morning in 1843, the comet began to show deflection at about two-and-a-half diameters of distance from the sun; at ten o'clock it was abreast of the sun, and swung about at a right angle; at half past ten it passed perihelion at a speed of about 350 miles a second; and at noon, after having passed three hours in a temperature exceeding 5000° Centigrade, it appeared unharmed on its return course, until at five o'clock in the afternoon it was flying back to the space it came from, on the same straight line, parallel to that by which it came.



Nothing in the behaviour of Thought is more paradoxical than that of these planets, or shows direction or purpose more flagrantly, and it happens that they furnish the only astronomical parallel for the calculated acceleration of the last Phase of Thought. No other heavenly body shows the same sharp curve or excessive speed. Yet, if the calculated curve of deflection of Thought in 1600-1900 were put on that of the planet, it would show that man's evolution has passed

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perihelion, and that his movement was already retrograde. To some minds, this objection might not seem fatal, and in fact another fifty years must elapse before the rate of human movement would sensibly relax; but another objection would be serious, if not for the theory, at least for the figure. The acceleration of the comet is much slower than that of society. The world did not double or treble its movement between 1800 and 1900, but, measured by any standard known to science—by horse-power, calories, volts, mass in any shape,—the tension and vibration and volume and so-called progression of society were fully a thousand times greater in 1900 than in 1800;—the force had doubled ten times over, and the speed, when measured by electrical standards as in telegraphy, approached infinity, and had annihilated both space and time. No law of material movement applied to it.

Some such result was to be expected. Nature is not so simple as to obey only one law, or to apply necessarily a law of material mass to immaterial substance. The result proves only that the comet is material, and that thought is less material than the comet. The figure serves the physicist only to introduce the problem. If the laws of material mass do not help him, he will seek for a law of immaterial mass, and here he has, as yet, but one analogy to follow,—that of electricity. If the comet, or the current of water, offers some suggestion for the current of human society, electricity offers one so much stronger that psychologists are apt instinctively to study the mind as a phase of electro-magnetism. Whether such a view is sound, or not, matters nothing to its convenience as a figure. Thought has always moved under the incumbrance of matter, like an electron in a solution, and, unless the conditions are extremely favourable, it does not move at all, as has happened in many solutions,—as in China,—or in some cases may become enfeebled and die out, without succession. Only by watching its motion on the enormous scale of historical and geological or biological time can one see,—across great gulfs of ignorance,—that the current has been constant as measured by its force and volume in the absorption of nature's resources, and that, within the last century, its acceleration has been far more rapid than before,—more rapid than can be accounted for by the laws of material mass; but only highly-trained physicists could invent a model to represent such motion. The ignorant student can merely guess what the skilled experimenter would do; he can only imagine an ideal case.

This ideal case would offer to his imagination the figure of nature's power as an infinitely powerful dynamo, attracting or inducing a current of human thought according to the usual electric law of squares,—that is to say, that the average motion of one phase is the square of that which precedes it. The curve is thus:—

Assuming that the change of phase began in 1500, and that the new Mechanical Phase dates in its finished form from Galileo, Bacon, and Descartes, with a certain lag in its announcement by them,—say from 1600,—the law of squares gives a curve like that of ice, water, and steam, running off to the infinite in almost straight lines at either end, like the comet, but at right angles. Supposing a value in numbers of any sort,—say 6, 36, 1296,—and assigning 1296 to the period 1600-1900, the preceding religious phase would have a value of only 36 as the average of many thousand years, representing therefore nearly a straight line, while the twentieth century would be represented by the square of 1296 or what is equivalent to a straight line to infinity.

Reversing the curve to try the time-sequence by the same rule, the Mechanical Phase being represented by 300 years, the Religious Phase would require not less than 90,000. Perhaps this result might not exactly suit a physicist's views, but if he accepts the sequence 90,000 and 300 for these two phases in time, he arrives at some curious results for the future, and in calculating the period of the fourth, or electric phase, he must be prepared for extreme figures.

No question in the series is so vital as that of fixing the limits of the Mechanical Phase. Assuming, as has been done, the year 1600 for its beginning, the question remains to decide the probable date of its close. Perhaps the physicist might regard it as already closed. He might say that the highest authority of the mechanical universe was reached about 1870, and that, just then, the invention of the dynamo turned society sharply into a new channel of electric thought as different from the mechanical as electric mass is different from astronomical mass. He might assert that Faraday, Clerk Maxwell, Hertz, Helmholz, and the whole electro-magnetic school, thought in terms quite unintelligible to the old chemists and mechanists. The average man, in 1850, could understand what Davy

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or Darwin had to say; he could not understand what Clerk Maxwell meant. The later terms were not translatable into the earlier; even the mathematics became hyper-mathematical. Possibly a physicist might go so far as to hold that the most arduous intellectual effort ever made by man with a distinct consciousness of needing new mental powers, was made after 1870 in the general effort to acquire habits of electro-magnetic thought,—the familiar use of formulas carrying indefinite self-contradiction into the conception of force. The physicist knows best his own difficulties, and perhaps to him the process of evolution may seem easy, but to the mere by-stander the gap between electric and astronomic mass seems greater than that between Descartes and St. Augustine, or Lord Bacon and Thomas Aquinas. The older ideas, though hostile, were intelligible; the idea of electro-magnetic-ether is not.

Thus it seems possible that another generation, trained after 1900 in the ideas and terms of electro-magnetism and radiant matter, may regard that date as marking the sharpest change of direction, taken at the highest rate of speed, ever effected by the human mind; a change from the material to the immaterial,—from the law of gravitation to the law of squares. The Phases were real: the change of direction was measured by the consternation of physicists and chemists at the discovery of radium, which was quite as notorious as the consternation of the Church at the discovery of Galileo; but it is the affair of science, not of historians, to give it a mathematical value.

Should the physicist reject the division, and insist on the experience of another fifty or a hundred years, the consequence would still be trifling for the fourth term of the series. Supposing the Mechanical Phase to have lasted 300 years, from 1600 to 1900, the next or Electric Phase would have a life equal to $\sqrt{300}$, or about seventeen years and a half, when—that is, in 1917—it would pass into another or Ethereal Phase, which, for half a century, science has been promising, and which would last only $\sqrt{17.5}$, or about four years, and bring Thought to the limit of its possibilities in the year 1921. It may well be! Nothing whatever is beyond the range of possibility; but even if the life of the previous phase, 1600-1900, were extended another hundred years, the difference to the last term of the series would be negligible. In that case, the Ethereal Phase would last till about 2025.

The mere fact that society should think in terms of Ether or the higher mathematics might mean little or much. According to the Phase Rule, it lived from remote ages in terms of fetish force, and passed from that into terms of mechanical force, which again led to terms of electric force, without fairly realizing what had happened except in slow social and political revolutions. Thought in terms of Ether means only Thought in terms of itself, or, in other words, pure Mathematics and Metaphysics, a stage often reached by individuals. At the utmost it could mean only the subsidence of the current into an ocean of potential thought, or mere consciousness, which is also possible, like static electricity. The only consequence might be an indefinitely long stationary period, such as John Stuart Mill foresaw. In that case, the current would merely cease to flow.

But if, in the prodigiously rapid vibration of its last phases, Thought should continue to act as the universal solvent which it is, and should reduce the forces of the molecule, the atom, and the electron to that costless servitude to which it has reduced the old elements of earth and air, fire and water; if man should continue to set free the infinite forces of nature, and attain the control of cosmic forces on a cosmic scale, the consequences may be as surprising as the change of water to vapour, of the worm to the butterfly, of radium to electrons. At a given volume and velocity, the forces that are concentrated on his head must act.

Such seem to be, more or less probably, the lines on which any physical theory of the universe would affect the study of history, according to the latest direction of physics. Comte's Phases adapt themselves easily to some such treatment, and nothing in philosophy or metaphysics forbids it. The figure used for illustration is immaterial except so far as it limits the nature of the attractive force. In any case the theory will have to assume that the mind has always figured its motives as reflections of itself, and that this is as true in its conception of electricity as in its instinctive imitation of a God. Always and everywhere the mind creates its own universe, and pursues its own phantoms; but the force behind the image is always a reality,—the attractions of occult power. If values can be given to these attractions, a physical theory of history is a mere matter of physical formula, no more complicated than the formulas of Willard Gibbs or

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Clerk Maxwell; but the task of framing the formula and assigning the values belongs to the physicist, not to the historian; and if one such arrangement fails to accord with the facts, it is for him to try another, to assign new values to his variables, and to verify the results. The variables themselves can hardly suffer much change.

If the physicist-historian is satisfied with neither of the known laws of mass,—astronomical or electric,—and cannot arrange his variables in any combination that will conform with a phase-sequence, no resource seems to remain but that of waiting until his physical problems shall be solved, and he shall be able to explain what Force is. As yet he knows almost as little of material as of immaterial substance. He is as perplexed before the phenomena of Heat, Light, Magnetism, Electricity, Gravitation, Attraction, Repulsion, Pressure, and the whole schedule of names used to indicate unknown elements, as before the common, infinitely familiar fluctuations of his own Thought, whose action is so astounding on the direction of his energies. Probably the solution of any one of the problems will give the solution for them all.

A Song for St. Cecilia's Day

By JOHN DRYDEN

FROM Harmony, from heav'nly Harmony
This universal Frame began;
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring Atomes lay,
And cou'd not heave her Head,
The tuneful Voice was heard from high,
Arise, ye more than dead.
Then cold and hot and moist and dry
In order to their Stations leap,
And MUSICK'S pow'r obey.
From Harmony, from heavenly Harmony
This universal Frame began:
From Harmony to Harmony
Through all the Compass of the Notes it ran,
The Diapason closing full in Man.

What Passion cannot MUSICK raise and quell?
When *Jubal* struck the corded Shell,
His listening Brethren stood around,
And, wond'ring, on their Faces fell
To worship that Celestial Sound:
Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that Shell,
That spoke so sweetly, and so well.
What Passion cannot MUSICK raise and quell?

The TRUMPETS loud Clangour
Excites us to Arms
With shrill Notes of Anger
And mortal Alarms.
The double double double beat
Of the thund'ring DRUM.
Cryes, heark the Foes come;
Charge, Charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

The soft complaining FLUTE
In dying Notes discovers
The Woes of hopeless Lovers,
Whose Dirge is whisper'd by the warbling LUTE.

Sharp VIOLINS proclaim
Their jealous Pangs and Desperation,
Fury, frantick Indignation,
Depth of Pains and Height of Passion,
For the fair, disdainful Dame.

But Oh! what Art can teach
What human Voice can reach
The sacred ORGANS Praise?
Notes inspiring holy Love,
Notes that wing their heavenly Ways
To mend the Choires above.

Orpheus cou'd lead the savage race,
And Trees unrooted left their Place,
Sequacious of the Lyre;
But bright CECILIA rais'd the Wonder high'r:
When to her Organ vocal Breath was given,
An Angel heard, and straight appear'd
Mistaking Earth for Heav'n.

Grand CHORUS

As from the Pow'r of Sacred Lays
The Spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's Praise
To all the bless'd above;
So, when the last and dreadful Hour
This crumbling Pageant shall devour,
The TRUMPET shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And MUSICK shall untune the Sky.

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The Deserter

A Farce in One Act

By AUGUST VON KOTZEBUE

Translated by Beatrice B. Beebe

JEREMIAS, LORD VON HOLZBOCK, *Guardian of*
FRAULEIN LIDIE.
LIEUTENANT VON ALLEN.
BARTHEL, *his groom.*
NOTARY KRUMMAUL.
SOLDIERS.

SCENE—*Street in a city occupied by enemy troops. At the left,* HOLZBOCK'S *house; at the right, the dwelling of the* NOTARY.
TIME—*Night.*
(*As the curtain rises,* LIEUTENANT VON ALLEN *is seen sneaking by.*)

ALLEN—Thank God, the damned moon at last is staying at home for once. For eight days she has shone so brightly that one dare not do even the tiniest sin on the street without hearing someone behind him say immediately: "Hist! Hist! You have done evil,—you, there." And next day the whole town hears of it. I can't comprehend how the moon has won for herself such a reputation among lovers. She is just a shameless eavesdropper, who looks into all windows, even into all beds, if one does not draw the curtains very tight together. With peevish aunts and wakeful guardians she stands in league. From pure malice she teases poor lovers, and whenever her light does not betray them she sets the dogs to barking till the whole neighbourhood is gathered together. As if it were not enough that my Lidie's cursed guardian had inherited the hundred eyes of holy Argus! Must Lady Moon also unveil herself and rob me for a whole week of my beloved's voice?—of course, only the voice, but it is so sweet! Indeed, were this Holzbock not so stingy, one might believe he paid the moon a yearly pension just to watch the door of his house. But to-night it is dark, to-night Lidie will open her window, and I will tell her that I burn, that I flame, that I must kidnap her or I'll die! Yet I mustn't stir—one dare not cough, snap one's fingers, nor even whistle; the lynx hears everything. One thing only he cannot endure, we've noticed that. Whenever the sergeant goes about and calls out the names of the soldiers to learn whether they are all in their quarters, then friend Holzbock never shows himself at his window—yet Lidie recognizes my voice. Well, it's already late; we'll try our luck. (*Goes along houses across the street from* HOLZBOCK'S *residence, calls out names, and in changed voices answers himself.*) Hans Kellermann!—*Here!*—Steffen Brandfuchs!—*Here!*—Heinrich Mehlsack!—*Here!*—Peter Schlauch—*Here!* (LIDIE *opens her window.*) Aha! I hear the window creak. Is it you, beloved?

LIDIE (*at window*)—It is I.

ALLEN—Ah, if you could only see me! Love and longing have made a skeleton of me.

LIDIE—Then get yourself buried, for to-day we speak for the last time.

ALLEN—What!

LIDIE—To-morrow I must marry my guardian.

ALLEN—Hell and damnation! I'll burn the house.

LIDIE—Do so, for I would much rather burn than freeze for the rest of my life in his arms.

ALLEN—But explain to me now——

LIDIE—Shortly and plainly. With the help of the Notary, he is just now fabricating a contract to which I shall have to subscribe, and to-morrow I shall be Frau von Holzbock.

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ALLEN—Wife of the devil! I will kill the whole world.

LIDIE—You could more easily kill the Wandering Jew than my guardian, for the former is to be found on all streets, but my guardian always remains nicely at home.

ALLEN—Let him stay there with the dogs and cats; come down, I'll kidnap you.

LIDIE—Yes, truly, to escape this misery I would trust my character and innocence to you; but of what avail is my will against locked doors?

ALLEN—I will force them open!

LIDIE—They have double bolts.

ALLEN—Well, then, how if I knocked?

LIDIE—It would not be opened.

ALLEN—I will sound the fire alarm.

LIDIE—Then he would come to his window.

ALLEN—But, Lidie, you surely understand that I would rather set fire to all four corners of the town than to allow this Holzbock to reach out his withered arms toward you.

LIDIE—Alas, if no fairy comes to aid us, we are lost. (*Enter* BARTHEL *with a ladder and a bundle.*)

BARTHEL—Courage! The fairies are not at hand, but a magician will take pity on the need of the lovers. (*Places ladder against wall.*)

ALLEN—Barthel, is it you! Where have you been? I've searched everywhere for you, you gallows-bird.

BARTHEL—Everywhere? If you had simply come into the tavern you would have found me.

ALLEN—I thought as much.

BARTHEL—About your business, Lieutenant.

ALLEN—My business at the tavern? Good heavens! I presume you sought my business at the bottom of a wine-glass.

BARTHEL—Quite right. There, too, it hid.

ALLEN—Get out of here! I haven't time now to beat you.

BARTHEL—Then just listen to my report. The lovely Fräulein is to marry her old guardian, is it not so?

ALLEN—How do you know——?

BARTHEL—O, I know even more. To-morrow is to be the wedding banquet. The old gentleman has a cook, an excellent cook; he admitted it in drinking with your whole company of grenadiers.

ALLEN—What have I to do with your boozing friends?

BARTHEL—But he is not a match for me. To-day I drank him under the table, and, as you see, I am still somewhat sober.

ALLEN—Go to the devil, and don't bother me here any longer.

BARTHEL—All right, I'll go to the devil. But it would be better if the devil would come here to us; we could use him. I would like to remark that I could bring you joy simply by displaying the contents of my bundle.

ALLEN—What have you in the bundle?

BARTHEL (*opening bundle*)—First, a white jacket, as pure as a lawyer's conscience; second, a cook's apron, as nice as the newest thing in politics; third, a cotton cap, English contraband; fourth, a long carving knife. Oh, we Germans still have weapons.

ALLEN—What's all that rubbish for?

BARTHEL—Honourable booty, taken from my boon companion.

ALLEN—You robbed him?

BARTHEL—Now, why shouldn't I rob him? Thereby one achieves fame. I reasoned thus: "Your master is in love, yea, terribly in love; he has sworn to kidnap the young lady; but how is he to get into the house? he knows of no help; he will only run his head against the wall, and the wall is hard."

ALLEN—Go on! Go on!

BARTHEL—"Then you must call upon your genii. The old bridegroom sent out this cook, who lies here drunk before you, to buy dainties for to-morrow's wedding feast. We drank up the money. The fellow will sleep at least twenty-four hours. How would it be if you took his clothes to your master? He will don the jacket, tie on the apron, draw the cap down over his head, place himself in front of the door, knock, be admitted,"—and so on.

ALLEN—O, you splendid Barthel! I thank you from the bottom of my heart.

BARTHEL—Am I still a gallows-bird? Shall I go to the devil?

ALLEN—You are my guardian angel in the figure of a groom. Lidie, what think you of it?

LIDIE—I'm afraid my guardian will recognize you.

BARTHEL—O, in the darkness all cooks are black.

LIDIE—But he will speak with you. Your voice——

ALLEN—I'll act as if I were drunk and speak thickly.

LIDIE—And then, what good will it do? He will let you in, close the door again, and still we'll not be able to get out.

ALLEN—O, if I can only just get into the

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house with you, beloved, under the same roof! (*To* BARTHEL) Quick, give it here. (*To* LIDIE) Meanwhile, go and see what your guardian is doing. (LIDIE *vanishes from the window, and* ALLEN *puts on the clothes.*)

BARTHEL—I'll take care of your sword. We'll tie your uniform and hat in the empty kerchief. Take that with you, and persuade the Fräulein to disguise herself as a soldier. Who knows what may happen?

ALLEN—If the old devil will only let me in.

BARTHEL—If he doesn't, then we'll need the ladder. See there, I have brought one with me, in case of need; a chimney-sweep, my good friend, loaned it to me. If the door stays closed, we will enter through the window.

ALLEN—Yes, we—if we break our necks, it matters little; but the young lady is not accustomed to using a ladder for a stairway.

BARTHEL—When the time comes, wisdom will come, too. In Rome the young women climb up the stairs on their knees to their lord, whom they always do less to please than for their lovers. So, if it depends on that, perhaps the young lady also will place her dainty feet on the black ladder.

LIDIE (*appears at window*)—Hist! Hist! Be on your guard. The Notary is going home to write out a true copy of the contract. My guardian will light him down. They are already on the stairs.

ALLEN—All the better. As soon as he opens the door, I'll slip in behind him. (ALLEN *and* BARTHEL *withdraw to the background. After* HOLZBOCK *has let the* NOTARY *out, he closes the door immediately and puts the key in his pocket.* ALLEN, *who has already drawn near to seize the right moment, is angry over his disappointed hope, and sneaks along by* HOLZBOCK'S *side.*)

NOTARY—You do wisely, good neighbour, to guard your door carefully. These are evil times. There are many strange soldiers in the city.

HOLZBOCK—For that very reason.

NOTARY—One gets into quarrels, one knows not how.

HOLZBOCK—And has visitors, one knows not whom.

NOTARY—And submits to question, one knows not why. If one resists, his light of life is blown out like a beggar's lamp.

HOLZBOCK—We must defend ourselves, neighbour. We want to drink our wine and kiss our maidens in peace. O, come back soon; I can not wait till all this is adjusted.

NOTARY—In a half hour my swift pen shall have towed you into the haven of your desires.

HOLZBOCK—Then, before I retire, everything will be signed and sealed. And to-morrow—happy day!—to-morrow we will celebrate, all incognito, a wedding banquet.

NOTARY—I'll not fail to bring with me a stomach whose capacity will astonish you.

HOLZBOCK—If only my careless cook doesn't shame me. He is an artist, therefore he likes to drink, and I very much fear that right now he's again lying under a bench somewhere. This morning I sent him to the market for supplies, but he has not yet returned.

NOTARY—That would be a terrible shame, for a feast without food and drink is at least no German feast. We brave Germans must always eat, whether it be at a christening or a burial. (*With cap over his face and feigning drunkenness,* ALLEN *comes from the background, singing, and stumbles over the* NOTARY, *almost throwing him to the ground.*)

ALLEN—Beg pardon!

NOTARY—Slowly, slowly, good friend.

HOLZBOCK—Aha, there is my careless rascal.

ALLEN (*thickly*)—Yes, little brother, here am I.

HOLZBOCK—And very drunk again.

ALLEN—Correct. (*Stumbles against* HOLZBOCK.)

HOLZBOCK—I thought as much. Now he has surely left my money in the jug, and to-morrow my guests can go hungry.

ALLEN—It is of no consequence.

HOLZBOCK—Scoundrel, have you made the purchases?

ALLEN—Surely. (*Points to bundle.*) Soups, sauces, frankfurters, candies, hartshorn and a sheep's head. (*At the last words, slaps* HOLZBOCK *on the shoulder.*)

HOLZBOCK—Fellow, show respect!

ALLEN—You need respect. Yes, that might well be.

NOTARY—A sheep's head for a wedding!

ALLEN—Why not, then? Sheeps' heads are often at weddings.

HOLZBOCK—Let us see. Open your bundle.

ALLEN (*places self as if to open it*)—It doesn't work—I have fastened it together so tight—we'll soon fix that—I'll cut the knot in two. (*Stumbles toward* HOLZBOCK *with the carving-knife.*)

HOLZBOCK (*retiring*)—Keep away from me with that knife!

ALLEN (*goes to* NOTARY)—Do you wish to see it, too?

NOTARY (*retiring*)—For God's sake,

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neighbour, order the fellow away from my throat.

ALLEN—I'll show you everything. (*Driving them both around the stage.*)

HOLZBOCK—Baldrian, my dear Baldrian, —let it go—I don't want to see any more to-night—to-morrow, to-morrow! Now go in and get to sleep. Come, come, my dear Baldrian. (*Hastily opens door, and in his anxiety leaves the key in it, and steps back a bit.*) There, there, go in, go to bed.

ALLEN—Well, if you so order—(*Stumbles up to door, slyly draws out the key and turns around.*) But the hartshorn I must at least show you. (*Flourishing the knife, goes for the two as before.*)

NOTARY—That fellow is a devil!

HOLZBOCK—Not to-night, my son, not to-night. You have done a lot of work; you must need rest. Just go on in and lie down.

ALLEN (*while he gets near to* BARTHEL *in his stumbling about, motions to the latter and hands him the key*)—Well, sleep sound. (*Goes in and closes door behind him.*)

NOTARY—Thank God, he is gone at last. I'm trembling all over.

HOLZBOCK—Hey! Lidie! Lidie!

LIDIE (*at window*)—What does my dear guardian want?

HOLZBOCK—Baldrian is drunk again. Do not give him a light; he might set the house on fire.

LIDIE—Don't worry, he shall stay in darkness. (BARTHEL *hides himself.*)

NOTARY—Ay, ay, neighbour, I wouldn't have such a fellow in my house an hour.

HOLZBOCK—But on the other hand he has splendid qualities. When he is sober, I use him for a bloodhound. He informs me of all the stratagems of the young men who lurk about here every day.

NOTARY—What good is that? If the Fräulein has the desire to deceive you, no spies can help.

HOLZBOCK—That would be the devil! No one deceives me!

NOTARY—But between ourselves, neighbour, since you once paid court thirty years ago to my old sister, would you not have done better to marry her?

HOLZBOCK (*in embarrassment*)—Your sister is a respectable person.

NOTARY—You would not have to keep watch over her; her virtue——

HOLZBOCK—Yes, because her beauty is no longer especially alluring.

NOTARY—Well, she is now pleasingly plump, and with the exception of the front teeth, she has lost none.

HOLZBOCK—It's true, she is remarkably well preserved.

NOTARY—How would it be if you changed your decision now!

HOLZBOCK—No, no, we'll let the thing take its course.

NOTARY—I was thinking only of your own comfort.

HOLZBOCK—Ah, you do not know, neighbour, how sweet my cursed unrest is. Go, go, bring back the contract. Meanwhile I'll get a bottle of Hungarian wine from the cellar.

NOTARY (*smirking*)—Wine! God bless brave Hungary! (*Goes into his house.*)

HOLZBOCK—It's certainly true; my ward is a bit too young, but I can't help it. I didn't make this stupid arrangement that one becomes older every day. Gray hair? Hm—I am indeed no Samson, whose strength goes all to his hair. Wrinkles? Hm—what harm do they do? In wrinkles love can nest deeper than in smooth faces. I will read to my little bride a lecture on these points, quickly, before my neighbour comes back. She will be waiting up there very longingly for me. (*Is about to go into the house; finds the door locked, and hunts for the key in his pockets.*) Where the devil did I put the key? Here nothing—there nothing—everywhere nothing. Hm—hm—I surely must have let it fall into the vestibule as I opened the door so quickly for that drunken fellow. Now he has shut the door, and I stand outside, very amusing in my dressing gown. The evening is devilish chilly; the bridegroom must not take cold. Ho! Lidie! Lidie!

LIDIE—What does my dear guardian want?

HOLZBOCK—Come down quickly. The door is shut. The key must have fallen in the entrance hall. Open the door.

LIDIE—Immediately, my guardian.

HOLZBOCK—What is that behind you there?

LIDIE—It is the cap on my head.

HOLZBOCK—It looks just like a ghost. Take it into your room.

LIDIE—Very well, dear guardian. (*Vanishes.*)

HOLZBOCK—Guardian, always guardian! She can not yet get used to calling me her dear, dear Holzböckchen. It is certainly fatal when one inspires a girl with such great respect. (*At the door.*) Well, my child, have you found the key?

LIDIE (*within*)—No, dear guardian, there is nothing lying here.

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HOLZBOCK—What! The devil! How can that be?

LIDIE—If it is lost, we will have to change the lock, else I will not have a moment's peace.

HOLZBOCK—The good child! Truly, truly, my dear little bride, that shall happen. But first, how am I to get in? I shall freeze here in the street.

LIDIE—You will have to be patient till morning.

HOLZBOCK—The deuce! By to-morrow morning I'd be dead, and, you know, to-morrow I must not be dead.

LIDIE—Go, stay with your neighbour.

HOLZBOCK—And leave you all alone in the house? No, that won't do, my dove. I am much too loving for that. Just send quickly for a locksmith.

LIDIE—The servants are all asleep.

HOLZBOCK—Wake them up.

LIDIE—I can't do that. They lock themselves in their quarters at night.

HOLZBOCK—That's certainly true. A fine precaution——

LIDIE—And even if they were not shut up, how could they get out of the house?

HOLZBOCK—You're right again. It's a cursed mess.

LIDIE—Better look for the key on the pavement.

HOLZBOCK (*looking about*)—I've hunted for it everywhere; there is nothing, and again nothing. (*Sees the ladder.*) Ah, see there, a ladder! How did it get there? It is devilishly black. Doubtless the chimney-sweep left it standing there. Anyway, it can help me in my need. Listen, child, go upstairs again. I have found a ladder here. I will lean it against your window, and if the cook is not too drunk have him climb down here so that he can get the locksmith right away.

LIDIE—Oh, the poor fellow will break his neck.

HOLZBOCK—Oh, no one breaks his neck so easily. Even if he does get a couple of cracks in his head, what difference does that make?

LIDIE—The ladder is shaky.

HOLZBOCK—I'll hold it steady.

LIDIE—Well, it's your own risk. (*Goes back upstairs.*)

HOLZBOCK—This is a stupid adventure. I suppose I should go myself to the locksmith, but I don't know where such tradespeople live. Besides, I am in a dressing-gown. The patrol would be capable of leading me to the guardhouse.

LIDIE (*at window*)—Now, dear guardian, the cook will try it.

HOLZBOCK—But first, have him lay aside his knife; he might harm himself. (*Tries to place the ladder after he has first set the light on the ground.*) Will it be long enough? I guess so.

LIDIE—It reaches. Now, dear guardian, hold the ladder very steady.

HOLZBOCK—Don't worry. (ALLEN *climbs out of the window.*) Be careful, Baldrian, don't miss any of the rungs—slowly—slowly—but don't step on my head—so—so—only one more little jump—see, there you are, safe and sound. Now, Baldrian, stagger along quickly to a locksmith,—tell him to come here at once.

ALLEN—At once. (*Exit.*)

HOLZBOCK—The fellow seemed to have become almost sober again. How did he conduct himself up there?

LIDIE—Oh, perfectly.

HOLZBOCK—I hope he observed proper respect toward you.

LIDIE—Oh, no, he did not show me great respect.

HOLZBOCK—No? What then?

LIDIE—He seemed to me to be very good.

HOLZBOCK—He'd better stay so. He doesn't seem to be quite suited for a cook.

LIDIE—Oh, dear guardian, one can't tell what may become of him. To-day one can see marvelous examples.

HOLZBOCK—His life will amount to nothing because of his drinking. Have you seen what he bought?

LIDIE—Oh, yes.

HOLZBOCK—Well, how is it? Can it be used at a wedding?

LIDIE—It has my hearty approval.

HOLZBOCK—Ha! Ha! Ha! Very naturally. Every preparation for the marriage day has your full approval, hasn't it, my child?

LIDIE—I cannot deny it.

HOLZBOCK—You can hardly wait for the time when you will step out of the hated guardianship into the happy estate of matrimony.

LIDIE—Ah, you have guessed it.

HOLZBOCK—You love your husband-to-be?

LIDIE—With all my heart.

HOLZBOCK—The lovely child! At first I shivered like a shorn poodle, but now I am all warm. If I were only up there now.

LIDIE (*to herself*)—Up in heaven—would to God! (*Enter* BARTHEL *as the locksmith.*)

BARTHEL—Did someone here call for a locksmith?

HOLZBOCK—Yes, my friend, that some-

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one is I. Doubtless you know Lord von Holzbock? Open the door of my house quickly. By an unlucky chance, the key has been lost.

BARTHEL—Where is your house?

HOLZBOCK—There, there. I will light you.

BARTHEL—Zounds! What do you think I am? Do you suppose I can't open a lock in the dark?

HOLZBOCK—I haven't the slightest doubt of your skill, but it will be easier.

BARTHEL—No, sir, it will not be easier, I must confess that. During my lifetime I have helped many lovers in their love-making, and opened for many a fast fellow the chest of his avaricious guardian, but always in the dark, sir, always in the dark.

HOLZBOCK—Yes, that is a fine record.

BARTHEL—Yes, sir, I am famous, in the devil's name. Just ask in the city about Locksmith Krax, everyone knows him.

HOLZBOCK—I suppose it would be a prodigy if I fell in with a set of sober citizens.

BARTHEL—In these times you surely would not play the part of a prude. All people now are locksmiths, so to speak, even if they do not all work with my instruments. In place of these, one uses gold and silver, another his tongue, a third a bayonet. But all get the same result. If only the conscience remains locked, one can open whatever he desires.

HOLZBOCK (*aside*)—This fellow makes me nervous. (*Aloud*) It is a little cool, my dear master; I think we'd better get to work.

BARTHEL—Most gladly. But let the gentleman keep the light away from my body. I see the gentleman is a judge, so I must show him the work of a master.

HOLZBOCK—It will be rather difficult. It is a French lock.

BARTHEL—But I have German fists. They are rare to-day. Will the gentleman turn around? (HOLZBOCK *does so, and* BARTHEL, *unnoticed, makes use of the key.*) One, two, three,—the door is open. Now, what have you to say about my skill?

HOLZBOCK—Just that you are a great artist. (*Aside*) He should be hanged, the sooner, the better. (*Aloud*) What do I owe you, my dear master?

BARTHEL—One florin.

HOLZBOCK—What! A florin?

BARTHEL—If that is too little, then make it two.

HOLZBOCK—Merciful heavens! A great deal too much!

BARTHEL—Listen, my dear sir, you must not haggle any longer with Locksmith Krax. If you say another word I won't do it under two thalers.

HOLZBOCK—But just bear in mind——

BARTHEL—What is there to consider? The gentleman had me summoned just when I was at my evening prayers. He disturbed me in my devotions.

HOLZBOCK—Well, well, they were probably not so very ardent.

BARTHEL—What, does the gentleman question my piety? I pray that the devil will take every miser and every old fool that's in love; I have always prayed very devoutly for that.

HOLZBOCK—I really believe you are sarcastic.

BARTHEL—The deuce! I, not pious? Only yesterday I made the church a lock at half price.

HOLZBOCK—Well, well, dear master, don't get so wrought up. I will do more than is necessary, I'll give you eight groschen.

BARTHEL—Not a penny less than two florins.

HOLZBOCK—My God, for that I could buy a new lock!

BARTHEL (*slams the door shut*)—Then the gentleman can buy a new lock and let me alone. (*Exit.*)

HOLZBOCK—Hey, there! Master Krax! Wait just a minute. I'll pay you two florins, only please don't leave me standing here in the cold night air. Master Krax! Dear Master Krax! Oh, the rascal doesn't hear me. That's a devilish trick! Here I have a house, a comfortable house, but I can't get into it. Up there sits a bride, a very lovely bride, but I can't go up to her. The notary will bring the contract, a binding contract, but no one can sign it. The accursed cook doesn't come back again. How will it all end? To-morrow I'll have the gout, and must marry. Oh, you poor Jeremias von Holzbock! The night gets ever colder. The wig on my head begins to freeze to me. There's only one thing left to do; I must try to climb the ladder and get in. Lidie! Lidie!

LIDIE (*at window*)—What does my dear guardian want?

HOLZBOCK—Did you hear how that cursed locksmith treated me?

LIDIE—Ah, because of my great longing, I heard nothing.

HOLZBOCK—Ha! Ha! Ha! Just wait, child. Since you love me so deeply, I will be sparing of my life. I will come up to you even if I have to crawl to your window with a broken neck.

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LIDIE—Oh, don't speak so rashly. If you should break your neck, my heart would be broken.

HOLZBOCK—Be brave, my darling. See, I am making myself ready. But where shall I put the silver lamp? It can't stay here on the street—and I need all my hands—I really wish I could borrow half a dozen from the Indian idols—I'll have to see if I can't shove it into my pocket. (*Puts out the light, thrusts the lamp into his pocket, but it is too large and sticks out quite noticeably.*) It'll do—Now, Lidie, try to hold this dirty ladder steady with your little hands. Hold it fast as you have clasped my heart. Oh tremble not! Your Holzbock will boldly accomplish it. (*Begins to climb very laboriously.*)

LIDIE—For heaven's sake, the ladder is toppling!

HOLZBOCK—Let it shake, child, let it shake. The first rungs are already climbed. (*Aside.*) I'm not worried about the ladder, but my knees are shaking desperately. (*Enter* LIEUTENANT ALLEN *in uniform, also two* SOLDIERS *with guns and a dark lantern.*)

ALLEN—Hello! What's happening here? A night burglary? A rascal about to climb into a window in the dark? Patrol! Arrest this thief. (SOLDIERS *seize the old man.*)

HOLZBOCK—You're mistaken, sir, you're mistaken——

ALLEN—What! The thief wants to argue? (*Draws lamp out of his pocket.*) See here, he has stolen a silver lamp. Hold him fast.

HOLZBOCK—I assure you most humbly the lamp is mine, and the house is also mine.

ALLEN—That proves to me you are a fool. I never in all my life heard that a man would hide his own lamp in his pocket, and would climb into his own house through a window.

HOLZBOCK—A very peculiar circumstance——

ALLEN—Haven't you a door in your own house?

HOLZBOCK—Oh, yes, a door, but the key is lost——

ALLEN—A likely story. How do you expect to prove that?

HOLZBOCK—Lidie! Lidie! be evidence for me. Lidie! Lidie! don't you hear?

ALLEN—Who is Lidie? Sir, don't play any pranks on me.

HOLZBOCK—My God, no! Lidie is my fiancée.

ALLEN—You have a fiancée? Now that is surely a damned lie. You, a decrepit old man! How do you come to have a fiancée?

HOLZBOCK—I beg you humbly—I am still in my best years. Lidie! Lidie! Help me out of this accursed difficulty! She doesn't hear me—Oh, she has certainly fallen in a faint from fright.

ALLEN—Rather poor humbug, this. Guard, forward!

HOLZBOCK (*collecting himself*)—Lieutenant, or Captain, or whatever you are, take care. I am Lord Jeremias von Holzbock; the whole city knows me.

ALLEN—So? You are the Lord von Holzbock?

HOLZBOCK—Yes, yes, I am he. (*Aside.*) Now he'll come down a peg.

ALLEN—So you are really the same man who was reported yesterday to be hiding a deserter in his house?

HOLZBOCK—I? A deserter?

ALLEN—Yes, for four weeks now.

HOLZBOCK—In my house? Ha! Ha! Ha! Why, dear sir, all sorts of fugitives have been born and reared in my house, but no stranger can enter, much less in such a uniform.

ALLEN—Idle evasions. You have been betrayed. We must search the house. Hand over the key.

HOLZBOCK—Yes, the devil, if I had the key, I would not be climbing this ladder.

ALLEN—You refuse to open the door? We'll soon find means. Such a miserable door can surely be forced. (*While he opens the door with the stolen key, he gives it a kick with his foot, as though he had burst it open.*) Now the place is open.

HOLZBOCK (*aside*)—This is a devilish fellow! He is much quicker than locksmith Krax.

ALLEN—Now I will make a search myself.

HOLZBOCK—I will have the honour of accompanying you.

ALLEN—Back! I know how to find a deserter without you. (*To the* SOLDIERS) Meanwhile, do not let him escape; put your bayonets at his breast. (*Enters.*)

HOLZBOCK—What? I am not to go into my own house? A young officer goes all alone to my fiancée? Sirs, I beg you humbly, let me loose. I tell you, a calamity may happen, for upstairs a frail young lady is lying unconscious. One can't tell whether your officer will behave toward her with befitting discretion. (*Tries to get away.* SOLDIERS *threaten with bayonets.*) Yes, yes, I have all respect for your guns, but just consider. I feel already as if I had five hundred bayonets in my body. Let me go! I am suffocating from worry. (ALLEN *enters with* LIDIE *dressed in a soldier's uniform, hat pulled over her face.*)

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ALLEN—I have the deserter. I found him with a lovely girl.

HOLZBOCK (*astounded*)—Wha— wha— what is that?

ALLEN—I regret, Herr von Holzbock; you know our strict military rules. You will be shot to-morrow.

HOLZBOCK—I, shot?

ALLEN—This person has for four weeks been hidden in your house.

HOLZBOCK—Impossible!

ALLEN—Why do you lie any longer? The young lady has confessed all.

HOLZBOCK—What young lady?

ALLEN—A certain Fräulein Lidie, who says she is your ward.

HOLZBOCK—You found the deserter with her?

ALLEN—He had deserted for love of her. Isn't that so, fellow? (LIDIE *nods her head.*)

HOLZBOCK—I'm out of my mind!

ALLEN—She had hidden him in her own room.

HOLZBOCK—I—I—I—mad!

ALLEN—He has been with her day and night. Isn't that so, fellow? (LIDIE *nods.*)

HOLZBOCK—I'll strangle myself!

ALLEN—You can't do that very well, since you are going to be shot.

HOLZBOCK—My shameless bride has deceived me, and therefore I am to be shot?

ALLEN—A man of your years should not allow himself to be deceived.

HOLZBOCK—The serpent flattered me so sweetly——

ALLEN—Just so. We will take care of you. To-morrow at ten o'clock, court martial, and at eleven o'clock—*ready—fire!*

HOLZBOCK—Be merciful!

ALLEN—Guard, *march!*

HOLZBOCK—I cannot march. I have the gout.

ALLEN—That's absurd. He who can marry, can march.

HOLZBOCK—I beg your pardon, that does not necessarily follow——

ALLEN—No more talking—*march!*

HOLZBOCK—Oh, Jeremias, Jeremias! Will no one come to help you? (BARTHEL *enters attired in officer's overcoat, hat, and cane.*)

BARTHEL—What's all this disturbance about?

ALLEN (*pretending fear*)—My father!

HOLZBOCK (*taking new hope*)—Are you his father?

BARTHEL—Aha! So is it you, my disorderly son? What are you doing here?

HOLZBOCK—If the General will graciously permit me——

BARTHEL—Too much honour, sir, I am only a colonel. Who are you? What can I do for you?

HOLZBOCK—I am, so to speak, Lord Jeremias von Holzbock, a resident here, a wealthy man——

BARTHEL—You're not the same one who supplied the poor flour to our enemies last summer?

HOLZBOCK (*in doubt as to how to take this*)—No—yes—the same.

BARTHEL—Oh, then we're acquainted already. Our army is greatly indebted to you. Who knows whether we would have succeeded in winning the victory if you had not previously sent a half of our enemies to the hospital?

HOLZBOCK—I was, be it said without vanity, at that time, in secret, a faithful adherent to your victorious arms. The more grievously do I feel my lot that in this strange misunderstanding I should now fall into the hands of those bearing your honourable bayonets.

BARTHEL—How's that? What are you trying to say?

HOLZBOCK—Your brave son has arrested me—a poor old man.

BARTHEL—My son? Curses! I hope it is not possible that he dares to make the mistake of seizing such an honourable man.

HOLZBOCK—I must march with the guard. I am to be shot to-morrow.

BARTHEL—Hell's bombs and grenades! My son,—Lieutenant, how did you dare?

ALLEN—If my gracious father will permit me to explain the affair to him——

BARTHEL—Explain what? Don't you know that in the enemy's land one must always protect any persons whom the enemy would hang?

HOLZBOCK (*to* ALLEN)—You hear that?

BARTHEL—Thunder and lightning! Don't you know that this gentleman is one of the best spies in the whole country?

HOLZBOCK—What do you say?

BARTHEL—Great heavens! Let him loose at once, and beg his pardon.

HOLZBOCK—Aha!

ALLEN—Gladly, if only my gracious father will allow me to report first.

BARTHEL—Well, in the devil's name, report then.

ALLEN—A good many weeks ago I came upon a clue that a deserter from our regiment was hidden in this house. To-day I wished to visit him. I came, and found this gentleman here in the dark, just as he was in the act of climbing a ladder to a window.

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BARTHEL—In the dark? On a ladder? Hm! Hm!

ALLEN—A silver lamp, which he had undoubtedly stolen, was sticking out of his pocket.

BARTHEL—Stolen? Hm! Hm!

HOLZBOCK—I beg you most humbly——

BARTHEL—Be silent for a moment.

ALLEN—I seized him. I commanded him to open the house for me. He refused.

BARTHEL—He refused? Hm! Hm!

ALLEN—So I forced the door, searched the house, and found our deserter in the arms of a beautiful girl.

BARTHEL—Eh? Then the devil take him! Yes, Herr von Holzbock, if you so conducted yourself, I cannot save you. To-morrow you will be shot.

HOLZBOCK—But, my God! I know nothing about——

BARTHEL—Doubtless. You will be shot.

HOLZBOCK—I have been cheated most contemptibly by my wicked ward, into the bargain.

BARTHEL—Doubtless. You will be shot. (*To* LIDIE) And you, fellow? You will not serve? Wait, they will put you in irons that you will have to carry till the end of your life.

ALLEN—He is otherwise a very good person. I pity him and will do as much as I can to lighten his bonds. (*Enter the* NOTARY.)

HOLZBOCK—Ah, neighbour! Come to my help! They are going to shoot me dead!

NOTARY—Shoot you dead? Oh, that is not so good. Who will pay me for my work?

HOLZBOCK—They have found a deserter in my house.

NOTARY—A deserter? Ah, that is not good.

HOLZBOCK—The devil was lying in the arms of my ward.

NOTARY—In the Fräulein's arms? Ah, that is not good.

HOLZBOCK—The devil! I know that well. But do you testify to my innocence——

NOTARY—Yes, yes, I will testify, *loco juramenti*, for *pro primo*——

BARTHEL—Shut up!

NOTARY (*terrified*)—*Silentium!*

HOLZBOCK—For the love of heaven, do not leave me! Do not leave me in the lurch, neighbour! My life, my poor life is at stake!

NOTARY (*shrugs shoulders*)—To-day here, to-morrow dead.

HOLZBOCK (*almost weeping*)—Is that all your comfort?

NOTARY—Make your mind easy, neighbour; it is a bad case, but there is nothing to be done. Immediately after your death I will make clear your innocence——

HOLZBOCK—I shall not be brought to life again by that, alas! Alas!

BARTHEL—Shut up. Your sentence is pronounced. We won't speak further of such trifles. I have more important things to do here. Apropos, son, how comes it that I have not seen you for two weeks? You are a good-for-nothing scamp. If it had not been for your brave groom, Barthel, you would long ago have gone to the devil.

ALLEN—Pardon me, dear father, Barthel is a drunken rascal——

BARTHEL—Stop! Not a word more against the honourable fellow. Don't be lacking in respect to me, or I'll have you put under arrest. Without doubt, that would be the best thing for you, since I hear that you have attached yourself to a woman.

ALLEN—I do not deny, my father, that the love——

BARTHEL—There we have it. The rascal dares to speak of love. I even hear that you gad about the streets at night with a disguised woman.

ALLEN—It happened only a few times, and my beloved's guardian was present.

BARTHEL—Undoubtedly. I won't tolerate it; and in order to keep you from such digressions I have determined to marry you off, the sooner the better.

ALLEN—Don't be angry, my father, I'll obey.

BARTHEL—The devil take you if you should dare to oppose me. Now, if I but knew a girl for you, of good birth and sufficiently rich,—for you are a poor devil; you cannot even pay your groom properly.

ALLEN—You see me ready to receive a wife from your hand.

BARTHEL—Your duty. If I were only better acquainted here, so that I could come upon a fortunate choice. Hello; Herr von Holzbock! You can still do a good deed before your death.

HOLZBOCK—Before my death! Ach Gott! Ach Gott! I would just begin to live.

BARTHEL—I am a stranger here. You, however, are an old resident; you must surely know the beautiful, rich maidens. Suggest one to me; I will promise you in return to use my best grenadiers at the execution.

HOLZBOCK (*almost weeping*) — Much obliged.

BARTHEL—You can count upon it. All of a sudden—the end; quiet.

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HOLZBOCK—You are too merciful!

BARTHEL—Well, think.

NOTARY (*softly*)—How would it be if you proposed your ward? In that way she might be happy again.

HOLZBOCK—Are you crazy? I am going to marry her myself.

NOTARY—You are to be shot, neighbour. Put all thoughts of marriage out of your mind.

HOLZBOCK—But I do not wish to be shot, least of all on my wedding day.

NOTARY—Suppose, then, you should be set free. Would you want to marry a girl who for fourteen days had hidden a young deserter in her room? Believe me, neighbour, there is no doubt that he is a deserter.

HOLZBOCK—You are right. Oh Lidie! Cursed Lidie! Who would have thought it!

NOTARY—Of course, the contract is now ready, but you could easily turn your tenderness again to my old sister instead of the faithless girl.

HOLZBOCK—The devil take your old sister.

NOTARY—Yes, I have long wished that myself.

BARTHEL—Well? Hurry up. The deuce, —if you have nothing to say, then march with the guard.

HOLZBOCK—I only ask of you to have a little patience; I could easily suggest to the Colonel a girl, young, beautiful, rich, of good birth——

BARTHEL—Out with it!

HOLZBOCK—But I must first have the gracious assurance that, if the thing comes to pass, I shall be immediately freed.

BARTHEL—That's asking a lot.

ALLEN—But I thought, father——

BARTHEL—Be quiet. I can promise nothing. First I must know whether it is worth the price. Who is this person?

HOLZBOCK—Fräulein Lidie, my ward.

BARTHEL—Your ward? Isn't she the same one who hid the deserter?

HOLZBOCK—The same.

BARTHEL—Sir, are you crazy? To propose to me and my son such an alliance!

ALLEN—If you wished it, my father, I would not oppose it.

BARTHEL—Be still. You are very ready; you would marry the whole world. But a father must take time for consideration. Now, my Herr von Holzbock, how can you dare——

HOLZBOCK—I beg your pardon a thousand times! I thought that since the girl has a hundred thousand thalers in wealth—

BARTHEL—A hundred thousand thalers? Yes, that is something different. Why didn't you say so at once? With a hundred thousand thalers a girl is virtuous, even if she has hidden a whole regiment. Do you give your consent willingly?

HOLZBOCK (*hesitates.* SOLDIERS *point bayonets.*) Yes, yes, willingly.

BARTHEL—The gentleman is the witness.

NOTARY—As a notary public——

BARTHEL—Well, my son, I bestow upon you herewith my parental consent, but only under the consideration that you give to your brave Barthel a proper pension.

ALLEN—We shall see about that, dear father.

BARTHEL—No, we will not see about it. That must be agreed to on the spot, else the whole affair will not take place.

ALLEN—Well, yes, yes, upon my honour.

BARTHEL—Then, in consideration of the future alliance, we will shut our eyes, and make no further mention of the deserter. However, there is still the question whether the beautiful bride has anything against the arrangement?

LIDIE (*steps up*)—She wishes it with her whole heart.

HOLZBOCK—I am freezing——

NOTARY—Eh? Eh? What a change!

BARTHEL—If there is such a transformation, I shall take off my coat, and be once more the honourable groom.

HOLZBOCK—Deceived! Sold!

LIDIE—Dear guardian, I couldn't possibly marry you.

HOLZBOCK—And why not, you imp of the devil?

LIDIE—Ach Gott! The night would be too short if I were to tell you all my reasons.

NOTARY—Neighbour, my old sister——

HOLZBOCK—Go to the devil!

BARTHEL—Locksmith Krax has the honour to send you this key. He asked me to say to you that only he dares to neglect his house key who has that house key in his power. (HOLZBOCK *is about to speak, but wrath chokes his words. He shakes his head in both hands, and runs into the house. At the door he bethinks himself again, turns about, snatches the lamp out of the hand of the* SOLDIER *who holds it, rushes in, and bolts the door.*)

BARTHEL—Victory! Yes, dear master, take care that the deserter does not escape you again.

ALLEN (*embracing* LIDIE)—I will place Love on guard.

LIDIE—So long as Love does not move from his post, no maiden will desert.

Curtain falls.

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The Inn of the Silver Moon

By HERMAN KNICKERBOCKER VIELÉ

Herman K. Vielé

IV

ACHILLE was left alone with the ladies. Even the fat waiter, seeing in the silver-mounted pocket-book security for the modest *addition*, hurried away to conciliate more pressing patrons. The Baroness continued to regard him through her lorgnette; the Countess to regard everything within range of vision except him.

"Mesdames," he said, when it became evident that the search for the Baron Blumm was likely to be prolonged, "Mesdames, if I have seemed to intrude myself upon you, it is only that I may have an opportunity to warn you that the individual who has this moment left us is, to speak mildly, a most unreliable person. But, perhaps, you are already aware of this——"

"Indeed, we are not," said the Baroness, lowering her glasses and suddenly becoming interested. "We know nothing of him except that he has a château not far from here, and that he has kindly offered his carriage to take us back to St. Ives, Mademoiselle having met with an accident that disabled her bicycle."

At the word "Mademoiselle" the heart of the young man gave an exultant bound.

"I have heard of the accident to the Countess," he said, sympathetically. "I trust that she has escaped uninjured."

"I am not a Countess," exclaimed the victim, impatiently, speaking for the first time but without turning her head. "Pray, do you see this Monsieur Vifour returning?"

"Monsieur Vifour?" stammered Achille.

"Surely you know the name of your old friend!"

"Achille Vifour?" inquired the young man, meekly.

"No," explained the Baroness, who, now that the ice was broken, had become most affable. "This one is Georges Vifour—a bourgeois family, not distinguished, but highly respectable. He has a brother Achille, who is, I fear, a trifle weak-minded—nothing serious, you understand—this afternoon we saw him at the gate of the château behaving in the most singular manner. They are twins and dress alike."

"Madame!" cried the young man, "Achille Vifour may be an imbecile, but he has no twin brother; and if he had it would not be this Pierre Rabot. You have been deceived by a scoundrel who has neither château nor carriage, and who is at this moment escaping with my hundred francs, and——"

"Merciful heaven!" exclaimed the lady. "He has my cycle satchel that he insisted on carrying! It contains my diamond ring and eleven francs fifty! Let us follow him!"

"I will notify the authorities at once."

"But the police would ask our names, would they not?"

"Certainly."

"Then we can do nothing. No, it would be a scandal. The ring was no great thing, pretty, but—from the Palais Royal, you understand. Let it go. See, we are attracting attention. Pray sit down."

For several minutes the Baroness poured forth an eloquent denunciation of Rabot, and Achille, rejoicing in the misfortune that had brought him into such confidential relations with at least one of the ladies, listened with sympathetic interest till the other interrupted——

"Madame," she said, "do you realize our position? If this is true, and no carriage has been ordered for us, we are here five kilos from St. Ives, and without means of returning."

"*My* bicycle is uninjured," replied the Baroness, adding sweetly, "but, of course, nothing would induce me to go without you."

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"I should hope not!" cried the other nervously. "Really, we must lose no time in finding some conveyance."

"Rather a difficult matter I am afraid, to-day," remarked the Baroness, blandly.

"Mesdames," exclaimed Achille, "I shall be honoured if you will regard me as your servant."

"It would be but another proof of your benevolence, Monsieur DuLorme," replied the elder lady, graciously, "if you could borrow even a donkey."

"I will not ride on a donkey," said the Countess with decision.

"I assure you, Mademoiselle . . ." began Achille, but before he could finish the sentence there arose in the fair a commotion, which grew in the twinkling of an eye to an uproar, and from an uproar to a panic. Smoke curled among the chestnut trees in the direction of the booths, and on all sides frantic voices cried that the menagerie had taken fire, and that the animals would soon be loose. The air was filled with the terrified screams of women, the wild shouts of men, and the seemingly wilder orders of the police striving to reassure the crowd.

"Idiots," cried the captain of the guard, "it is not the beasts that burn, it is the waxworks; can you not smell?"

But the frightened people did not stop to reason. On they came in a tidal wave toward the Café of the Golden Cat, and, before the charge, tables and benches went down with a resounding crash. Here, owing to the fat waiter's presence of mind in imitating a lion, there was a moment's pause of which Achille was quick to take advantage. Seizing the ladder, he planted one end firmly on the top of the stout table, while the other rested against the railing of the balcony above. Once on the table, the distance was not greater than from the ground to the omnibus roof, and the angle of inclination not alarmingly steep.

"Mount, ladies!" he cried. "Do not be afraid; it is perfectly safe. Step upon the chair, now upon the table—Ah, bravely done!"

When the Countess had climbed nimbly, the Baroness more heavily, to the balcony, Achille followed and drew the ladder after him, much to the disgust of others who had expected to share in their retreat.

"That was a very clever idea!" exclaimed the Countess with frank appreciation when she had recovered her breath.

"It is fortunate that we were dressed for wheeling," remarked the Baroness, readjusting her hat.

The confusion subsided almost as rapidly as it had commenced. Even before the notes of a trumpet announced the arrival of the *pompiers* the fire had been extinguished, and with the return of order the dreaded animals could be heard howling reassuringly behind their own particular canvas.

Below, the landlady and the fat waiter wept together over damages that it would take more than one Pig Market to make good, and commending his companions to their tearful care Achille swung himself to the ground.

After searching through all the town of Greslin but to find that the Baroness had been right, he returned in desperation to a shed where he had observed an old-time diligence, covered with dust, and long abandoned to the crickets and the mice. The coach, which had once been of a brilliant yellow, was almost paintless, and the wooden sides had offered tempting tablets for the picture writing of the stable yard; the one small window in the door was without glass, and the seats within were bare of cushions; it was entered from the end like an omnibus, and, amid marine surroundings, might have passed for an inferior order of bathing machine; but the wheels were strong enough for a cannon, and the springs would have sustained a load of hay.

Next, as the result of princely and visible offers of reward, a large white horse was disentombed from the cellar of the blacksmith, where he chanced to be undergoing treatment for some trifling defect of sight; then the baker's wife remembered an old harness in the garret; and when from numerous applicants a lad had been selected who was pronounced by experts to be sufficiently sober to undertake the driving, Achille experienced the satisfaction of one who has conquered circumstances. Impatient as he had been to close his bargain, and little as he had stopped to haggle over terms, before he was at last free to return the sun had set and the evening was drawing on. Although the result of his mission had not been all that he had hoped, he was sure that the ladies would believe that he had done his best, and his only anxiety was lest his long absence should have caused them uneasiness. Once more beneath the chestnut trees, he saw that order again prevailed about the café, and that before the door guests were assembled as though nothing had occurred. The ladies were still as he had left them on the balcony, but the ladder rested again upon the table,

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and mounted on it stood the fat waiter, apparently serving an omelet across the railing.

"How is this?" he demanded of the landlady. "Why have you not opened the window?"

"Alas!" replied the good woman, "the room within is locked, and during the excitement I threw my keys into the cistern to save trouble."

"Come up, Monsieur DuLorme," called the Baroness from above, "we have a cover for you and a chair."

It was, to the young man at least, a charming meal that the three shared, sitting in a row upon the narrow balcony, and when Achille had slaked his thirst from a bottle of good red wine, he gave such an account of the diligence that the others laughed heartily. Under the circumstances formality would have been a farce and dignity an affectation.

Achille watched for an opportunity to explain that he was neither the excellent DuLorme nor a Herald of Universal Love, but the talk flowed in such impersonal channels that it would have been a want of tact to direct it toward himself. Even the name was not again mentioned.

"Monsieur," said the Baroness as they sipped their coffee, "I must tell you that we are in retreat at the Convent of St. Ives. We have, as you know, been robbed, so if you will kindly pay for the dinner we will send you our share of the amount by the driver."

Achille made a gesture of protest, but before he could speak the young lady, who had suddenly grown very red, cried out in consternation:

"I never thought about paying, or I should not have eaten a morsel! Madame, Monsieur, I have no money! I never have any money. Could you not, Monsieur, make out a bill; I will tell you where to send it—and call it shoes—no, not that—I ate four pounds of shoes last month! Call it gloves, two pairs of gloves, you can put on buttons you know, till they equal the amount!"

"Perhaps," suggested the Baroness, "perhaps, as the expense was incurred through an accident to *your* bicycle, it would not be unjust if the bill was made out for four pairs of gloves!"

"Of course, of course!" assented the Countess.

Achille bowed gravely.

"The arrangement would be perfectly satisfactory to me," he said, but when they had descended upon the arrival of the diligence, he took occasion to whisper to the Baroness:

"Shall I divide the expense of the conveyance equally, or will Madame ride back on her own wheel? The charge will be twenty francs for each."

She did not answer him directly, but said aloud as the fat waiter brought the bicycle:

"I think I will ride a little way," and mounted.

"Am I to go alone in this horrible packing case?" exclaimed the Countess, almost in tears.

"Mademoiselle," said Achille, "I could not permit that. The roads are full of intoxicated peasants, and I have little confidence in the discretion of the driver. As it happens, I have business in St. Ives, and with your permission I will sit upon the box and see you safely to your destination."

"Would you mind coming inside?" asked the Countess timidly. "It's awfully dark in there, and I'm not used to being alone on such a journey."

"As you please," he assented with great respect. "I think on the whole that would be the safest plan."

"I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you," said the Countess.

The Baroness returned and came up behind, before they left the town, and for a while the three exchanged sallies through the broken window, but when they reached the brow of the long hill she grew impatient at the slowness of the pace, and, elevating her neat gaiters, called out that she would be waiting at the bridge, and shot past with what the French term "exaggerated quickness."

Although it was now nine o'clock, one might still have read clear type in the June twilight, and even in the dim interior of the coach there was light enough to reveal the efforts that Achille had made for the comfort of his charge. A strip of carpet was upon the floor and on each of the hard seats a feather pillow incased in red cotton. He did not explain that these articles, once of the household of the baker's wife, were his by right of purchase, nor did she attribute the presence of an ample shawl to aught but the forethought of the driver.

"Was it not nice of him!" exclaimed the Countess. "Please do not forget to give him a good *pourboire* and put it in the bill."

"I shall not forget, Mademoiselle."

She wrapped the shawl about her from head to foot, for it had grown chilly, and snuggled comfortably in one corner, while

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the young man, selecting for himself another as far remote as the limits of the coach allowed, waited with respectful patience to discover what her conception of the situation might be. He was far too well bred—from a French point of view—to begin a conversation that might not be acceptable, and the lady was presumably too well bred—from a French point of view—to take the initiative, so there was silence in the diligence, broken only by the low monotonous creaking of the leathern springs and the measured beat of hoofs upon the smooth hard road.

Presently the Countess sighed softly, which sign Achille, who felt keenly the delicacy of her position, interpreted as the expression of an inclination towards slumber, and at once composed himself to counterfeit the same desire.

The gait of the white horse, though slow, was steady; the heavy vehicle swayed gently as a boat upon a running river; through the broken window the evening air blew cool and heavy with the fragrance of the fields; all about were peace and twilight and the hush of nature sinking into sleep. Near him, so near him in the darkness that his outstretched hand could have rested upon her, was she who in the waning of a day had so filled his being that it seemed that all the years before were but as idlings in the nursery, and life was only measured by one sun between the zenith and the west.

In the twilight one may hear strange music, and with the first stars come many things that do not walk by day.

In the twilight, when youth and love go hand in hand, they come so near the dwelling place of their sweet sister who is the chatelaine of the House of Dreams that they can hear her voice, "The day is done, abide with me."

V

"CIEL! . . . Diable! . . . Morbleu! . . . Miséricorde! . . ." These words and others expressive of distress greeted the sleepers when they awoke. But it was not the words that awoke them. The diligence had suddenly turned upon one end, and through the small window, now a skylight, the stars were twinkling. It was as dark as an oven and nearly as hot, and somewhere in the gloom, Achille, the lady and the pillows were piled in a conglomerate heap.

"Miséricorde!" repeated the voice without, "I suffer, I die! That villain of a horse has kicked out my brains."

"What has happened?" shouted Achille, when he had freed his mouth from a corner of the carpet.

"My legs are broken, my ribs are crushed and I am dying!" replied a lusty voice now readily recognizable as that of the driver.

"Come here at once and help us out," called back Achille unfeelingly. Naturally, his first thought had been for the safety of the Countess, but the sound of smothered laughter in the darkness had at once reassured him, and his anxious inquiries were prompted rather by civility than alarm.

"I am not hurt at all," she answered, "but I am standing on my head, and there is something heavy on my shoulder. I think it is your foot."

When, after much cautious wriggling, Achille was at last free to stand up and thrust his head from the door, a glance explained the situation. The forward running gear had in some way become detached from its fastening, allowing the body of the coach to drop to the road at one end, while the other, still firm upon the high back wheels, pointed skyward at so great an angle that the floor was practically perpendicular. Nearby, the white horse dragging the missing wheels grazed peacefully, and nearer still the driver lay upon his back and howled.

"What has happened to the horse?" Achille demanded.

"Nothing!"

"Well, what is the matter with you?"

"My lungs are punctured!"

"Bah! do you think yourself a bicycle? What has happened to the carriage?"

"I care not what has happened to that infamy; it is sufficient that it has caused my death."

As he spoke the driver rolled over and over until he was thoroughly powdered with white dust. Then he rose upon all fours; then, with many groans, he knelt; and finally, after cautiously testing every bone before depending on its strength, stood upon his feet.

"You are not dead," said the prisoner, encouragingly. "Can you not see that you are not even seriously hurt? Come now, and help me."

"There are injuries," returned the young man mournfully, "that do not show upon the surface. Does Monsieur desire to come out?"

Meanwhile the lady, by the aid of an ingeniously constructed pedestal of pillows, had succeeded in bringing her head above the level of the opening and now

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stood close to Achille composedly viewing the scene.

"Ask him where we are," she suggested, and Achille did so.

"How should I know?" replied the driver scornfully. "I have never before been in this miserable country."

"Where is the other lady?"

"She is where her machine has carried her. My horse is not an express train to overtake her."

"But was she not at the bridge?"

"I have seen no bridge."

"Surely we have come as far as the River Loup!"

"The River Loup? That is upon the road to St. Ives. We left that long before the bridge."

"Ciel! Where does this road lead to?"

"I had hoped," replied the youth cheerfully, "that it would lead to Tives, but it appears that it leads nowhere."

"Tives!" shouted Achille and the lady in one breath, "Tives!"

"Why not?" asked the driver, shrugging his shoulders.

"Why, in the name of goodness, should we want to go to Tives?" demanded Achille.

"That is the affair of Monsieur," replied the lad respectfully.

"But did I not explain to you fully——"

"Monsieur explained nothing to me. It was to my cousin that Monsieur explained, but at the last moment he received news of the illness of his god-parent, and was so much overcome that I——"

"Imbecile, where is this Tives?"

"I do not know, Monsieur."

Further discussion was prevented by the appearance of two peasants, who approached from the darkness, armed one with a scythe of formidable dimensions and the other with a wooden pitchfork, and, halting at a safe distance from the upturned carriage, inquired the cause of the disturbance.

Achille, who knew the country people, wasted no words in explanation, but promptly offered each a franc if they would lift the coach and hold it horizontal for a single minute.

"And now, my man," said Achille, addressing the elder of the peasants, as soon as the travelers felt the ground beneath their feet, "will you kindly tell me where we are?"

As he answered, the man spread his hands, palms upward, and looked about him.

"This is not a city to have a name," he said.

"Are there no houses near?"

"Yes, there are the huts of the sabot makers, and there is the house of my son."

"Surely you must know where you live."

"Oh yes, Monsieur, I know well where I live. I live at the house of my son."

"Are there no women?" asked the Countess, adding in a low voice to her companion, "Let us find a woman, they are much less stupid than the men."

"Certainly there are women," replied the peasant; "there is the wife of my son, and there is my wife, and there is the grandmother of my son's wife, and there is the niece of my wife, and there is——"

"Please show us where they are," interrupted the lady.

The peasants turned obediently, but as they moved away the driver protested.

"Will no one help me?" he pleaded piteously, and the younger peasant being promised another franc remained behind.

The country on every side seemed, even in the charitable starlight, both barren and desolate. Gorse and furze grew in disorderly tangles upon the crumbling walls of turf along the road, and the fields beyond were stony and uncultivated. The place was unfamiliar to Achille, but he supposed it to be a part of the region called Purgatory, which lies at the outskirt of the State Forest. Here every thirty years the hills are shorn of timber, and then the trees are coaxed to grow again that posterity may keep the pot a-boiling.

The peasant trudged ahead in silence, the travelers following side by side. The Countess wore the shawl about her shoulders, and when Achille reminded her that she had left her hat in the coach, and offered to return for it, she laughed and said it did not matter, and readjusted her drapery in the form of a hood. He could recall none of his comrades who would have met the catastrophe with less agitation, and in the face of her composure the young man felt that any effort at consolation would be misdirected. Her manner of meeting the inevitable but added to his admiration and esteem, though this would have been equally true of any other manner that she might have elected to adopt.

Presently the silhouette of a wood rose against the sky, and when shortly afterwards they entered the shadow, the smell of timber newly cut announced the nearness of the sabot makers' camp of which the guide had spoken. A few steps more

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brought them to the centre of a circle of small huts of boughs and leaves, broken on one side by the larger outline of a shelter of the same primitive construction, which heaped-up chips and rude machinery marked as a workshop, and on the other by a long, low cottage surmounted by a sagging roof of thatch. A light shone from the four-paned window of the cottage, and when the sound of feet upon the dry leaves and twigs announced their coming, the door opened and a belt of light shot out across the rough, uneven ground.

As the door opened, the man stood still and called—

"Babette, come here!"

Then, as if in apology for his seeming lack of hospitality, he added—

"Perhaps Madame would not desire to enter—we are occupied in skinning a cow."

"I should think," commented the Countess, "that you would have preferred to do that in the forest."

"It would have been better for a thousand reasons," assented the man, " but she was too large to pass through the door."

"How did she ever get in?" inquired Achille.

"As a calf," replied the peasant simply.

Babette, when she came forth wiping her hands upon a burlap apron, expressed interest, if not sympathy, in the misfortunes of the travelers, and glancing at the Countess she exclaimed—

"Saints in Heaven! It must have been terrible; Madame has lost her petticoat! and doubtless, too, she had a hat."

Babette knew the names of several hamlets at varying distances from the camp of the sabot makers, none of which were at all familiar to Achille. When asked if she had heard of Greslin she admitted that she had, and supposed it to be across the hills, very far away—perhaps twenty kilos. Tives was somewhere to the south on quite another road, that is if it were anywhere, which she greatly doubted. Oh la, la! it was a shame that such things should happen. Perhaps when the driver came he would have some practical suggestions to make. Monsieur and Madame must excuse her appearance! it was not an easy thing to skin a cow, and the operation takes much longer than one would suppose.

The mention of time prompted Achille to look at his watch, and when he held it to the light of the open door he saw that it was half-past twelve o'clock. Even making the most unflattering allowance for the speed of the white horse, they must have traveled twenty kilos.

"Mademoiselle," said he, turning to the Countess, "I must tell you that we have strayed much farther than I supposed, and that it is now past midnight. My unfortunate nap has not only put you to this inconvenience, but will, I fear, be the cause of the greatest anxiety to your friends."

"I beg that Monsieur will give himself no uneasiness on that account," replied the lady graciously. "I have reason to believe that the good Sisters would not be sorry to dispense with my society altogether."

"But your friend, the Baroness?"

"I do not so much as know her name."

"Mother," called a voice within the cottage, "shall we cut off the tail?"

"That will be for to-morrow," replied Babette. "Wash thy hands, we will go to bed as soon as it shall please these good folks to leave us."

A voice sounded through the woods, and a moment later the young peasant who had borne the pitchfork appeared singing lustily. When he drew near he stopped singing and laughed heartily.

"It was a good joke on that driver!" he chuckled. "Would you believe me, nothing was broken! A hook had worked loose, and we had only to put the two parts together, and there was his machine as strong as new."

"Good!" exclaimed Achille; "where is he now?"

"He has gone home."

"Gone where?"

"Home, I suppose. He turned and went in the direction from which he came at a gallop. But doubtless," he added hopefully, seeing that his intelligence was unwelcome, "doubtless he will return."

"If we can be of no further service to Monsieur and Madame," said Babette, with cold politeness, "we would ask permission to retire. The poor must sleep if they are to do their work. *Au plaisir, Monsieur et dame.*"

"Stop!" cried Achille, "we must have a conveyance of some sort. I have plenty of money."

"Monsieur is fortunate, but if he were to pay me a million francs I could not create a horse. I am sorry, but we are poor and have nothing to offer."

"But, if you refuse to help us, what are we to do?"

"There is always the Inn of the Silver

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Moon," laughed Babette, adding with withering sarcasm, "if *I* were rich I would buy a ticket and take a seat in the railway train like a general."

"The railway! Where is it? Are there trains to-night?"

"The station is not far; you cannot miss it, for there is a gate across the road. The trains pass when God wills, I do not trouble myself with such matters."

"Good-night, and thank you for little!" cried Achille, losing his patience. "Come, Mademoiselle, there is nothing to be gained from these idiots."

"Good-night to you for a pair of vagabonds, who will end in the galleys!" replied Babette, and as they left the grove she called after them many things that he hoped the Countess did not understand.

"Mademoiselle," said Achille humbly, when they were once more upon the road, "I can never hope to be forgiven for my carelessness in going to sleep, but I trust you understand that when I have succeeded in restoring you to your friends, my one thought will be to efface myself so completely from your life that you will be able to account for your absence in any way that may seem credible. Meanwhile, I am your slave."

"Of course," replied the Countess lightly, "but how fortunate we were to learn about the railway. It was a good idea of mine to see the woman; they are always so much more clever than men."

If it occurred to Achille that it was through making the acquaintance of Babette they had lost the diligence, he put the thought from him as unworthy. Neither did he feel himself in a position to debate the relative cleverness of the sexes. He could have wished, too, that the idea of his own annihilation had not been accepted quite so calmly. Nevertheless, when they reached the highway he said, cheerfully:

"At least we know the direction not to take," and they turned toward the unknown.

The way led through a part of the wood, where the axe had not fallen since the days when the king wore green velvet to deceive the deer. The trees stood far apart, wonderful oaks and beeches that had come to honourable age untrammeled by the rabble of the thicket, and beneath, the fern and bracken grew waist deep. In the open spaces were stretches of soft turf, smooth as bowling courts, and beds of tufted heather just purpling into blossom, through which the white road shone dimly like a path of phosphorus. The air was sweet with faint aromatic odours; the wood still as a cathedral, and as filled with silent prayer. Once they passed close to a little tarn of water teeming with stars. Once they went beneath an arch of whispering pines.

It was only a corner of the forest, and soon they saw again the desolate upland, and beyond, a wide expanse of dark mysterious country to which the road descended rapidly. Here they stood for a moment looking back.

"Is it not beautiful!" she said. "See, the moon is coming up behind the trees. Could we not sit down and wait till morning? I am very tired."

"I have read," said the young man softly, "that once, while hunting, the Duchess Anne rode so far from her company that she lost her way, and, attended only by one faithful lackey, slept all night upon a bed of fern here in the forest."

"Poor thing," sighed the Countess, "I do not suppose she had even a shawl!"

VI

THE Countess rested well, as doubtless did the Duchess Anne before her, and perhaps it was above the same mirror that each bent in the early dawn to smooth her hair, and bathe her face in the cool water.

Achille had kept a solitary watch, but he was very happy. When it was light enough, while still the lady slept, he had carved an arrowhead upon the bark of a beech tree, saying to himself:

"Uncas, my friend, after all you were not the last." He even thought pleasantly of Chin-gach-gook.

There were drops of water on her hair and mimic tears in her eyes as she came back to him from the lake. She had gathered sprigs of early heather and wore them at her throat, and her shawl fell about her like Rosalind's doublet.

"Come," he said laughing, "we must take the road, for we cannot expect the fairies to provide our breakfast."

"Anything may happen," she replied, as they left the wood, "anything, even that."

A few minutes later she said again:

"Was I not right?" and even as she spoke there came upon the air the unmistakable smell of newly made coffee.

They had been moving rapidly down the hill, and now a turn in the road brought them suddenly upon a large green van drawn close against the hedge. Across the

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van was painted in white letters, "Pol Paret, General Merchandise," and beneath the inscription sat a moon-faced person upon a box, brewing coffee in a copper pot above a charcoal brasier. Beside him on the ground lay an earthen dish containing butter and a loaf of tempting bread.

"Good morning, mates!" called Pol Paret without moving, "you are up early."

"No earlier for us than for others," replied Achille.

"You'd call it late if you had been up all night as I have! Where are you from?"

"From the Pig Market."

"But you cannot have come from Greslin!"

"So you say."

"On foot!"

"So you see."

The man whistled in surprise.

"Oh la, la, it's a shame to make a boy like that walk such a distance!"

"Yes, poor little fellow, he is tired," assented Achille readily, "both tired and hungry, I fear, and I must tell you my nephew is deaf and dumb. That coffee of yours smells good."

"It ought to, it cost two francs the livre. What are you doing to the boy?"

Achille with his hands close to the opening in the shawl, that his afflicted kinsman had wrapped about his head, made gestures with his finger which might seem to those unfamiliar with the sign language to have a sinister significance.

"I am explaining to him," he answered, "that you will no doubt allow us to purchase some coffee and a piece of bread. I am telling him that we have money to pay for it, and that his mother would be displeased if he did not eat; I am also telling him to go and sit under that tree and that I will bring him his breakfast."

"It is really wonderful how you can do it," commented Pol Paret, greatly interested; "but why do you send him away?"

"He is very timid; they are all like that."

"Are they?" said Pol Paret.

The Countess drank her coffee with her back turned to them, while Achille encouraged his host to tell of the cast shoe that had delayed him on his way to the fair, and himself gave an account of the fire in the waxwork booth.

The merchant assured him that the station was but a few steps further on, and begged him to stay while he asked many questions about the folk at the fair whom he had often met. He said that Mother Rehan could afford to lose one or two figures, and that her Jeanne d'Arc had been Esmeralda before the cultus of the new saint had grown so popular; for himself, he did not approve of such dishonesty. He said the Lion Tamer was afraid of his wife, and that he had known the Wild Man of Borneo when he was a barber. As they parted, he produced from his stock of general merchandise a cravat of brilliant scarlet.

"This is for your nephew," he said. "There is a spot on one end, but you can tie it so that it will not show. I am sorry that he is so afraid of old Paret."

From a safe distance, the Countess held up the bit of flaming silk and threw a kiss back at the merchant, and he waved a fat good-bye. Then they broke into a run, for the train was already nearing the station, and the final "En voiture, s'il vous plaît," was being called as they climbed breathless into the third-class carriage that the Countess had insisted they should take.

There was but one other passenger in the compartment, a young country girl, who held a bird cage on her knees, and sat with her eyes protectingly fastened upon a large black basket on the seat before her. Her appearance was reassuringly commonplace, but no sooner was the door slammed than she sprang to her feet with a cry of delight and clasped the Countess in her arms.

Eager explanations followed, to which the young man was careful not to listen, and sinking into a corner he feigned an interest in the passing landscape, till suddenly the Countess, turning to him, said:

"Please put your head out of the window, and keep it there till you feel yourself pinched."

Achille did as he was told, keeping his face toward the locomotive till his eyes were filled with cinders, and then in the opposite direction till the air upon his neck made him sneeze. He had suspended thought as far as the actions of the Countess were concerned, and, as he watched the leisurely flow of ties and bolts beside the omnibus train, he speculated only upon what would happen should he reach the next station unpinched. But his anxiety was unnecessary, for just as the speed began to slacken, he felt upon his arm the clasp of two soft fingers, and meanly allowed the signal to be repeated before responding.

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When he put his head out of the window there had been with him a peasant maiden, and another who had passed for his nephew. Now there were two peasant maidens and the boy had gone. Rosalind had gone—the Duchess Anne had gone.

"Mademoiselle!!" began Achille, in wild consternation, but the sentence ended in a fit of uncontrolled laughter.

The Countess blushed and laughed also, and the real peasant laughed loudest of all. Then the train stopped and the owner of the black basket, having kissed the Countess again, descended and Achille handed her the bird cage.

"Give me a gold piece, please," said the Countess, and when he had hastened to obey she threw it to the peasant girl, saying:

"That is for the little Jules"; then to Achille she added, "Put twenty francs on the bill."

"Gloves?" asked Achille.

"No," she answered, thoughtfully. "Dress material."

"Thank you," said Achille, respectfully.

Other passengers entered—a priest, a soldier, a woman with a hen, and a man with a basket of eels—and the two sat close together and spoke in confidential undertones.

"Where are we going now?" asked the Countess, smoothing her apron.

"I haven't an idea," replied Achille, as he produced the tickets. "I took passage to the end of the line, which is a branch. The place is about two hours from where we started, but my plan is to get out at the first town of importance, where we will be sure to find a carriage, for we must still be within driving distance of . . . " Achille paused, embarrassed, and added, "Pardon me, but I have not asked where you want to go."

"I think," replied the Countess, thoughtfully, "that for many reasons it would be better for me to go to Paris."

"Quite so," assented Achille, readily, but his composure cost him an effort.

"But I am in no hurry," continued the lady, looking down at her dress. "Now that I have this, a day or even longer would make no difference."

"Quite so," said Achille again, stepping on his own toe to make sure that he was awake. "I think we are coming to a large town, and it might be well to stop."

"I should like an omelet for my breakfast," said the Countess, "and you must buy a new cap—that one is insufferable—and a new blouse. Then we can pass for respectable peasants—brother and sister."

"St. Juste! Vingt minutes d'arrêt!" called the guard, and the train emptied itself of hungry passengers, who crowded toward the buffet—all save two respectable peasants, brother and sister, who quickly left the platform, and disappeared into the town.

VII

An hour later, when they had breakfasted at the Black Eagle, and exhausted the shop windows about the market place, they entered an old church, and the Countess offered Achille a drop of holy water on the end of her finger. Then they admired the windows and wandered leisurely from chapel to chapel, and he told her which parts of the edifice were Norman and which later Gothic, and pointed out the alterations of the Period of the Renaissance, and she listened and asked questions, and together they found wonderful old figures and bits of carving, and bribed the sacristan to show them the vestments and jewels; and the bells rang for ten o'clock before they remembered that they had forgotten the conveyance.

"Before we go," said the Countess, "we must light two candles for St. Anthony of Padua."

"Why for him?" asked Achille.

"He has a special care for lost articles," she answered.

They bought their tall candles from an old crone dozing in a corner, and set them on the spikes of the candlestick where other votives burnt; and as the girl knelt in the soft light beneath, the young man stood behind her, and looking up at the kind old Saint assured him privately that the matter was not pressing.

The day had grown warm, and when they left the church they strolled into the small botanical garden which is the chief ornament of St. Juste, and sat upon a bench beside the fountain. The place at this hour was occupied only by an elderly gentleman, who read his paper on a distant seat, and some nursemaids on the other side of the basin gossiping together while their charges played about them.

"It will be pleasanter driving when the afternoon grows cool," said Achille.

"Much pleasanter," assented the Countess. "Do you know, this garden reminds me so much of the convent? Have you ever been in a convent?"

"Only in an extinct convent; I have never seen one in active operation."

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"I suppose not. Well, there is a broad path like this in the middle of the garden where the girls walk up and down, but there are statues of saints along the side, and whenever you come to one you must say a prayer and think how bad you are! It is nothing but a long rosary."

"But suppose that you are not at all bad?"

"You can't help being bad where everything you can possibly do is wrong. There is another path around the garden near the wall, but only the Sisters are allowed there; they are afraid that people will throw notes over the wall."

"Notes?"

"Yes, letters, but of course nobody does."

"Of course not."

"It is so much simpler to have them directed to the cook, and then they are brought up with your coffee."

"That cook should be discharged," said Achille firmly.

"Oh, no, indeed! if it had not been for a cook I should never have had a book to read."

"Were there no books in the convent?"

"Not the kind I mean. I think, Monsieur DuLorme, I ought to tell you something that I fear will lower me in your estimation. Listen, please, and do not interrupt till I have made my confession. Two years ago I happened to overhear the Mother Superior severely condemning a writer and his books. Naturally I desired nothing in the world so much as to read those books, and naturally I read them—thanks to the cook. It was wrong, but I did. They were written by a foreigner—an American—one William Dean Howells; a wicked and dangerous man. It was his fiendish object to depict the world, not of course as it is, filled with dangers and pitfalls, but instead as peopled with kind and generous men and women who would not hurt one if they could.

"The girls of whom he wrote could speak to perfect strangers and meet with nothing but respect and courtesy. He made light of the perils that beset women who stray from the path of convention. He did not argue against restraints: he ignored them. Like the snake in Eden, he held out the apple, saying: 'Eat and know, thou shalt not surely die.'

"I know that this is false and wrong, or why should those who are wiser than I take so much trouble to teach me that it is? But having once tasted the intoxication of freedom, I fear that I shall never again like the watered wine of conventional restraint. I feel that the insidious poison of confidence in mankind has entered my blood, and that I shall never know again the sweet suspicion and mistrust of my earlier years. Monsieur, I have lost my belief in universal depravity."

The Countess paused, and Achille said cautiously—

"I have read the works of this Monsieur Howells, and, believe me, I have not found them as bad as you have pictured them."

"Have you read 'The Lady of the Aroostook'?"

"I have, and although the startling exploits of that extraordinary young person in crossing the world without a chaperon shocked me at the time, I must own that I have since thought that I should like to know her."

"It is only your kindness of heart. Monsieur, that prompts you to comfort me."

"Not altogether," said the young man seriously, "for I have a confession to make also. In my boyhood I fell a victim to the American romance; I read the writings of Monsieur Cooper, and since then my life has been duplex. I have outwardly accepted the standards of my station, while inwardly chafing beneath its limitations. Mademoiselle, may I venture the hope that I have at last met one who can understand that beneath the exterior of a provincial *rentier* may lurk the spirit of Uncas, the Last of the Mohicans?"

"I do not know of Monsieur Uncas," sighed the Countess, "but tell me, and tell me truly, would he have despised the Lady of the Aroostook?"

"He would have adored her, he would have worshiped her!" cried Achille with ardour, at the same time making a movement to capture the hand that chanced to rest near his own.

"Do you think," said the lady, withdrawing her hand, "that he would have told her so until she was in the wigwam of her people?"

"No," answered the young man, sitting erect, "that would have been the act of an inferior savage."

"Have you any dogs, Monsieur?" asked the Countess.

Of all the sentences that had fallen from her lips Achille treasured this question as the most angelic. He told her of Boy, and Toto the pug, and Brutus the watch dog,

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and incidentally something of his garden and the servants. Presently their talk drifted back to the Pig Market and mention was made of her companion who had so suddenly disappeared.

"She was a chance acquaintance," explained the Countess. "The convent, which is really a hotel with bars on the windows, was crowded, and we were given a room together. It seems that the Sisters (in addition to taking care of girls who must be somewhere, but are not wanted anywhere in particular) maintain a species of consigne where wives may be checked till called for, and that her husband, being obliged to go abroad, had left her there. I soon found that my roommate had an arrangement with the baker, who has a key to the small gate in the garden wall in order to bring in the bread, by which she was able to go out during the hours of private meditation. The baker rented bicycles, and sometimes we went riding together, but never very far. It was my fault that we were at the fair. I had heard of the country about Greslin and wanted to see it."

"I trust that you were not disappointed."

"I think it well repays a visit."

"If you will allow me to say it," ventured Achille, "it might have been more prudent to have selected another day, although of course your adventure would not have turned out as it did, had it not been for my stupidity in going to sleep. Mademoiselle, can I ever thank you for not reproaching me!"

The Countess laughed softly.

"That would not have been fair," she answered, "especially as I happened to be awake when we made the wrong turning."

"You were awake! You knew!"

"Yes, but it would have been so stupid to go straight back."

"Mademoiselle, it was the height of imprudence!"

"Pooh! I knew that I should be as well cared for as though I had gone roaming the hills with Leo XIII."

"Ah!" cried Achille, "let this be a lesson! You thought yourself with the worthy DuLorme, of whom, believe me, I have never so much as heard, while I . . ."

"While you are Monsieur Achille Vifour. I have known that from the first."

"PARDON!"

The voice was like that of a cannon, breaking in upon the quiet of a summer evening. The speaker wore his cocked hat sideways, and by other peculiarities of costume proclaimed himself an officer of the law. While the wanderers had laughed and whispered of their own concerns, Fate had come upon them in the uniform of a sergeant of gendarmes, who stood making a military salute in sickening travesty of respect.

"I regret the necessity of disturbing Monsieur," said the officer, "but he will not deny that the cap which he has now upon his head was purchased one hour ago at the chapellerie Rosenberg for the sum of two francs-fifty."

"I do not attempt to deny it," answered Achille, "especially as I saw you watching me from the street; but why should I not buy it?"

"Have a care!" said the officer, sternly, "let me caution you that whatever you may say will be used against you at your trial."

"At my trial!" cried Achille, flushing with anger and surprise.

"The old cap left in the shop of Rosenberg contains evidence of the most incriminating nature."

"Of what am I accused?" gasped Achille.

"Of what is Pierre Rabot, of many aliases, not accused?"

"Pierre Rabot is a scoundrel!"

"I advise you to reserve any confession that you may have to make. It will be more useful to denounce yourself before the court. Come with me. Madame may remain."

"Madame will not remain," retorted the Countess, with spirit. "You have made some imbecile mistake for which you will be reprimanded by the judge."

The gendarme smiled grimly.

"The Law does not make mistakes," he answered. "That is left for foolish women who leave their household duties to keep appointments in the garden."

"The Military never have appointments in the garden!" said the Countess, tossing her head, which pleased the gendarme, for he liked to be considered of the military, and his mustaches were waxed.

The officer, holding Achille firmly with his large right hand, marched from the garden, while the Countess upon the left kept up a running fire of conversation, and laughed with affected gaiety, to give the procession the semblance of an amiable promenade.

"Unnecessary words are not permitted while on duty," said the sergeant.

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"That does not prevent your listening," laughed the Countess. "I knew a gendarme once who arrested a dressmaker's dummy for being out in the street too late, and the circumstance so affected her reputation that he was obliged to marry her."

"Marry the dummy?"

"No, the dressmaker, stupid! I knew of another. . . ."

"Silence, we are about to pass the residence of the judge."

"Is that the judge? that little jackdaw there in the garden, eating his breakfast with his napkin tucked under his chin! Will he try us with the cotelette aux pommes? will he give sentence with the fromage de brie?"

"Madame," said the gendarme, "I dare not look in that direction, but if you can do so unobserved will you have the goodness to note what he is eating?"

"He is at this moment breaking an egg with his knife."

"Parbleu! he will not be through for an hour, and he has the key of the court in his pocket. It will be necessary for us to continue marching."

"But not in the streets, I pray you! Let us go down to the river and walk up and down along the bank."

The sergeant drew himself to his full height; but when the Countess nudged him with her elbow, he gave the order "left wheel" to his prisoner, and they turned into a steep and narrow lane at the end of which was a glimpse of trees and the shimmer of water.

The river that washes the quiet quay of St. Juste is an orderly river. It has guide posts telling the voyager where he must not land and where he is forbidden to fish; there are neat walls along the edges, like a canal, and tree-lined sidewalks like a boulevard; the very islands in the stream remind one of the refuge places where the timid seek safety from omnibuses.

When the sergeant with his charge came out upon the quay they found the place almost deserted. Two scows of sand, one full, the other half unloaded, lay moored against the wall awaiting the return of the workmen from their breakfast. In the shadow of a pile of bricks some horses munched their oats. A woman came up the ramp from the water's edge wheeling a barrow of wet linen; below, a boy washed a large yellow dog, and near him a skiff with oars still in the rowlocks was drawn up a little on the flags that it might not float away during its owner's absence.

"Let's go down and see him wash the dog," said the Countess. "We shall not be seen there; and you know, if it should turn out that you have made a mistake, you would be sorry if we were too conspicuous."

As they reached the waterside, the dog, being at the moment liberated, shook himself violently and with such effect that the officer, who happened to be nearest, was spattered from head to foot.

"Bad luck to the beast!" he shouted, angrily. "How am I to present myself before the judge looking like . . . like. . . ."

"An educated seal," suggested the Countess, but the gendarme only said coldly:

"Now we shall have to remain in the sun till I am dry."

The Countess clapped her hands.

"I have it!" she cried, "we will go out in the boat and you can sit in the sun and dry. Perhaps we might row over to that lovely little island, and while your prisoner roamed about you and I could stay in the boat and chat. It would be much pleasanter than walking three abreast on these scorching stones, and your poor hand must be tired holding his arm. Ah, come! your sweetheart will never know."

The sergeant, who was the father of a family, chuckled fatuously, and as the plan seemed feasible, ordered Achille to push the boat into the water while he kept a firm hold on the skirts of the stiff new blouse. Pierre Rabot's garment had been rolled into a ball and carefully tied in a red cotton handkerchief in accordance with the Countess's theory that such a piece of baggage was indispensable as an evidence of peasant respectability.

When they embarked Achille was assigned to the oars, the Countess claimed the privilege of the rudder, and the sergeant sat forward where he could enjoy the benefit of the sun and at the same time keep a close watch upon his captive. A hundred strokes sent the light craft across the strip of water and, as nobody happened to be looking out ahead, brought the prow in such violent contact with the shelving bottom full two metres from the bank that the officer was for a moment in imminent danger of falling out.

"Have a care what you are about," he shouted. "I warn you that any act of disrespect will be used against you at the trial."

"Pardon," said Achille, and this was the first word he had spoken since they left the fountain.

"Can't we get nearer?" asked the Countess.

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"No," replied the sergeant who had been taking soundings with his sword, "the prow is already on the sand and the water ahead is more shallow."

"What shall we do?"

"Go back. Stop rowing there, you are pushing aground."

"I will not go back until I have seen that island. I will tell you how we can manage. You, Monsieur le Capitaine, leap ashore; the boat will easily go up when you are out."

The sergeant stood up and measured the distance with his eye.

"It is a pretty good jump," he said dubiously.

"I am sure that I could do it," said the Countess.

"Will you give me a kiss if I do it?"

"The moment I am on the island."

"Well, here goes," said the sergeant, and he jumped.

He alighted in water above his ankles and splashed toward the land muttering soldierly expletives, and the boat, relieved of his weight, floated freely, but the recoil of the jump had driven it well out in the stream where the current took it rapidly still further away.

"Come right in here," yelled the sergeant, "the water is deep enough. Pull on your left oar, idiot!"

"I am afraid," retorted Achille, "that might be used against me at the trial."

(*To be concluded*)

Names

By HENRY HERBERT KNIBBS

IT'S when you name Cheyenne or Laramie,
Laredo, Magdalena, San Antone,
You set me thinking of what used to be:
I knew a blue-eyed girl in Laramie—
But, somehow, I just drifted on, alone.

A man got shot in Laramie one night;
It wasn't me. I fanned it out of town
And headed South. I reckon I did right—
The Magdalena girl, her eyes were brown.

I didn't know the Southern country then;
I tried it for a year, then came away;
Homesick, I hit the trail for old Cheyenne—
I recollect her eyes were warm and gray.

The sheriff came to town, so I rode South;
For every man, he likes a change of scene—
Laredo? Well, she had a rose-red mouth,
And eyes you couldn't read—just cool and green.

Laredo it was heaven, for a spell,
Then hard times hit the range and work was slack:
I wouldn't say that San Antone was hell,
But she was Spanish—and her eyes were black.

Some folks they settle down and make a home,
And some keep chasing after fame or gold;
And while it seems I always had to roam,
I'm glad I didn't see their eyes grow old.

So when you name Cheyenne or Laramie,
Laredo, Madgalena, San Antone,
You're making music that sounds good to me;
I knew a blue-eyed girl in Laramie,
But, somehow, I just drifted on, alone.

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M. Seguin's Goat

By ALPHONSE DAUDET

Alph. Daudet

Translated by Katharine P. Wormeley

YOU will always be the same, my poor Gringoire!

What! a place is offered you as reporter on one of the best Parisian newspapers, and you have the coolness to refuse it? Look at yourself, you luckless fellow! look at your shabby jacket, those dilapidated breeches, and that thin face that cries out hunger. It is to this that your passion for noble verse has brought you! This is what your loyal ten years' service as page to Sire Apollo has won! On the whole, are you not ashamed of it?

Come, make yourself a reporter, imbecile; make yourself a reporter. You will earn good crown-pieces, and have your knife and fork at Brébant's, and you can exhibit yourself on all first nights with a new feather in your cap.

No? What, you won't? You insist on living free and as you please to the end of the chapter? Well, then! listen to the history of M. Seguin's goat. You will see what is gained by wishing to live at liberty.

M. Seguin never had luck with his goats. He lost them in all kinds of ways. One fine morning they broke their tether and wandered away to the mountain, where a wolf ate them. Neither the caresses of their master nor fear of the wolf, nothing could restrain them. They were, it appeared, independent goats, wanting at any cost free air and liberty.

The worthy M. Seguin, who did not understand the nature of his animals, was shocked. He said:

"That's enough; goats are bored by living with me; I won't keep another."

However, after losing six in that way, he was not discouraged, and he bought a seventh; but this time he was careful to get her quite young, so young that she might the better get accustomed to live with him.

Ah! Gringoire, she was pretty, that little goat of M. Seguin's, so pretty with her soft eyes, her little tuft of beard like a sub-officer, her black and shiny hoofs, her ribbed horns, and her long, white hair which wrapped her like a mantle! She was almost as charming as that kid of Esmeralda's—you remember, Gringoire?—and then, so docile, so coaxing, letting herself be milked without budging, and never putting her foot in the bowl! A love of a little goat!

Behind M. Seguin's house was a field hedged round with hawthorn. It was there that he put his new boarder. He fastened her to a stake, at the very best part of the meadow, taking care to give her plenty of rope; and from time to time he went to see if she was satisfied. The goat seemed very happy, and cropped the grass with such heartiness that M. Seguin was delighted.

"At last," thought the poor man, "here's one at least that isn't bored by living with me!"

M. Seguin deceived himself; the goat was bored.

One day she said to herself, looking at the mountain:

"How nice it must be up there! What a pleasure to skip in the heather, without this cursed rope, which rubs my neck! It is all very well for asses and cattle to browse in a field, but goats! why, *they* want the open."

From that moment the grass of the meadow seemed to her insipid. Ennui seized her. She grew thin; her milk was scanty. It was really piteous to see her, straining at the tether all day, her head turned to the mountain, her nostrils flaming, and she saying "Ma-ë" so sadly.

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M. Seguin saw that something was the matter with his goat, but he did not know what. One morning, after he had milked her, the goat turned round and said to him in her patois:—

"Listen, M. Seguin; I am so weary here with you; let me go on the mountain."

"Ah! *mon Dieu!* She, too!" cried poor M. Seguin, stupefied, and he let fall the bowl; then, sitting down on the grass at the side of his goat, he said:—

"Oh! Blanchette, would you leave me?"

And Blanchette answered:—

"Yes, M. Seguin."

"Isn't there grass enough here to please you?"

"Oh! plenty, M. Seguin."

"Do I tie you too short? Shall I lengthen the rope?"

"It isn't worth while, M. Seguin."

"Then what is the matter? What do you want?"

"I want to go on the mountain, M. Seguin."

"But, you unhappy little thing, don't you know there are wolves on the mountain? What would you do if a wolf attacked you?"

"I'd butt him with my horns."

"A wolf wouldn't care for your horns. He has eaten up goats of mine with much bigger horns than yours. Don't you remember that poor old Renaude who was here last year? Strong and spiteful as a ram. She fought all night with the wolf, but, in the morning, the wolf ate her."

"*Pecaïre!* Poor Renaude! But that does not matter, M. Seguin; let me go to the mountain."

"Merciful powers!" exclaimed M. Seguin, "what *is* the matter with my goats? Another one for the wolf to eat! Well, no, I shall save you in spite of yourself, you slut! and for fear you should break your rope I shall put you in the stable, and there you will stay."

Whereupon M. Seguin led the goat into his brand-new stable, and double-locked the door. Unfortunately, he forgot the window, and hardly had he turned his back before the little one was out and away.

You laugh, Gringoire? *Parbleu!* I suppose so; you take the side of the goat against that good M. Seguin. We'll see if you laugh presently.

When the white goat reached the mountain there was general delight. Never had the old fir-trees seen anything so pretty. They received her like a little princess. The chestnut-trees bent to the ground to kiss her with the tips of their branches. The golden gorse opened wide to let her pass, and smelt just as sweet as it could. In fact, the whole mountain welcomed her.

You can imagine, Gringoire, how happy she was! No more rope, no stake, nothing to prevent her from skipping and browsing as she pleased. My dear fellow, the grass was above her horns! and such grass!—luscious, delicate, toothsome, made of all sorts of plants. Quite another thing from that grass in the meadow. And the flowers, oh! great blue campanulas and crimson fox-gloves with their long calyxes, a perfect forest of wild-flowers giving out an intoxicating sweetness.

The white goat, a little tipsy, wallowed in the thick of them with her legs in the air, and rolled down the banks pell-mell with the falling leaves and the chestnuts. Then, suddenly, she sprang to her feet with a bound, and hop! away she went, head foremost, through thicket and bushes, now on a rock, now in a gully, up there, down there, everywhere. You would have said that ten of M. Seguin's goats were on the mountain.

The fact is, Blanchette was afraid of nothing.

She sprang with a bound over torrents that spattered her as she passed with a dust of damp spray. Then, all dripping, she would stretch herself out on a nice flat rock and dry in the sun. Once, coming to the edge of a slope with a bit of laurel between her teeth, she saw below, far below on the plain, the house of M. Seguin with the meadow behind it; and she laughed till she cried.

"How small it is!" she said; "how could I ever have lived there?"

Poor little thing! being perched so high she fancied she was tall as the world.

Well! it was a good day for M. Seguin's goat. About noon, running from right to left, she fell in with a herd of chamois munching a wild vine with all their teeth. Among them our little white-gowned rover made quite a sensation. They gave her the choicest place at the vine, and all those gentlemen were very gallant. In fact, it appears—but this is between ourselves, Gringoire—that a young chamois with a black coat had the great good fortune to please Blanchette. The pair wandered off in the woods for an hour or so, and if you want to know what they said to each other, go ask those chattering brooks that are running invisible through the mosses.

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Suddenly the wind freshened. The mountain grew violet; it was dusk.

"Already!" said the little goat; and she stopped, quite surprised.

Below, the fields were drowned in mist. M. Seguin's meadow disappeared in the fog, and nothing could be seen of the house but the roof and a trifle of smoke. She heard the little bells of a flock that was on its way home, and her soul grew sad. A falcon, making for his nest, swept her with his wings as he passed. She shuddered. Then came a howl on the mountain:

"Hoo! hoo!"

She thought of the wolf; all day that silly young thing had never once thought of it. At the same moment a horn sounded far, far down the valley. It was that good M. Seguin, making a last effort.

"Hoo, hoo!" howled the wolf.

"Come back! come back!" cried the horn.

Blanchette felt a wish to return, but remembering the stake, the rope, the hedge of the field, she thought that she never could endure that life again and 'twas better to remain where she was.

The horn ceased to sound.

The goat heard behind her the rustling of leaves. She turned and saw in the shadow two short ears, erect, and two eyes shining. It was the wolf.

Enormous, motionless, seated on his tail, he was looking at the little white goat and smacking his lips in advance. As he knew very well he should eat her up, the wolf was not in a hurry; but when she turned round and saw him he began to laugh wickedly: "Ha! ha! M. Seguin's little goat!—" and he licked his great red tongue round his wily chops.

Blanchette felt she was lost. For an instant, remembering the story of old Renaude, who had fought all night only to be eaten in the morning, she said to herself that 'twas better, perhaps, to be eaten at once; but then, thinking otherwise, she put herself on guard, head low, horns forward, like the brave little goat that she was. Not that she had any hope of killing the wolf,—goats can't kill wolves,—but only to see if she, too, could hold out as long as old Renaude.

Then the monster advanced, and the pretty little horns began the dance.

Ah! the brave goatling! with what heart she went at it! More than ten times—I'm not exaggerating, Gringoire—more than ten times she forced the wolf back to get breath. During each of these momentary truces the dainty little thing nibbled one more blade of her dearly loved grass; then, with her mouth full, she returned to the combat. It lasted all through the night. From time to time M. Seguin's goat looked up at the stars as they danced on the cloudless sky and said to herself:—

"Oh! if I can only hold out till dawn."

One after another, the stars went out. Blanchette redoubled the blows of her horns, and the wolf the snap of his teeth. A pale gleam showed on the horizon. The hoarse crowing of a cock rose from a barnyard.

"At last!" said the poor little goat, who had only awaited the dawn to die; and she stretched herself out on the ground in her pretty white fur all spotted with gore.

Then the wolf fell upon her and ate her up.

Adieu, Gringoire!

The story you have now heard is not a tale of my own invention. If ever you come to Provence, our farmers will often tell you of *la cabro de Moussu Seguin, que se battégue touto la neui emé lou loup, e piei lou matin lou loup la mangé.*

You understand me, Gringoire: "And then, in the morning, the wolf ate her up."

The First Winter Song

From the Early Irish by ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

TAKE my tidings!
Stags contend;
Snows descend—
Summer's end!

A chill wind raging;
The sun low keeping,
Swift to set
O'er seas high sweeping.

Dull red the fern;
Shapes are shadows;
Wild geese mourn
O'er misty meadows.

Keen cold limes each weaker wing.
Icy times—
Such I sing!
Take my tidings!

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The Beginnings of Banking

III.

Interest was Limited to 100 Per Cent. in Egypt

They say that Bocchoris made the laws concerning merchandise. As to these, it was a law, that if a man borrowed money, and the lender had no writing to show for it, and the other denied it upon his oath, he should be quit of the debt: to that end, therefore, in the first place, they were to sacrifice to the gods, as men making conscience, and tender and scrupulous in taking an oath. . . .

For those that lent money by contract in writing, it was not lawful to take usury above what would double the stock; and that payment should be made only out of the debtor's goods; but his body was not liable in any wise to imprisonment: and those were counted the debtor's goods, which he had either earned by his labour, or had been bestowed upon him by the just proprietors. But as for their bodies, they belonged to the cities where they inhabited, who had an interest in them for the public service, both in times of peace and war; for it was an absurd thing for him who was to venture his life for his country, to be carried to gaol for a debt for his creditor, (if it should so happen), and that the public safety should be hazarded, to gratify the covetousness of some private men.

Diodorus Siculus.

Where the Hebrew Code Drew the Line

Thou shalt not lend upon usury to thy brother; usury of money, usury of victuals, usury of any thing that is lent upon usury:

Unto a stranger thou mayest lend upon usury; but unto thy brother thou shalt not lend upon usury: that the Lord thy God may bless thee in all that thou settest thine hand to in the land whither thou goest to possess it. Deuteronomy.

The Mediæval Money-Lender

At the period of the Crusades, when religious zeal blinded our ancestors to everything but military glory and the restoration of the cross, the Jews who had come to England from Normandy, soon after the conquest, and who by their industry and frugality were possessed of the greater portion of the ready money of the kingdom, at a time when trade and merchandize were held in contempt, seem early to have availed themselves of the dispensations of the Mosaic law, as to transactions with "*strangers*." We find them in the twelfth century the chief if not the sole lenders of money for gain or Usury, which then signified the same thing; and being no less odious on account of their religion, than hated for their wealth and alleged extortions, were often heavily fined and imprisoned, and at length driven out of the kingdom for this offence. James Birch Kelly.

The Koran Forbade Interest Altogether

Those who devour usury shall not rise again, save as he riseth whom Satan hath paralyzed with a touch; and that is because they say, "Selling is only like usury"; but God hath made selling lawful and usury unlawful; and he to whom the admonition from his Lord hath come, if he desists, what has gone before is his; his matter is in God's hands. But whosoever returns (*to usury*), these are the fellows of the fire, and they shall dwell therein for ever, God shall blot out usury, but shall make alms-giving profitable; for God loves not any unbeliever. The Quoran. *Sura 2.*

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A Land of Money-Lenders and Hoarders

I must add, that the inhabitants of India have the character of liking to make money and hoard it. If one of them is asked how much property he has, he replies, "I don't know, but I am the second or third of my family who has laboured to increase the treasure which an ancestor deposited in a certain cavern, or in certain holes, and I do not know how much it amounts to." The Indians are accustomed to dig pits for the reception of their hoards. Some form an excavation in their houses, like a cistern, which they close with care, leaving only the opening necessary for introducing the gold pieces. Thus they accumulate their riches. They will not take worked gold, either broken or in ingots, but in their fear of fraud refuse all but coined money. 'Abbas Ahmad (*1330 A. D.*)

Call Loans in 1670

And principally, this seeming scarcity of money proceeds from the trade of bankering, which obstructs circulation, advanceth usury, and renders it so easy, that most men, as soon as they can make up a sum of £50 or £100 send it in to the goldsmith; which doth and will occasion, while it lasts, that fatal pressing necessity for money, so visible throughout the whole kingdom, both to prince and people. Sir Josiah Child.

The "Sweetness" of 61 Per Cent.

A seventh accidental reason why land doth not sell at present at the rate it naturally should in proportion to the legal interest, is that innovated practice of *bankers* in London, which hath more effects attending it than most I converse with have yet observed; but I shall here take notice of that only which is to my present purpose, *viz:*

The gentlemen that are bankers, having a large interest from his Majesty for what they advance upon his Majesty's revenue, can afford to give the full legal interest to all persons that put money into their hands, though for never so short or long a time; which makes the trade of usury so easy, and hitherto safe, that few, after having found the sweetness of this lazy way of improvement (being by continuance and success grown to fancy themselves secure in it) can be led (there being neither ease nor profit to invite them) to lay out their money in land, though at fifteen years purchase; whereas, before this way of private bankering came up, men that had money were forced oftentimes to let it lie dead by them, until they could meet with securities to their minds; and if the like necessity were now of money lying dead, the loss of use for the dead time being deducted from the profit of 61 *per cent.* . . . would in effect take off 11 *per cent. per annum* of the profit of usury, and consequently incline men more to purchase lands, in regard the difference between usury and purchasing would not in point of profit be so great as now it is; this new invention of cashiering having, in my opinion, clearly bettered the usurers trade 1 or 2 *per cent. per annum.* And that this way of leaving money with goldsmiths hath had the aforesaid effect, seems evident to me from the scarcity it makes of money in the country; for the trade of bankers being only in London, doth very much drain the ready money from all other parts of the kingdom. Sir Josiah Child (1670).

His Majesty's "Royal Bowels" Yearned with Compassion—But He Had Spent the Money

The real calamity came when in 1672 Charles II by his so-called "coup de finance" suspended the payment of the bankers from the Exchequer. . . . Charles II was in need of 1,500,000 pounds, and he promised that the one who could invent a scheme by which to raise that amount of money was to be made Lord Treasurer. Sir Thomas Clifford obtained this secret from Ashley and presented a scheme to the king; "Odds fish! I will be as good as my word if you can find the money," Charles is supposed to have said to Clifford. The scheme was, as we have said before, to discontinue the payments from the Exchequer to the bankers. Clifford was made Treasurer and a peer, and the payments were stopped. This scheme was the cause of a national calamity, for the money belonged largely to the trading community. Even the poor people had entrusted their savings to

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the goldsmiths, who in turn had deposited their surplus floating capital in the Exchequer. They withdrew the money once a week to meet the demands of their customers. The bankers lost 1,328,526 pounds. This amount was due to the goldsmith bankers from the king, at 8%. The reason for this fact is the arrangement between the king and the bankers; for as soon as Parliament had made a grant, the bankers advanced the money, and they were paid weekly from the Exchequer. A great number of petitions came to the king, from those who had been involved in the loss, asking him if he "will suffer these persons and their families to starve for want of that which is their own." "I am confident," says one, "his Majesty's royal bowels yearn with compassion toward us. Neither is the delay of payment hitherto any defect in His Majesty's innate justice, but an excrescence and an unhappy superfetation of the first pernicious councel of shutting up the Exchequer, . . . for the King's honour and justice, like a rock of diamonds, remains still impenetrable." The king answered that contrary "to his inclination, he had been obliged to cause a stop to be made as to the principal money, he would punctually pay it hereafter." He allowed 6% interest on the money, and as payments he used his hereditary revenue which amounted to 79,711 pounds, 11 shillings, 2 pence per annum. These payments were kept up for a few years and then suspended. The creditors maintained their rights before the Court of Exchequer, and in 1697 judgment fell against the crown—only to be set aside by Somers a little later.

In the "coup de finance" of Charles II we find the beginning of the English national debt.

THEODORE HUGGENKIRK.

A LONDON MERCHANT ON "THE MYSTERY OF THE NEW-FASHIONED GOLDSMITHS OR BANKERS"

SIR,

. . . If I could now discourse you, I ought to be satisfied whether you have thought to put your Son to a Goldsmith of the Old or New Fashion, those of that profission having of late years wholly changed their way of Trading. In my time their whole imployment was to make and sell plate, to buy forreign Coyns and Gold and Silver imported to melt and cull them, and cause some to be coyned at the Mint, and with the rest to furnish the Refiners, Plate-makers, and Merchants, as they found the price of gold and silver to vary, and as the Merchants had occasion for Forreign Coyns.

But about Thirty years since, the Civil Wars giving opportunity to Apprentices to leave their Masters at will, and the old way having been for Merchants to trust their Cash in one of their Servants custody, many such Cashiers left their Masters in the lurch and went to the Army, and Merchants knew not how to confide in their Apprentices; then did some Merchants begin to put their Cash into Goldsmiths hands to receive and pay for them (thinking it more secure) and the trade of Plate being then but little worth, most of the Nobility and Gentry, and others melting down their old Plate rather than buying new, and few daring to use or own Plate, the Goldsmiths sought to be the Merchants cash-keepers to receive and pay for nothing, few observing or conjecturing their profit they had for their pains. . . .

These unlawful practices and profits of the Goldsmiths, made them greedy to ingross all the Cash they could, and to combine with all mens servants who continued to keep any cash, to bring their moneys to them to be culled, and to remain with them at four pence the day intrest *per centum* (*slightly over 6 per cent.*) without the Masters privity: And having thus got Money into their hands, they presumed upon some to come as fast as others was paid away; and upon that confidence of a running Cash (as they call it) they begun to accommodate men with Moneys for Weeks and Moneths upon extraordinary gratuities, and supply all necessitous Merchants that overtraded their Stock, with present Money for their Bills of Exchange, discounting sometimes double, perhaps treble interest for the time as they found the Merchant more or less pinched.

Profit arising by this Trade, some of them who had the highest Credit, undertook to receive Gentlemens Rents as they were returned to Town, and indeed any Mans money, and to allow them some interest for it though it lay for a month only, or less, the Owners calling for it by a hundred or fifty pounds at a time as their occasions and expenses wanted it; this new practice giving hopes to everybody to make Profit of their money until the Hour they spent it, and the conveniency as they thought, to command their money when

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they pleased, which they could not do when lent at intrest upon personal or reall Security; These hopes I say, drew a great Cash into these new Goldsmiths hands, and some of them stuck to their old Trade, but every one of them that had friends or credit, aspired to this new Mystery to become Bankers or Cashiers, and when Cromwell ussurped the Government, the greatest of them began to deal with him to supply his wants of Money upon great Advantages especially after they had bought those Dollers whereof he robb'd the Spaniards to about the value of £300,000.

After the King's return he wanting money, some of these Bankers undertook to lend him not their own but other mens money, taking barefaced of Him ten pound for the hundred, and by private contracts many Bills, Orders, Tallies, and Debts of the King's, above twenty, and sometimes thirty in the hundred, to the great dishonour of the Government. . . .

But the number of Bankers increased so fast, and the money at Interest come so much into their hands, that the King and his Farmers, and all Tallies of Anticipation and Orders, could not secure all the money they had to lend. Hereupon they sought out according to their several natural wits and capacities, how to dispose of more money then lawful Intrest, either upon Pawns or Bottom, Reason or unreasonable discounts of Intrest for Bills, or upon notorious usurious Contracts, or upon personal Securities from Heirs whose Estates are in expectancy, or by sudden advance of Money to Projectors, who drawn into Projects many Responsible men to the ruin of their Families; these Goldsmiths however getting 101 or 151 *per centum*, and sometimes more, only for the present advance of the money, besides the future Interest, These and a hundred other Practices they have used and do still continue in contempt of Law and Justice. . . .

Perhaps it is worth the inquiry upon that account, whether any Man that hath exercised the Mystery of Banking, hath living or dying, gone off the Stage with a clear good Estate, all his Creditors being paid, fully paid. But I judg no Man. I submit these thoughts and myself to Your Prudent Censure, and remain,

Sir,

Your Humble Servant,

J. R. (1676).

A "Quantulumcunque" Concerning Money

What Remedy is there if we have too little money?

We must erect a Bank, which well computed, doth almost double the Effect of our coined Money: And we have in England Materials for a Bank which shall furnish Stock enough to drive the Trade of the whole Commercial World.

What is the Trade of a Banker?

Buying and selling of Interest and Exchange: Who is honest only upon the Penalty of losing a beneficial Trade, founded upon a good Opinion of the World, which is called Credit.

Sir William Petty (1682).

"What, Are All You Linkt Together in a Chain?"

Scrivener—Prethee Banker don't fill thy head with Projects after all this; I never saw any of our late Projectors come to anything but Poverty and Want, the Poets and they may e'en keep together. But hold a little Mr. Banker, I must needs speak a word with yonder Friend, and then come to you again. . . .

Scrivener—Here's more bloody news still.

Banker—Why, what's the matter now Scrivener?

Scrivener—The matter d'ye say, why matter enough, I think the Devil has possest all you Bankers; why there's another Western Banker just broke, my Friend brings me word, one J. by the Sanctuary-Office in Fleet-street, not very far from the Old Devil, and his Nephew the Young one: Goodness Sir, what Men break that never pay Interest for Money! How in the name of Jove can this be? What, are all you linkt together in a Chain? Well, farewel my dear Banker, I'le e'en home and laugh at a Friend for entrusting

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£1,500 in his hands. . . . And so dear Banker, make haste off the Exchange, and away to the Turkish-Shoar, and to those other places where thy Friends are gone before.

The Broken Scrivener's Complaint (*1683*).

Instructing the Public in the Uses of a Bank

Gentleman—I cannot but admire and applaud the Care and Caution of the Bank in this particular; and confess that your Answer hath both surprised and satisfied me. But after all, you must pardon me, if I tell you, that here is nothing all this while but Printed Paper, and I cannot go to Market, or manage any Trade, nor pay any Bill of Exchange, or other debt with it, since I cannot force any man to accept thereof; nor can it be supposed that these Bills will ever be current, except men on any occasion, can turn them as readily into Money, as they can Gold into Silver.

Merchant—The Governours of the Bank, in the account they have lately published; and which, I perceive, you have not yet seen, do give men unquestionable satisfaction in this case, by assuring all concerned, that they will receive these Bills in all Payments to be made unto them; as also by informing them of Persons of all sorts of Callings that will accept those Bills in Trade; . . . and when Men shall find their Errour (which they will quickly do) in desiring Money rather than these Bills, they will change their Minds, and rather desire Bills than Money, as being more safe, and no less useful than Money. . . . It now draws towards Night, and I must therefore take my leave of you, to attend a business of Importance, in which I am ingaged; and I believe it happens not amiss for you, who have reason to be tired with such a long discourse.

Gentleman—So far from tired, that I assure you, Sir, I am exceedingly pleased to receive so good an Account of the Bank; and fully convinced, that so Great and Good an Undertaking deserves, and will find the Applause and Assistance of all Prudent, Industrious and Good Men; and in fine, of all such as have any value for the publick Prosperity, or regard to their own Private Advantage. *Bank-Credit* (London, 1683).

Finance in Evelyn's Day

April 24th, 1694.

A publick Bank of £140,000 set up by Act of Parliament, among other Acts, and Lotteries for money to carry on the war.

July 1st, 1694.

The first greate Bank for a fund of money being now establish'd by Act of Parliament, was fill'd and compleated to the sum of £120,000, and put under the government of the most able and wealthy citizens of London. All who adventur'd any sum had 4 per cent. so long as it lay in the Bank, and had power either to take it out at pleasure, or transfer it.

June 11th, 1696.

Want of current money to carry on the smallest concerns, even for daily provisions in the markets. Guineas lower'd to 22 shillings, and great sums daily transported to Holland where it yields more, with other treasure sent to pay the armies, and nothing considerable coin'd of the new and now onely current stamp, cause such a scarcity that tumults are every day feared, nobody paying or receiving money; so imprudent was the late Parliament to condemn the old, tho' clipt and corrupted, till they had provided supplies. To this add the fraud of the bankers and goldsmiths, who, having gotten immense riches by extortion, keepe up their treasure in expectation of enhancing its value; Duncomb, not long since a meane goldsmith, having made a purchase of the late Duke of Buckingham's estate at neere £90,000, and reputed to have neere as much in cash. Banks and Lotteries every day set up. *Diary.* John Evelyn.

Ford—*They say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.*
Falstaff—*Money is a good soldier sir, and will on.*

Merry Wives of Windsor. Shakespeare.

(To be concluded)

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The Thousand-and-Second Tale of Scheherazade

By EDGAR ALLAN POE

"Truth is stranger than fiction."—OLD SAYING.

[Obviously, Poe's list of "true wonders of the world" would need correction, after ninety years of intensive study by tens of thousands of scientists. Yet it can surely stand sufficiently to make his point; and any reader who wishes to check his own miscellaneous information may find amusement in bringing the facts—as given on pages 231 and 232—up to date.]

HAVING had occasion, lately, in the course of some Oriental investigations, to consult the *Tellmenow Isitsöornot*, a work which (like the Zohar of Simeon Jochaides) is scarcely known at all, even in Europe, and which has never been quoted, to my knowledge, by any American—if we except, perhaps, the author of the "Curiosities of American Literature";—having had occasion, I say, to turn over some pages of the first-mentioned very remarkable work, I was not a little astonished to discover that the literary world has hitherto been strangely in error respecting the fate of the vizier's daughter, Scheherazade, as that fate is depicted in the "Arabian Nights"; and that the *dénouement* there given, if not altogether inaccurate, as far as it goes, is at least to blame in not having gone very much farther.

For full information on this interesting topic, I must refer the inquisitive reader to the "Isitsöornot" itself; but, in the meantime, I shall be pardoned for giving a summary of what I there discovered.

It will be remembered, that, in the usual version of the tales, a certain monarch, having good cause to be jealous of his queen, not only puts her to death, but makes a vow, by his beard and the prophet, to espouse each night the most beautiful maiden in his dominions, and the next morning to deliver her up to the executioner.

Having fulfilled this vow for many years to the letter, and with a religious punctuality and method that conferred great credit upon him as a man of devout feelings and excellent sense, he was interrupted one afternoon (no doubt at his prayers) by a visit from his grand vizier, to whose daughter, it appears, there had occurred an idea.

Her name was Scheherazade, and her idea was, that she would either redeem the land from the depopulating tax upon its beauty, or perish, after the approved fashion of all heroines, in the attempt.

Accordingly, and although we do not find it to be leap-year (which makes the sacrifice more meritorious), she deputes her father, the grand vizier, to make an offer to the king of her hand. This hand the king eagerly accepts—(he had intended to take it at all events, and had put off the matter from day to day, only through fear of the vizier)—but, in accepting it now, he gives all parties very distinctly to understand, that, grand vizier or no grand vizier, he has not the slightest design of giving up one iota of his vow or of his privileges. When, therefore, the fair Scheherazade insisted upon marrying the king, and did actually marry him despite her father's excellent advice not to do anything of the kind—when she would and did marry him, I say, will-I nill-I, it was with her beautiful black eyes as thoroughly open as the nature of the case would allow.

It seems, however, that this politic

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damsel (who had been reading Machiavelli, beyond doubt) had a very ingenious little plot in her mind. On the night of the wedding, she contrived, upon I forget what specious pretence, to have her sister occupy a couch sufficiently near that of the royal pair to admit of easy conversation from bed to bed; and, a little before cock-crowing, she took care to awaken the good monarch, her husband (who bore her none the worse will because he intended to wring her neck on the morrow)—she managed to awaken him, I say (although on account of a capital conscience and an easy digestion, he slept well) by the profound interest of a story (about a rat and a black cat, I think) which she was narrating (all in an undertone, of course) to her sister. When the day broke, it so happened that this history was not altogether finished, and that Scheherazade, in the nature of things, could not finish it just then, since it was high time for her to get up and be bowstrung—a thing very little more pleasant than hanging, only a trifle more genteel!

The king's curiosity, however, prevailing, I am sorry to say, even over his sound religious principles, induced him for this once to postpone the fulfilment of his vow until next morning, for the purpose and with the hope of hearing that night how it fared in the end with the black cat (a black cat, I think it was) and the rat.

The night having arrived, however, the lady Scheherazade not only put the finishing stroke to the black cat and the rat (the rat was blue), but before she well knew what she was about, found herself deep in the intricacies of a narration, having reference (if I am not altogether mistaken) to a pink horse (with green wings) that went, in a violent manner, by clockwork, and was wound up with an indigo key. With this history the king was even more profoundly interested than with the other—and, as the day broke before its conclusion (notwithstanding all the queen's endeavours to get through with it in time for the bowstringing), there was again no resource but to postpone that ceremony as before, for twenty-four hours. The next night there happened a similar accident with a similar result; and then the next—and then again the next; so that, in the end, the good monarch, having been unavoidably deprived of all opportunity to keep his vow during a period of no less than one thousand and one nights, either forgets it altogether by the expiration of this time, or gets himself absolved of it in the regular way, or (what is more probable), breaks it outright, as well as the head of his father confessor. At all events, Scheherazade, who, being lineally descended from Eve, fell heir, perhaps, to the whole seven baskets of talk, which the latter lady, we all know, picked up from under the trees in the garden of Eden; Scheherazade, I say, finally triumphed, and the tariff upon beauty was repealed.

Now, this conclusion (which is that of the story as we have it upon record) is, no doubt, excessively proper and pleasant—but, alas! like a great many pleasant things, is more pleasant than true; and I am indebted altogether to the "Isitsöornot" for the means of correcting the error. "*Le mieux*," says a French proverb, "*est l'ennemi du bien*," and, in mentioning that Scheherazade had inherited the seven baskets of talk, I should have added, that she put them out at compound interest until they amounted to seventy-seven.

"My dear sister," said she, on the thousand-and-second night (I quote the language of the "Isitsöornot" at this point, *verbatim*), "my dear sister," said she, "now that all this little difficulty about the bowstring has blown over, and that this odious tax is so happily repealed, I feel that I have been guilty of great indiscretion in withholding from you and the king (who, I am sorry to say, snores—a thing no gentleman would do), the full conclusion of the history of Sinbad the sailor. This person went through numerous other and more interesting adventures than those which I related; but the truth is, I felt sleepy on the particular night of their narration, and so was seduced into cutting them short—a grievous piece of misconduct, for which I only trust that Allah will forgive me. But even yet it is not too late to remedy my great neglect—and as soon as I have given the king a pinch or two in order to wake him up so far that he may stop making that horrible noise, I will forthwith entertain you (and him if he pleases) with the sequel of this very remarkable story."

Hereupon the sister of Scheherazade, as I have it from the "Isitsöornot," expressed no very particular intensity of gratification; but the king having been sufficiently pinched, at length ceased snoring, and finally said "Hum!" and then "Hoo!" when the queen, understanding these words (which are no doubt Arabic) to signify that he was all attention, and would do his best not to snore any more—the queen, I say, having arranged these matters to her satis-

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faction, reëntered thus, at once, into the history of Sinbad the sailor:

"'At length, in my old age' (these are the words of Sinbad himself, as retailed by Scheherazade)—'at length, in my old age, and after enjoying many years of tranquillity at home, I became once more possessed with a desire of visiting foreign countries; and one day, without acquainting any of my family with my design, I packed up some bundles of such merchandise as was most precious and least bulky, and, engaging a porter to carry them, went with him down to the seashore, to await the arrival of any chance vessel that might convey me out of the kingdom into some region which I had not as yet explored.

"'Having deposited the packages upon the sands, we sat down beneath some trees, and looked out into the ocean in the hope of perceiving a ship, but during several hours we saw none whatever. At length I fancied that I could hear a singular buzzing or humming sound—and the porter, after listening awhile, declared that he also could distinguish it. Presently it grew louder, and then still louder, so that we could have no doubt that the object which caused it was approaching us. At length, on the edge of the horizon, we discovered a black speck, which rapidly increased in size until we made it out to be a vast monster, swimming with a great part of its body above the surface of the sea. It came towards us with inconceivable swiftness, throwing up huge waves of foam around its breast, and illuminating all that part of the sea through which it passed, with a long line of fire that extended far off into the distance.

"'As the thing drew near we saw it very distinctly. Its length was equal to that of three of the loftiest trees that grow, and it was as wide as the great hall of audience in your palace, O most sublime and munificent of the caliphs. Its body, which was unlike that of ordinary fishes, was as solid as a rock, and of a jetty blackness throughout all that portion of it which floated above the water, with the exception of a narrow blood-red streak that completely begirdled it. The belly, which floated beneath the surface, and of which we could get only a glimpse now and then as the monster rose and fell with the billows, was entirely covered with metallic scales, of a colour like that of the moon in misty weather. The back was flat and nearly white, and from it there extended upwards of six spines, about half the length of the whole body.

"'This horrible creature had no mouth that we could perceive; but, as if to make up for this deficiency, it was provided with at least fourscore of eyes, that protruded from their sockets like those of the green dragon-fly, and were arranged all around the body in two rows, one above the other, and parallel to the blood-red streak, which seemed to answer the purpose of an eyebrow. Two or three of these dreadful eyes were much larger than the others, and had the appearance of solid gold.

"'Although this beast approached us, as I have before said, with the greatest rapidity, it must have been moved altogether by necromancy—for it had neither fins like a fish nor web-feet like a duck, nor wings like the sea-shell which is blown along in the manner of a vessel; nor yet did it writhe itself forward as do the eels. Its head and its tail were shaped precisely alike, only, not far from the latter, were two small holes that served for nostrils, and through which the monster puffed out its thick breath with prodigious violence, and with a shrieking, disagreeable noise.

"'Our terror at beholding this hideous thing was very great; but it was even surpassed by our astonishment, when, upon getting a nearer look, we perceived upon the creature's back a vast number of animals about the size and shape of men, and altogether much resembling them, except that they wore no garments (as men do), being supplied (by nature, no doubt) with an ugly uncomfortable covering, a good deal like cloth, but fitting so tight to the skin, as to render the poor wretches laughably awkward, and put them apparently to severe pain. On the very tips of their heads were certain square-looking boxes, which, at first sight, I thought might have been intended to answer as turbans, but I soon discovered that they were excessively heavy and solid, and I therefore concluded they were contrivances designed, by their great weight, to keep the heads of the animals steady and safe upon their shoulders. Around the necks of the creatures were fastened black collars (badges of servitude, no doubt), such as we keep on our dogs, only much wider and infinitely stiffer—so that it was quite impossible for these poor victims to move their heads in any direction without moving the body at the same time; and thus they were doomed to perpetual contemplation of their noses—a view pugish and snubby in a wonderful if not positively in an awful degree.

"'When the monster had nearly reached the shore where we stood, it suddenly

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pushed out one of its eyes to a great extent, and emitted from it a terrible flash of fire, accompanied by a dense cloud of smoke, and a noise that I can compare to nothing but thunder. As the smoke cleared away, we saw one of the odd man-animals standing near the head of the large beast with a trumpet in his hand, through which (putting it to his mouth) he presently addressed us in loud, harsh, and disagreeable accents, that perhaps, we should have mistaken for language, had they not come altogether through the nose.

" 'Being thus evidently spoken to, I was at a loss how to reply, as I could in no manner understand what was said; and in this difficulty I turned to the porter, who was near swooning through affright, and demanded of him his opinion as to what species of monster it was, what it wanted, and what kind of creatures those were that so swarmed upon its back. To this the porter replied, as well as he could for trepidation, that he had once before heard of this sea-beast; that it was a cruel demon, with bowels of sulphur and blood of fire, created by evil genii as the means of inflicting misery upon mankind; that the things upon its back were vermin, such as sometimes infest cats and dogs, only a little larger and more savage; and that these vermin had their uses, however evil—for, through the torture they caused the beast by their nibblings and stingings, it was goaded into that degree of wrath which was requisite to make it roar and commit ill, and so fulfil the vengeful and malicious designs of the wicked genii.

" 'This account determined me to take to my heels, and, without once even looking behind me, I ran at full speed up into the hills, while the porter ran equally fast, although nearly in an opposite direction, so that, by these means, he finally made his escape with my bundles, of which I have no doubt he took excellent care—although this is a point I cannot determine, as I do not remember that I ever beheld him again.

" 'For myself, I was so hotly pursued by a swarm of the men-vermin (who had come to the shore in boats) that I was very soon overtaken, bound hand and foot, and conveyed to the beast, which immediately swam out again into the middle of the sea.

" 'I now bitterly repented my folly in quitting a comfortable home to peril my life in such adventures as this; but regret being useless, I made the best of my condition, and exerted myself to secure the good-will of the man-animal that owned the trumpet, and who appeared to exercise authority over his fellows. I succeeded so well in this endeavour that, in a few days, the creature bestowed upon me various tokens of its favour, and in the end, even went to the trouble of teaching me the rudiments of what it was vain enough to denominate its language; so that, at length, I was enabled to converse with it readily, and came to make it comprehend the ardent desire I had of seeing the world.

" '*Washish squashish squeak, Sinbad, hey-diddle diddle grunt unt grumble, hiss, fiss, whiss,*" said he to me, one day after dinner—but I beg a thousand pardons—I had forgotten that your majesty is not conversant with the dialect of the Cock-neighs (so the man-animals were called; I presume because their language formed the connecting link between that of the horse and that of the rooster). With your permission, I will translate. '*Washish squashish,*' and so forth: —that is to say, 'I am happy to find, my dear Sinbad, that you are really a very excellent fellow; we are now about doing a thing which is called circumnavigating the globe; and since you are so desirous of seeing the world, I will strain a point and give you a free passage upon the back of the beast.' "

When the lady Scheherazade had proceeded thus far, relates the "Isitsöornot," the king turned over from his left side to his right, and said—

"It is, in fact, *very* surprising, my dear queen, that you omitted, hitherto, these latter adventures of Sinbad. Do you know I think them exceedingly entertaining and strange?"

The king having thus expressed himself, we are told, the fair Scheherazade resumed her history in the following words:—

"Sinbad went on in this manner, with his narrative—'I thanked the man-animal for its kindness, and soon found myself very much at home on the beast, which swam at a prodigious rate through the ocean; although the surface of the latter is, in that part of the world, by no means flat, but round like a pomegranate, so that we went —so to say—either up hill or down hill all the time.' "

"That, I think, was very singular," interrupted the king.

"Nevertheless, it is quite true," replied Scheherazade.

"I have my doubts," rejoined the king; "but, pray, be so good as to go on with the story."

"I will," said the queen. "'The beast,'

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continued Sinbad, 'swam, as I have related, up hill and down hill, until, at length, we arrived at an island, many hundreds of miles in circumference, but which, nevertheless, had been built in the middle of the sea by a colony of little things like caterpillars.'"[1]

"Hum!" said the king.

"'Leaving this island,' said Sinbad—(for Scheherazade, it must be understood, took no notice of her husband's ill-mannered ejaculation)—'leaving this island, we came to another where the forests were of solid stone, and so hard that they shivered to pieces the finest-tempered axes with which we endeavoured to cut them down.'"[2]

"Hum!" said the king, again; but Scheherazade, paying him no attention, continued in the language of Sinbad.

"'Passing beyond this last island, we reached a country where there was a cave that ran to the distance of thirty or forty miles within the bowels of the earth, and that contained a greater number of far more spacious and more magnificent palaces than are to be found in all Damascus and Bagdad. From the roofs of these palaces there hung myriads of gems, like diamonds, but larger than men; and in among the streets of towers and pyramids and temples, there flowed immense rivers as black as ebony, and swarming with fish that had no eyes.'"[3]

"Hum!" said the king.

"'We then swam into a region of the sea where we found a lofty mountain, down whose sides there streamed torrents of melted metal, some of which were twelve miles wide and sixty miles long;[4] while from an abyss on the summit, issued so vast a quantity of ashes that the sun was entirely blotted out from the heavens, and it became darker than the darkest midnight; so that when we were even at the distance of a hundred and fifty miles from the mountain, it was impossible to see the whitest object, however close we held it to our eyes.'"[5]

"Hum!" said the king.

"'After quitting this coast, the beast continued his voyage until we met with a land in which the nature of things seemed reversed—for we here saw a great lake at the bottom of which, more than a hundred feet beneath the surface of the water, there flourished in full leaf a forest of tall and luxuriant trees.'"[6]

"Hoo!" said the king.

"'Some hundred miles farther on brought us to a climate where the atmosphere was so dense as to sustain iron or steel, just as our own does feathers.'"[7]

"Fiddle de dee," said the king.

"'Proceeding still in the same direction, we presently arrived at the most magnificent region in the whole world. Through it there meandered a glorious river for several thousands of miles. This river was of unspeakable depth, and of a transparency richer than that of amber. It was from three to six miles in width; and its banks, which arose on either side to twelve hundred feet in perpendicular height, were crowned with ever-blossoming trees, and perpetual sweet-scented flowers, that made the whole territory one gorgeous garden; but the name of this luxuriant land was the kingdom of Horror, and to enter it was inevitable death.'"[8]

"Humph!" said the king.

"'We left this kingdom in great haste, and, after some days, came to another, where we were astonished to perceive myriads of monstrous animals with horns resembling scythes upon their heads. These hideous beasts dig for themselves vast caverns in the soil, of a funnel shape, and line the sides of them with rocks, so disposed one upon the other that they fall instantly, when trodden upon by other animals, thus precipitating them into the monsters' dens, where their blood is immediately sucked, and their carcasses afterwards hurled contemptuously out to an immense distance from "the caverns of death."'"[9]

"Pooh!" said the king.

"'Continuing our progress, we perceived a district abounding with vegetables that grew not upon any soil, but in the air.[10] There were others that sprang from the substance of other vegetables;[11] others that derived their substance from the bodies of living animals;[12] and then again, there were others that glowed all over with intense fire;[13] others that moved from place to place at pleasure,[14] and, what is still more wonderful, we discovered flowers that lived and breathed and moved their limbs at will, and had, moreover, the detestable passion of mankind for enslaving other creatures, and confining them in horrid and solitary prisons until the fulfilment of appointed tasks.'"[15]

"Pshaw!" said the king.

"'Quitting this land, we soon arrived at another in which the bees and the birds are mathematicians of such genius and erudition, that they give daily instructions in the science of geometry to the wise men of the empire. The king of the place having

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offered a reward for the solution of two very difficult problems, they were solved upon the spot—the one by the bees, and the other by the birds; but the king keeping their solution a secret, it was only after the most profound researches and labour, and the writing of an infinity of big books, during a long series of years, that the men-mathematicians at length arrived at the identical solutions which had been given upon the spot by the bees and by the birds.'"[16]

"Oh my!" said the king.

"'We had scarcely lost sight of this empire when we found ourselves close upon another, from whose shores there flew over our heads a flock of fowls a mile in breadth, and two hundred and forty miles long; so that, although they flew a mile during every minute, it required no less than four hours for the whole flock to pass over us—in which there were several millions of millions of fowls.'"[17]

"Oh fy!" said the king.

"'No sooner had we got rid of these birds, which occasioned us great annoyance, than we were terrified by the appearance of a fowl of another kind, and infinitely larger than even the rocs which I met in my former voyages; for it was bigger than the biggest of the domes of your seraglio, oh, most Munificent of Caliphs. This terrible fowl had no head that we could perceive, but was fashioned entirely of belly, which was of a prodigious fatness and roundness, of a soft looking substance, smooth, shining, and striped with various colours. In its talons, the monster was bearing away to his eyrie in the heavens, a house from which it had knocked off the roof, and in the interior of which we distinctly saw human beings, who, beyond doubt, were in a state of frightful despair at the horrilbe fate which awaited them. We shouted with all our might, in the hope of frightening the bird into letting go of its prey; but it merely gave a snort or puff, as if of rage, and then let fall upon our heads a heavy sack which proved to be filled with sand!'"

"Stuff!" said the king.

"'It was just after this adventure that we encountered a continent of immense extent and of prodigious solidity, but which, nevertheless, was supported entirely upon the back of a sky-blue cow that had no fewer than four hundred horns.'"[18]

"*That*, now, I believe," said the king, "because I have read something of the kind before, in a book."

"'We passed immediately beneath this continent (swimming in between the legs of the cow), and, after some hours, found ourselves in a wonderful country indeed, which, I was informed by the man-animal, was his own native land, inhabited by things of his own species. This elevated the man-animal very much in my esteem; and in fact, I now began to feel ashamed of the contemptuous familiarity with which I had treated him; for I found that the man-animals in general were a nation of the most powerful magicians, who lived with worms in their brain,[19] which, no doubt, served to stimulate them by their painful writhings and wrigglings to the most miraculous efforts of imagination.'"

"Nonsense!" said the king.

"'Among the magicians, were domesticated several animals of very singular kinds; for example, there was a huge horse whose bones were iron and whose blood was boiling water. In place of corn, he had black stones for his usual food; and yet, in spite of so hard a diet, he was so strong and swift that he would drag a load more weighty than the grandest temple in this city, at a rate surpassing that of the flight of most birds.'"[20]

"Twattle!" said the king.

"'I saw, also, among these people a hen without feathers, but bigger than a camel; instead of flesh and bone she had iron and brick; her blood, like that of the horse (to whom, in fact, she was nearly related), was boiling water; and like him she ate nothing but wood or black stones. This hen brought forth very frequently, a hundred chickens in the day; and, after birth, they took up their residence for several weeks within the stomach of their mother.'"[21]

"Fal lal!" said the king.

"'One of this nation of mighty conjurors created a man out of brass and wood, and leather, and endowed him with such ingenuity that he would have beaten at chess, all the race of mankind with the exception of the great Caliph, Haroun Alraschid.[22] Another of these magi constructed (of like material) a creature that put to shame even the genius of him who made it; for so great were its reasoning powers that, in a second, it performed calculations of so vast an extent that they would have required the united labour of fifty thousand fleshy men for a year.[23] But a still more wonderful conjuror fashioned for himself a mighty thing that was neither man nor beast, but which had brains of lead, intermixed with a black matter like pitch, and fingers that it employed with such incredible

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speed and dexterity that it would have had no trouble in writing out twenty thousand copies of the Koran in an hour; and this with so exquisite a precision, that in all the copies there should not be found one to vary from another by the breadth of the finest hair. This thing was of prodigious strength, so that it erected or overthrew the mightiest empires at a breath; but its powers were exercised equally for evil and for good.'"

"Ridiculous!" said the king.

"'Among this nation of necromancers there was also one who had in his veins the blood of the salamanders; for he made no scruple of sitting down to smoke his chibouc in a red-hot oven until his dinner was thoroughly roasted upon its floor.[24] Another had the faculty of converting the common metals into gold, without even looking at them during the process.[25] Another had such a delicacy of touch that he made a wire so fine as to be invisible.[26] Another had such quickness of perception that he counted all the separate motions of an elastic body, while it was springing backwards and forwards at the rate of nine hundred millions of times in a second.'"[27]

"Absurd!" said the king.

"'Another of these magicians, by means of a fluid that nobody ever yet saw, could make the corpses of his friends brandish their arms, kick out their legs, fight, or even get up and dance at his will.[28] Another had cultivated his voice to so great an extent that he could have made himself heard from one end of the earth to the other.[29] Another had so long an arm that he could sit down in Damascus and indite a letter at Bagdad—or indeed at any distance whatsoever.[30] Another commanded the lightning to come down to him out of the heavens, and it came at his call; and served him for a plaything when it came. Another took two loud sounds and out of them made a silence. Another constructed a deep darkness out of two brilliant lights.[31] Another made ice in a red-hot furnace.[32] Another directed the sun to paint his portrait, and the sun did.[33] Another took this luminary with the moon and the planets, and having first weighed them with scrupulous accuracy, probed into their depths and found out the solidity of the substance of which they are made. But the whole nation is, indeed, of so surprising a necromantic ability, that not even their infants, nor their commonest cats and dogs have any difficulty in seeing objects that do not exist at all, or that for twenty millions of years before the birth of the nation itself, had been blotted out from the face of creation.'"[34]

"Preposterous!" said the king.

"'The wives and daughters of these incomparably great and wise magi,'" continued Scheherazade, without being in any manner disturbed by these frequent and most ungentlemanly interruptions on the part of her husband—"'the wives and daughters of these eminent conjurors are everything that is accomplished and refined; and would be everything that is interesting and beautiful, but for an unhappy fatality that besets them, and from which not even the miraculous powers of their husbands and fathers have, hitherto, been adequate to save. Some fatalities come in certain shapes, and some in others—but this of which I speak, has come in the shape of a crotchet.'"

"A what?" said the king.

"'A crotchet,'" said Scheherazade. "'One of the evil genii who are perpetually upon the watch to inflict ill, has put it into the heads of these accomplished ladies that the thing which we describe as personal beauty, consists altogether in the protuberance of the region which lies not very far below the small of the back. Perfection of loveliness, they say, is in the direct ratio of the extent of this hump. Having been long possessed of this idea, and bolsters being cheap in that country, the days have long gone by since it was possible to distinguish a woman from a dromedary——'"

"Stop!" said the king—"I can't stand that, and I won't. You have already given me a dreadful headache with your lies. The day, too, I perceive, is beginning to break. How long have we been married? —my conscience is getting to be troublesome again. And then that dromedary touch—do you take me for a fool? Upon the whole, you might as well get up and be throttled."

These words, as I learn from the "Isitsöornot," both grieved and astonished Scheherazade; but, as she knew the king to be a man of scrupulous integrity, and quite unlikely to forfeit his word, she submitted to her fate with a good grace. She derived, however, great consolation (during the tightening of the bowstring), from the reflection that much of the history remained still untold, and that the petulance of her brute of a husband had reaped for him a most righteous reward, in depriving him of many inconceivable adventures.

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[1] The coralites.

[2] "One of the most remarkable natural curiosities in Texas is a petrified forest, near the head of Pasigno river. It consists of several hundred trees, in an erect position, all turned to stone. Some trees, now growing, are partly petrified. This is a startling fact for natural philosophers, and must cause them to modify the existing theory of petrifaction."—*Kennedy.*

This account, at first discredited, has since been corroborated by the discovery of a completely petrified forest near the headwaters of the Cheyenne, or Chienne river, which has its source in the Black Hills of the Rocky chain.

There is scarcely, perhaps, a spectacle on the surface of the globe more remarkable, either from a geological or picturesque point of view, than that presented by the petrified forest, near Cairo. The traveller, having passed the tombs of the caliphs, just beyond the gates of the city, proceeds to the southward, nearly at right angles to the road across the desert to Suez, and after having travelled some ten miles up a low barren valley, covered with sand, gravel, and sea shells, fresh as if the tide had retired but yesterday, crosses a low range of sandhills, which has for some distance run parallel to his path. The scene now presented to him is beyond conception singular and desolate. A mass of fragments of trees, all converted into stone, and when struck by his horse's hoof ringing like cast iron, is seen to extend itself for miles and miles around him, in the form of a decayed and prostrate forest. The wood is of a dark brown hue, but retains its form in perfection, the pieces being from one to fifteen feet in length, and from half a foot to three feet in thickness, strewed so closely together, as far as the eye can reach, that an Egyptian donkey can scarcely thread its way through amongst them, and so natural that, were it in Scotland or Ireland, it might pass without remark for some enormous drained bog, on which the exhumed trees lay rotting in the sun. The roots and rudiments of the branches are, in many cases, nearly perfect, and in some the worm-holes eaten under the bark are readily recognizable. The most delicate of the sap vessels, and all the finer portions of the center of the wood, are perfectly entire, and bear to be examined with the strongest magnifiers. The whole are so thoroughly silicified as to scratch glass and be capable of receiving the highest polish.—*Asiatic Magazine.*

[3] The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. [4] In Iceland, 1783.

[5] "During the eruption of Hecla, in 1766, clouds of this kind produced such a degree of darkness that, at Glaumba, which is more than fifty leagues from the mountain, people could only find their way by groping. During the eruption of Vesuvius, in 1794, at Caserta, four leagues distant, people could only walk by the light of torches. On the first of May, 1812, a cloud of volcanic ashes and sand, coming from a volcano in the island of St. Vincent, covered the whole of Barbadoes, spreading over it so intense a darkness that, at mid-day, in the open air, one could not perceive the trees or other objects near him, or even a white handkerchief placed at the distance of six inches from the eye."—*Murray*, p. 215, *Phil. edit.*

[6] "In the year 1790, in the Caraccas, during an earthquake, a portion of the granite soil sank and left a lake eight hundred yards in diameter, and from eighty to a hundred feet deep. It was a part of the forest of Aripao which sank, and the trees remained green for several months under the water."—*Murray*, p. 221.

[7] The hardest steel ever manufactured may, under the action of a blowpipe, be reduced to an impalpable powder, which will float readily in the atmospheric air.

[8] The region of the Niger. See *Simmond's "Colonial Magazine."*

[9] The *Myrmeleon*—lion-ant. The term "monster" is equally applicable to small abnormal things and to great, while such epithets as "vast" are merely comparative. The cavern of the myrmeleon is *vast* in comparison with the hole of the common red ant. A grain of silex is, also, a "rock."

[10] The *Epidendron, Flos Aeris*, of the family of the *Orchidex*, grows with merely the surface of its roots attached to a tree or other object, from which it derives no nutriment —subsisting altogether upon air.

[11] The *Parasites*, such as the wonderful *Rafflesia Arnaldii.*

[12] *Schouw* advocates a class of plants that grow upon living animals—the *Plantæ Epizoæ.* Of this class are the *Fuci* and *Algæ.*

Mr. J. B. Williams, of Salem, Mass., presented the "National Institute" with an insect from New Zealand, with the following description:—"'*The Hotte*,' a decided caterpillar, or worm, is found growing at the foot of the *Rata* tree, with a plant growing out of its head. This most peculiar and most extraordinary insect travels up both the *Rata* and *Perriri* trees, and, entering into the top, eats its way, perforating the trunk of the tree until it reaches the root, it then comes out of the root, and dies, or remains dormant, and the plant propagates out of its head; the body remains perfect and entire, of a harder substance than when alive. From this insect the natives make a colouring for tattooing."

[13] In mines and natural caves we find a species of cryptogamous *fungus* that emits an intense phosphorescence.

[14] The orchis, scabious, and valisneria.

[15] "The corolla of this flower (*Aristolochia Clematitis*), which is tubular, but terminating upwards in a ligulate limb, is inflated into a globular figure at the base. The tubular part is internally beset with stiff hairs, pointing downwards. The globular part contains the pistil, which consists merely of a germen and stigma, together with the surrounding stamens. But the stamens, being shorter than even the germen, cannot discharge the pollen so as to throw it upon the stigma, as the flower stands always upright till after impregnation. And hence, without some additional and peculiar aid, the pollen must necessarily fall down to the bottom of the flower. Now, the aid that nature has furnished in this case is that of the *Tipula Pennicornis*, a small insect, which entering the tube of the corolla in quest of honey, descends to the bottom, and rummages about till it becomes quite covered with pollen; but, not being able to force its way out again, owing to the downward position of the hairs, which converge to a point like the wires of a mouse-trap, and being somewhat impatient of its confinement, it brushes backwards and forwards, trying every corner, till, after repeatedly traversing the stigma, it covers it with pollen sufficient for its impregnation, in consequence of which the flower soon begins to droop, and the hairs to shrink to the side of the tube, effecting an easy passage for the escape of the insect."—*Rev. P. Keith*—"*System of Physiological Botany.*"

[16] The bees—ever since bees were—have been constructing their cells with just such sides, in just such number, and at just such inclinations, as it has been demonstrated (in a problem involving the profoundest mathematical principles) are the very sides, in the very number, and at the very angles, which will afford the creatures the most room that is compatible with the greatest stability of structure.

During the latter part of the last century, the question arose among mathematicians—"to determine the best form that can be given to the sails of a windmill, according to their varying distances from the revolving vanes, and likewise from the centers of the revolution." This is an excessively complex problem; for it is, in other words, to find the best possible position at an infinity of varied distances, and at an infinity of points on the arm. There were a thousand futile attempts to answer the query on the part of the most illustrious mathematicians; and when, at length, an undeniable solution was discovered, men found that the wings of a bird had given it with absolute precision ever since the first bird had traversed the air.

[17] He observed a flock of pigeons passing betwixt Frankfort and the Indiana territory, one mile at least in breadth; it took up four hours in passing; which, at the rate of one mile per minute, gives a length of 240 miles; and, supposing three pigeons to each square yard, gives 2,230,272,000 pigeons.—"*Travels in Canada and the United States*," *by Lieut. F. Hall.*

[18] "The earth is upheld by a cow of a blue colour, having horns four hundred in number."—*Sale's Koran.*

[19] "The *Entozoa*, or intestinal worms, have repeatedly been observed in the muscles, and in the cerebral substance of men."—*See Wyatt's Physiology*, p. 143.

[20] On the Great Western Railway, between London and Exeter, a speed of 71 miles per hour has been attained. A train weighing 90 tons was whirled from Paddington to Didcot (53 miles), in 51 minutes.

[21] The *Eccalobeion.*

[22] Maelzel's Automaton Chess-player.

[23] Babbage's Calculating Machine.

[24] *Chabert*, and since him, a hundred others. [25] The Electrotype.

[26] *Wollaston* made of platinum, for the field of views in a telescope, a wire one eighteen-thousandth part of an inch in thickness. It could be seen only by means of the microscope.

[27] Newton demonstrated that the retina beneath the influence of the violet ray of the spectrum, vibrated 900,000,000 of times in a second.

[28] The Voltaic pile.

[29] The Electro Telegraph transmits intelligence instantaneously—at least so far as regards any distance upon the earth.

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[80] The Electro Telegraph Printing Apparatus.

[81] Common experiments in Natural Philosophy. If two red rays from two luminous points be admitted into a dark chamber so as to fall on a white surface, and differ in their length by 0.0000258 of an inch, their intensity is doubled. So also if the difference in length be any whole-number multiple of that fraction. A multiple by 2½, 3½, &c., gives an intensity equal to one ray only; but a multiple by 2½, 3½, &c., gives the result of total darkness. In violet rays similar effects arise when the difference in length is 0.000157 of an inch; and with all other rays the results are the same—the difference varying with a uniform increase from the violet to the red.

Analogous experiments in respect to sound produce analogous results.

[82] Place a platina crucible over a spirit lamp, and keep it at a red heat; pour in some sulphuric acid, which, though the most volatile of bodies at a common temperature, will be found to become completely fixed in a hot crucible, and not a drop evaporates—being surrounded by an atmosphere of its own, it does not, in fact, touch the sides. A few drops of water are now introduced, when the acid immediately coming in contact with the heated sides of the crucible, flies off in sulphurous acid vapour, and so rapid is its progress, that the caloric of the water passes off with it, which falls a lump of ice to the bottom; by taking advantage of the moment before it is allowed to re-melt, it may be turned out a lump of ice from a red-hot vessel.

[83] The Daguerreotype.

[84] Although light travels 167,000 miles in a second, the distance of 61 Cygni (the only star whose distance is ascertained) is so inconceivably great, that its rays would require more than ten years to reach the earth. For stars beyond this, 20—or even 1000 years—would be a moderate estimate. Thus, if they had been annihilated 20, or 1000 years ago, we might still see them to-day, by the light which *started* from their surfaces, 20 or 1000 years in the past time. That many which we see daily are really extinct, is not impossible—not even improbable.

The elder Herschel maintains that the light of the faintest nebulæ seen through his great telescope, must have taken 3,000,000 years in reaching the earth. Some, made visible by Lord Ross' instrument must, then, have required at least 20,000,000.

Lincoln's Autobiography at Fifty

I WAS born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguished families—second families, perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year, was of a family of the name of Hanks, some of whom now reside in Adams, and others in Macon County, Illinois. My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham County, Virginia, to Kentucky about 1781 or 1782, where a year or two later he was killed by the Indians, not in battle, but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest. His ancestors, who were Quakers, went to Virginia from Berks County, Pennsylvania. An effort to identify them with the New England family of the same name ended in nothing more definite than a similarity of Christian names in both families, such as Enoch, Levi, Mordecai, Solomon, Abraham, and the like.

My father, at the death of his father, was but six years of age, and he grew up literally without education. He removed from Kentucky to what is now Spencer County, Indiana, in my eighth year. We reached our new home about the time that State came into the Union. It was a wild region, with many bears and other wild animals still in the woods. There I grew up. There were some schools, so called, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond "readin', writin', and cipherin'" to the Rule of Three. If a straggler supposed to understand Latin happened to sojourn in the neighborhood he was looked upon as a wizard. There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education. Of course, when I came of age I did not know much. Still, somehow, I could read, write, and cipher to the Rule of Three, but that was all. I have not been to school since. The little advance I now have upon this store of education I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity.

I was raised to farm work, which I continued till I was twenty-two. At twenty-one I came to Illinois, Macon County. Then I got to New Salem, at that time in Sangamon, now in Menard County, where I remained a year as a sort of clerk in a store. Then came the Black Hawk war; and I was elected a captain of volunteers, a success which gave me more pleasure than any I have had since. I went the campaign, was elected, ran for the Legislature (1832), and was beaten—the only time I ever have been beaten by the people. The next and three succeeding biennial elections I was elected to the Legislature. I was not a candidate afterward. During this legislative period I had studied law, and removed to Springfield to practise it. In 1846 I was once elected to the lower House of Congress. Was not a candidate for re-election. From 1849 to 1854, both inclusive, practised law more assiduously than ever before. Always a Whig in politics; and generally on the Whig electoral tickets, making active canvasses. I was losing interest in politics when the repeal of the Missouri Compromise aroused me again. What I have done since then is pretty well known.

If any personal description of me is thought desirable, it may be said I am, in height, six feet four inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing on an average one hundred and eighty pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes. No other marks or brands recollected.

Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

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NAZA!

By ZANE GREY

IT WAS a waiting day at Fort Chippewayan. The lonesome, far-northern Hudson's Bay Trading Post seldom saw such life. Tepees dotted the banks of the Slave River and lines of blanketed Indians paraded its shores. Near the boat landing a group of chiefs, grotesque in semi-barbaric, semi-civilized splendour, but black browed, austere-eyed, stood in savage dignity with folded arms and high-held heads. Lounging on the grassy bank were white men, traders, trappers and officials of the post.

All eyes were on the distant curve of the river where, as it lost itself in a fine-fringed bend of dark green, white-glinting waves danced and fluttered. A June sky lay blue in the majestic stream; ragged, spear-topped, dense green trees massed down to the water; beyond rose bold, bald-knobbed hills, in remote purple relief.

A long Indian arm stretched south. The waiting eyes discerned a black speck on the green, and watched it grow. A flatboat, with a man standing to the oars, bore down swiftly.

Not a red hand, nor a white one, offered to help the voyager in the difficult landing. The oblong, clumsy, heavily laden boat surged with the current and passed the dock despite the boatman's efforts. He swung his craft in below upon a bar and roped it fast to a tree. The Indians crowded above him on the bank. The boatman raised his powerful form erect, lifted a bronzed face which seemed set in craggy hardness, and cast from narrow eyes a keen, cool glance on those above. The silvery gleam in his fair hair told of years.

Silence, impressive as it was ominous, broke only to the rattle of camping paraphernalia, which the voyager threw to a level, grassy bench on the bank. Evidently this unwelcome visitor had journeyed from afar, and his boat, sunk deep into the water with its load of barrels, boxes and bags, indicated that the journey had only begun. Significant, too, were a couple of long Winchester rifles shining on a tarpaulin.

The cold-faced crowd stirred and parted to permit the passage of a tall, thin, gray personage of official bearing, in a faded military coat.

"Are you the musk-ox hunter?" he asked, in tones that contained no welcome.

The boatman greeted this peremptory interlocutor with a cool laugh—a strange laugh, in which the muscles of his face appeared not to play.

"Yes, I am the man," he said.

"The chiefs of the Chippewayan and Great Slave tribes have been apprised of your coming. They have held council and are here to speak with you."

At a motion from the commandant, the line of chieftains piled down to the level bench and formed a half-circle before the voyager. To a man who had stood before grim Sitting Bull and noble Black Thunder of the Sioux, and faced the falcon-eyed Geronimo, and glanced over the sights of a rifle at gorgeous-feathered, wild, free Comanches, this semi-circle of savages—lords of the north—was a sorry comparison. Bedaubed and betrinketed, slouchy and slovenly, these low-statured chiefs belied in appearance their scorn-bright eyes and lofty mien. They made a sad group.

One who spoke in unintelligible language, rolled out a haughty, sonorous voice over the listening multitude. When he had finished, a half-breed interpreter, in the dress of a white man, spoke at a signal from the commandant.

"He says, listen to the great orator of the Chippewayan. He has summoned all the chiefs of the tribes south of Great Slave Lake. He has held council. The cunning of the pale-face, who comes to take the musk-oxen, is well known. Let the pale-face hunter return to his own hunting-grounds; let him turn his face from the north. Never will the chiefs permit the

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white man to take musk-oxen alive from their country. The Ageter, the Musk-ox, is their god. He gives them food and fur. He will never come back if he is taken away, and the reindeer will follow him. The chiefs and their people would starve. They command the paleface hunter to go back. They cry Naza! Naza! Naza!"

"Say, for a thousand miles I've heard that word Naza!" returned the hunter, with mingled curiosity and disgust. "At Edmonton Indian runners started ahead of me, and every village I struck the redskins would crowd round me and an old chief would harangue at me, and motion me back, and point north with Naza! Naza! Naza! What does it mean?"

"No white man knows; no Indian will tell," answered the interpreter. "The traders think it means the Great Slave, the North Star, the North Spirit, the North Wind, the North Lights and Ageter, the musk-ox god."

"Well, say to the chiefs to tell Ageter I have been four moons on the way after some of his little Ageters, and I'm going to keep on after them."

"Hunter, you are most unwise," broke in the commandant, in his officious voice. "The Indians will never permit you to take a musk-ox alive from the north. They worship him, pray to him. It is a wonder you have not been stopped."

"Who'll stop me?"

"The Indians. They will kill you if you do not turn back."

"Faugh! to tell an American plainsman that!" The hunter paused a steady moment, with his eyelids narrowing over slits of blue fire. "There is no law to keep me out, nothing but Indian superstition and the greed of the Hudson's Bay people. And I am an old fox, not to be fooled by pretty baits. For years the officers of this fur-trading company have tried to keep out explorers. Even Sir John Franklin, an Englishman, could not buy food of them. The policy of the company is to side with the Indians, to keep out traders and trappers. Why? So they can keep on cheating the poor savages out of clothing and food by trading a few trinkets and blankets, a little tobacco and rum for millions of dollars' worth of furs. Have I failed to hire man after man, Indian after Indian, not to know why I cannot get a helper? Have I, a plainsman, come a thousand miles alone to be scared by you, or a lot of craven Indians? Have I been dreaming of musk-oxen for forty years, to slink south now, when I begin to feel the north? Not I."

Deliberately every chief, with the sound of a hissing snake, spat in the hunter's face. He stood immovable while they perpetrated the outrage, then calmly wiped his cheeks, and in his strange, cool voice, addressed the interpreter.

"Tell them thus they show their true qualities, to insult in council. Tell them they are not chiefs, but dogs. Tell them they are not even squaws, only poor, miserable starved dogs. Tell them I turn my back on them. Tell them the pale-face has fought real chiefs, fierce, bold, like eagles, and he turns his back on dogs. Tell them he is the one who could teach them to raise the musk-oxen and the reindeer, and to keep out the cold and the wolf. But they are blinded. Tell them the hunter goes north."

Through the council of chiefs ran a low mutter, as of gathering thunder.

True to his word, the hunter turned his back on them. As he brushed by, his eye caught a gaunt savage slipping from the boat. At the hunter's stern call, the Indian leaped ashore, and started to run. He had stolen a parcel, and would have succeeded in eluding its owner but for an unforeseen obstacle, as striking as it was unexpected.

A white man of colossal stature had stepped in the thief's passage, and laid two great hands on him. Instantly the parcel flew from the Indian, and he spun in the air to fall into the river with a sounding splash. Yells signaled the surprise and alarm caused by this unexpected incident. The Indian frantically swam to the shore. Whereupon the champion of the stranger in a strange land lifted a bag, which gave forth a musical clink of steel, and throwing it with the camp articles on the grassy bench, he extended a huge, friendly hand.

"My name is Rea," he said, in deep, cavernous tones.

"Mine is Jones," replied the hunter, and right quickly did he grip the proffered hand. He saw in Rea a giant, of whom he was but a stunted shadow. Six and one-half feet Rea stood, with yard-wide shoulders, a hulk of bone and brawn. His ponderous, shaggy head rested on a bull neck. His broad face, with its low forehead, its close-shut mastiff under-jaw, its big, opaque eyes, pale and cruel as those of a jaguar, marked him a man of terrible brute force.

"Free-trader!" called the commandant. "Better think twice before you join fortunes with the musk-ox hunter."

"To hell with you an' your rantin', dog-

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eared redskins!" cried Rea. "I've run agin a man of my own kind, a man of my own country, an' I'm goin' with him."

With this he thrust aside some encroaching, gaping Indians so unconcernedly and un-gently that they sprawled upon the grass.

Slowly the crowd mounted and once more lined the bank.

Jones realized that by some late-turning stroke of fortune, he had fallen in with one of the few free-traders of the province. These free-traders, from the very nature of their calling—which was to defy the fur company, and to trap and trade on their own account—were a hardy and intrepid class of men. Rea's worth to Jones exceeded that of a dozen ordinary men. He knew the ways of the north, the language of the tribes, the habits of animals, the handling of dogs, the uses of food and fuel. Moreover, it soon appeared that he was a carpenter and blacksmith.

"There's my kit," he said, dumping the contents of his bag. It consisted of a bunch of steel traps, some tools, a broken ax, a box of miscellaneous things such as trappers used, and a few articles of flannel. "Thievin' redskins," he added, in explanation of his poverty. "Not much of an outfit. But I'm the man for you. Besides, I had a pal oncet who knew you on the plains, called you 'Buff' Jones. Old Jim Bent he was."

"I recollect Jim," said Jones. "He went down in Custer's last charge. So you were Jim's pal? That'd be a recommendation if you needed one. But the way you chucked the Indian overboard got me."

Rea soon manifested himself as a man of few words and much action. With the planks Jones had on board he heightened the stern and bow of the boat to keep out the beating waves in the rapids; he fashioned a steering-gear and a less awkward set of oars, and shifted the cargo so as to make more room in the craft.

"Buff, we're in for a storm. Set up a tarpaulin an' make a fire. We'll pretend to camp to-night. These Indians won't dream we'd try to run the river after dark, and we'll slip by under cover."

The sun glazed over; clouds moved up from the north; a cold wind swept the tips of the spruces, and rain commenced to drive in gusts. By the time it was dark not an Indian showed himself. They were housed from the storm. Lights twinkled in the tepees and the big log cabins of the trading company. Jones scouted round till pitchy black night, when a freezing, pouring blast sent him back to the protection of the tarpaulin. When he got there he found that Rea had taken it down and awaited him. "Off!" said the free-trader; and with no more noise than a drifting feather the boat swung into the current and glided down till the twinkling fires no longer accentuated the darkness.

By night the river, in common with all swift rivers, had a sullen voice, and murmured its hurry, its restraint, its menace, its meaning. The two boatmen, one at the steering gear, one at the oars, faced the pelting rain and watched the dim, dark line of trees. The craft slid noiselessly onward into the gloom.

And into Jones's ears, above the storm, poured another sound, a steady, muffled rumble, like the roll of giant chariot wheels. It had come to be a familiar roar to him, and the only thing which, in his long life of hazard, had ever sent the cold, prickling, tight shudder over his warm skin. Many times on the Athabasca that rumble had presaged the dangerous and dreaded rapids.

"Hell Bend Rapids!" shouted Rea. "Bad water, but no rocks."

The rumble expanded to a roar, the roar to a boom that charged the air with heaviness, with a dreamy burr. The whole indistinct world appeared to be moving to the lash of wind, to the sound of rain, to the roar of the river. The boat shot down and sailed aloft, met shock on shock, breasted leaping dim white waves, and in a hollow, unearthly blend of watery sounds, rode on and on, buffeted, tossed, pitched into a black chaos that yet gleamed with obscure shrouds of light. Then the convulsive stream shrieked out a last defiance, and changed its course abruptly to slow down and drown the sound of rapids in muffling distance. Once more the craft swept on smoothly, to the drive of the wind and the rush of the rain.

By midnight the storm cleared. Murky clouds split to show shining, blue-white stars and a fitful moon, that silvered the crests of the spruces and sometimes hid like a gleaming, black-threaded pearl behind the dark branches.

Jones, a plainsman all his days, wonderingly watched the moon-blanched water. He saw it shade and darken under shadowy walls of granite, where it swelled with hollow song and gurgle. He heard again the far-off rumble, faint on the night wind. High cliff banks appeared, walled out the mellow light, and the river suddenly narrowed. Yawning holes, whirlpools of a

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second, opened with a gurgling suck and raced with the boat.

On the craft flew. Far ahead, a long, declining plane of jumping frosted waves played dark and white with the moonbeams. The Slave plunged to his freedom, down his riven, stone-spiked bed, knowing no patient eddy, and white-wreathed his dark, shiny rocks in spume and spray.

THE LAND OF THE MUSK-OX

A far cry it was from bright June at Port Chippewayan to dim October on Great Slave Lake.

Two long, laborious months Rea and Jones threaded the crooked shores of the great inland sea, to halt at the extreme northern end, where a plunging outlet formed the source of a river. Here they found a stone chimney and fireplace standing among the darkened, decayed ruins of a cabin.

"We mustn't lose no time," said Rea. "I feel the winter in the wind. An' see how dark the days are gettin' on us."

"I'm for hunting musk-oxen," replied Jones.

"Man, we're facin' the northern night; we're in the land of the midnight sun. Soon we'll be shut in for seven months. A cabin we want, an' wood, an' meat."

A forest of stunted spruce trees edged on the lake, and soon its dreary solitude rang to the strokes of axes. The trees were small and uniform in size. Black stumps protruded, here and there, from the ground, showing work of the steel in time gone by. Jones observed that the living trees were no larger in diameter than the stumps, and questioned Rea in regard to the difference in age.

"Cut twenty-five, mebbe fifty years ago," said the trapper.

"But the living trees are no bigger."

"Trees an' things don't grow fast in the northland."

They erected a fifteen-foot cabin round the stone chimney, roofed it with poles and branches of spruce, and a layer of sand. In digging near the fireplace Jones unearthed a rusty file and the head of a whisky keg, upon which was a sunken word in unintelligible letters.

"We've found the place," said Rea. "Franklin built a cabin here in 1819. An' in 1833 Captain Back wintered here when he was in search of Captain Ross of the vessel *Fury*. It was those explorin' parties thet cut the trees. I seen Indian sign out there, made last winter, I reckon; but Indians never cut down no trees."

The hunters completed the cabin, piled cords of firewood outside, stowed away the kegs of dried fish and fruits, the sacks of flour, boxes of crackers, canned meats and vegetables, sugar, salt, coffee, tobacco—all of the cargo; then took the boat apart and carried it up the bank, which labour took them less than a week.

Jones found sleeping in the cabin, despite the fire, uncomfortably cold, because of the wide chinks between the logs. It was hardly better than sleeping under the swaying spruces. When he essayed to stop up the cracks—a task by no means easy, considering the lack of material—Rea laughed his short "Ho! Ho!" and stopped him with the word, "Wait." Every morning the green ice extended farther out into the lake; the sun paled dim and dimmer; the nights grew colder. On October 8th the thermometer registered several degrees below zero; it fell a little more next night and continued to fall.

"Ho! Ho!" cried Rea. "She's struck the toboggan, an' presently she'll commence to slide. Come on, Buff, we've work to do."

He caught up a bucket, made for their hole in the ice, rebroke a six-inch layer, the freeze of a few hours, and filling his bucket, returned to the cabin. Jones had no inkling of the trapper's intention, and wonderingly he soused his bucket full of water and followed.

By the time he had reached the cabin, a matter of some thirty or forty good paces, the water no longer splashed from his pail, for a thin film of ice prevented. Rea stood fifteen feet from the cabin, his back to the wind, and threw the water. Some of it froze in the air, most of it froze on the logs. The simple plan of the trapper to incase the cabin with ice was easily divined. All day the men worked, ceasing only when the cabin resembled a glistening mound. It had not a sharp corner nor a crevice. Inside it was warm and snug, and as light as when the chinks were open.

A slight moderation of the weather brought the snow. Such snow! A blinding white flutter of great flakes, as large as feathers! All day they rustled softly; all night they swirled, sweeping, seeping, brushing against the cabin. "Ho! Ho!" roared Rea. "'Tis good; let her snow, an' the reindeer will migrate. We'll have fresh meat." The sun shone again, but not brightly. A nipping wind cut down out of the frigid north and crusted the snow.

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The third night following the storm, when the hunters lay snug under their blankets, a commotion outside aroused them.

"Indians," said Rea, "come north for reindeer."

Half the night, shouting and yelling, barking of dogs, hauling of sleds and crackling of dried-skin tepees murdered sleep for those in the cabin. In the morning the level plain and edge of the forest held an Indian village. Caribou hides, strung on forked poles, constituted tent-like habitations with no distinguishable doors. Fires smoked in holes in the snow. Not till late in the day did any life manifest itself round the tepees, and then a group of children, poorly clad in ragged pieces of blankets and skins, gaped at Jones. He saw their pinched, brown faces, staring, hungry eyes, naked legs and throats, and noted particularly their dwarfish size. When he spoke they fled precipitously a little way, then turned. He called again, and all ran except one small lad. Jones went into the cabin and came out with a handful of sugar in square lumps.

"Yellow Knife Indians," said Rea. "A starved tribe! We're in for it."

Jones made motions to the lad, but he remained still, as if transfixed, and his black eyes stared wonderingly.

"Molar nasu (white man good)," said Rea.

The lad came out of his trance and looked back at his companions, who edged nearer. Jones ate a lump of sugar, then handed one to the little Indian. He took it gingerly, put it into his mouth and immediately jumped up and down.

"Hoppieshampoolie! Hoppieshampoolie!" he shouted to his brothers and sisters. They came on the run.

"Think he means sweet salt," interpreted Rea. "Of course these beggars never tasted sugar."

The band of youngsters trooped round Jones, and after tasting the white lumps, shrieked in such delight that the braves and squaws shuffled out of the tepees.

In all his days Jones had never seen such miserable Indians. Dirty blankets hid all their person, except straggling black hair, hungry, wolfish eyes and moccasined feet. They crowded into the path before the cabin door and mumbled and stared and waited. No dignity, no brightness, no suggestion of friendliness marked this peculiar attitude.

"Starved!" exclaimed Rea. "They've come to the lake to invoke the Great Spirit to send the reindeer. Buff, whatever you do, don't feed them. If you do, we'll have them on our hands all winter. It's cruel, but, man, we're in the north!"

Notwithstanding the practical trapper's admonition Jones could not resist the pleading of the children. He could not stand by and see them starve. After ascertaining there was absolutely nothing to eat in the tepees, he invited the little ones into the cabin, and made a great pot of soup, into which he dropped compressed biscuits. The savage children were like wildcats. Jones had to call in Rea to assist him in keeping the famished little aborigines from tearing each other to pieces. When finally they were all fed, they had to be driven out of the cabin.

"That's new to me," said Jones. "Poor little beggars!"

Rea doubtfully shook his shaggy head.

Next day Jones traded with the Yellow Knives. He had a goodly supply of baubles, besides blankets, gloves and boxes of canned goods, which he had brought for such trading. He secured a dozen of the large-boned, white-and-black Indian dogs—huskies, Rea called them—two long sleds with harness and several pairs of snowshoes. This trade made Jones rub his hands in satisfaction, for during all the long journey north he had failed to barter for such cardinal necessities to the success of his venture.

"Better have doled out the grub to them in rations," grumbled Rea

Twenty-four hours sufficed to show Jones the wisdom of the trapper's words, for in just that time the crazed, ignorant savages had glutted the generous store of food, which should have lasted them for weeks. The next day they were begging at the cabin door. Rea cursed and threatened them with his fists, but they returned again and again.

Days passed. All the time, in light and dark, the Indians filled the air with dismal chant and doleful incantations to the Great Spirit, and the tum! tum! tum! tum! of tomtoms, a specific feature of their wild prayer for food.

But the white monotony of the rolling land and level lake remained unbroken. The reindeer did not come. The days became shorter, dimmer, darker. The mercury kept on the slide.

Forty degrees below zero did not trouble the Indians. They stamped till they dropped, and sang till their voices vanished, and beat the tomtoms everlastingly. Jones

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fed the children once each day, against the trapper's advice.

One day, while Rea was absent, a dozen braves succeeded in forcing an entrance, and clamoured so fiercely, and threatened so desperately, that Jones was on the point of giving them food when the door opened to admit Rea.

With a glance he saw the situation. He dropped the bucket he carried, threw the door wide open and commenced action. Because of his great bulk he seemed slow, but every blow of his sledge-hammer fist knocked a brave against the wall, or through the door into the snow. When he could reach two savages at once, by way of diversion, he swung their heads together with a crack. They dropped like dead things. Then he handled them as if they were sacks of corn, pitching them out into the snow. In two minutes the cabin was clear. He banged the door and slipped the bar in place.

"Buff, I'm goin' to get mad at these thievin' redskins some day," he said gruffly. The expanse of his chest heaved slightly, like the slow swell of a calm ocean, but there was no other indication of unusual exertion.

Jones laughed, and again gave thanks for the comradeship of this strange man.

Shortly afterward, he went out for wood, and as usual scanned the expanse of the lake. The sun shone mistier and more wan, and frost feathers floated in the air. Sky and sun and plain and lake—all were gray. Jones fancied he saw a distant moving mass of darker shade than the gray background. He called the trapper.

"Caribou," said Rea instantly. "The vanguard of the migration. Hear the Indians! Hear their cry: 'Aton! Aton!'—they mean reindeer. The idiots have scared the herd with their infernal racket, an' no meat will they get. The caribou will keep to the ice, an' man or Indian can't stalk them there."

For a few moments his companion surveyed the lake and shore with a plainsman's eye, then dashed within, to reappear with a Winchester in each hand. Through the crowd of bewailing, bemoaning Indians he sped, to the low, dying bank. The hard crust of snow upheld him. The gray cloud was a thousand yards out upon the lake and moving southeast. If the caribou did not swerve from this course they would pass close to a projecting point of land, a half-mile up the lake. So, keeping a wary eye upon them, the hunter ran swiftly. He had not hunted antelope and buffalo on the plains all his life without learning how to approach moving game. As long as the caribou were in action, they could not tell whether he moved or was motionless. In order to tell if an object was inanimate or not, they must stop to see, of which fact the keen hunter took advantage. Suddenly he saw the gray mass slow down and bunch up. He stopped running, to stand like a stump. When the reindeer moved again, he moved, and when they slackened again, he stopped and became motionless. As they kept to their course, he worked gradually closer and closer. Soon he distinguished gray, bobbing heads. When the leader showed signs of halting in his slow trot the hunter again became a statue. He saw they were easy to deceive; and, daringly confident of success, he encroached on the ice and closed up the gap till not more than two hundred yards separated him from the gray, bobbing, antlered mass.

Jones dropped on one knee. A moment only his eyes lingered admiringly on the wild and beautiful spectacle; then he swept one of the rifles to a level. Old habit made the little beaded sight cover first the stately leader. Bang! The gray monarch leaped straight forward, forehoofs up, antlered head back, to fall dead with a crash. Then for a few moments the Winchester spat a deadly stream of fire, and when emptied was thrown down for the other gun, which in the steady, sure hands of the hunter belched death to the caribou.

The herd rushed on, leaving the white surface of the lake gray with a struggling, kicking, bellowing heap. When Jones reached the caribou he saw several trying to rise on crippled legs. With his knife he killed these, not without some hazard to himself. Most of the fallen ones were already dead, and the others soon lay still. Beautiful gray creatures they were, almost white, with wide-reaching, symmetrical horns.

A medley of yells arose from the shore, and Rea appeared running with two sleds, with the whole tribe of Yellow Knives pouring out of the forest behind him.

"Buff, you're jest what old Jim said you was," thundered Rea, as he surveyed the gray pile. "Here's winter meat, an' I'd not given a biscuit for all the meat I thought you'd get."

"Thirty shots in less than thirty seconds," said Jones, "an' I'll bet every ball I sent touched hair. How many reindeer?"

"Twenty! twenty! Buff, or I've forgot

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how to count. I guess mebbe you can't handle them shootin' arms. Ho! here comes the howlin' redskins."

Rea whipped out a bowie knife and began disemboweling the reindeer. He had not proceeded far in his task when the crazed savages were around him. Every one carried a basket or receptacle, which he swung aloft, and they sang, prayed, rejoiced on their knees. Jones turned away from the sickening scenes that convinced him these savages were little better than cannibals. Rea cursed them, and tumbled them over, and threatened them with the big bowie. An altercation ensued, heated on his side, frenzied on theirs. Thinking some treachery might befall his comrade, Jones ran into the thick of the group.

"Share with them, Rea, share with them."

Whereupon the giant hauled out ten smoking carcasses. Bursting into a babel of savage glee and tumbling over one another, the Indians pulled the caribou to the shore.

"Thievin' fools!" growled Rea, wiping the sweat from his brow. "Said they'd prevailed on the Great Spirit to send the reindeer. Why, they'd never smelled warm meat but for you. Now, Buff, they'll gorge every hair, hide an' hoof of their share in less than a week. Thet's the last we do for the damned cannibals. Didn't see them eatin' of the raw innards?—faugh! I'm calculatin' we'll see no more reindeer. It's late for the migration. The big herd has driven southward. But we're lucky, thanks to your prairie trainin'. Come on now with the sleds, or we'll have a pack of wolves to fight."

By loading three reindeer on each sled, the hunters were not long in transporting them to the cabin. "Buff, there ain't much doubt about them keepin' nice and cool," said Rea. "They'll freeze, an' we can skin them when we want."

That night the starved wolf dogs gorged themselves till they could not rise from the snow. Likewise the Yellow Knives feasted. How long the ten reindeer might have served the wasteful tribe, Rea and Jones never found out. The next day two Indians arrived with dog-trains, and their advent was hailed with another feast, and a pow-wow that lasted into the night.

"Guess we're goin' to get rid of our blasted hungry neighbours," said Rea, coming in next morning with the water pail, "an' I'll be durned, Buff, if I don't believe them crazy heathen have been told about you. Them Indians was messengers. Grab your gun, an' let's walk over and see."

The Yellow Knives were breaking camp, and the hunters were at once conscious of the difference in their bearing. Rea addressed several braves, but got no reply. He laid his broad hand on the old wrinkled chief, who repulsed him, and turned his back. With a growl, the trapper spun the Indian round, and spoke as many words of the language as he knew. He got a cold response, which ended in the ragged old chief starting up, stretching a long, dark arm northward, and with eyes fixed in fanatical subjection, shouting: "Naza! Naza! Naza!"

"Heathen!" Rea shook his gun in the faces of the messengers. "It'll go bad with you to come Naza-in' any longer on our trail. Come, Buff, clear out before I get mad."

When they were once more in the cabin, Rea told Jones that the messengers had been sent to warn the Yellow Knives not to aid the white hunters in any way. That night the dogs were kept inside, and the men took turns in watching. Morning showed a broad trail southward. And with the going of the Yellow Knives the mercury dropped to fifty, and the long, twilight winter night fell.

So with this agreeable riddance and plenty of meat and fuel to cheer them, the hunters sat down in their snug cabin to wait many months for daylight.

Those few intervals when the wind did not blow were the only times Rea and Jones got out of doors. To the plainsman, new to the north, the dim gray world about him was of exceeding interest. Out of the twilight shone a wan, round, lusterless ring that Rea said was the sun. The silence and desolation were heart-numbing.

"Where are the wolves?" asked Jones of Rea.

"Wolves can't live on snow. They're farther south after caribou, or farther north after musk-ox."

In those few still intervals Jones remained out as long as he dared, with the mercury sinking to sixty degrees. He turned from the wonder of the unreal, remote sun, to the marvel in the north—Aurora borealis—ever-present, ever-changing, ever-beautiful! and he gazed in rapt attention.

"Polar lights," said Rea, as if he were speaking of biscuits. "You'll freeze. It's gettin' cold."

Cold it became, to the matter of seventy

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degrees. Frost covered the walls of the cabin and the roof, except just over the fire. The reindeer were harder than iron. A knife or an ax or a steel-trap burned as if it had been heated in fire, and stuck to the hand. The hunters experienced trouble in breathing; the air hurt their lungs.

The months dragged. Rea grew more silent day by day, and as he sat before the fire his wide shoulders sagged lower and lower. Jones, unaccustomed to the waiting, the restraint, the barrier of the north, worked on guns, sleds, harness, till he felt he would go mad. Then to save his mind he constructed a windmill of caribou hides and pondered over it trying to invent, to put into practical use an idea he had once conceived.

Hour after hour he lay under his blankets unable to sleep, and listened to the north wind. Sometimes Rea mumbled in his slumbers; once his giant form started up, and he muttered a woman's name. Shadows from the fire flickered on the walls, visionary, spectral shadows, cold and gray, fitting the north. At such times he longed with all the power of his soul to be among those scenes far southward, which he called home. For days Rea never spoke a word, only gazed into the fire, ate and slept. Jones, drifting far from his real self, feared the strange mood of the trapper and sought to break it, but without avail. More and more he reproached himself, and singularly on the one fact that, as he did not smoke himself, he had brought only a small store of tobacco. Rea, inordinate and inveterate smoker, had puffed away all the weed in clouds of white, then had relapsed into gloom.

Success and Failure

At last the marvel in the north dimmed, the obscure gray shade lifted, the hope in the south brightened, and the mercury climbed—reluctantly, with a tyrant's hate to relinquish power.

Spring weather at twenty-five below zero! On April 12th a small band of Indians made their appearance. Of the Dog tribe were they, an offcast of the Great Slaves, according to Rea, and as motley, staring and starved as the Yellow Knives. But they were friendly, which presupposed ignorance of the white hunters, and Rea persuaded the strongest brave to accompany them as guide northward after musk-oxen.

On April 16th, having given the Indians several caribou carcasses, and assuring them that the cabin was protected by white spirits, Rea and Jones, each with sled and train of dogs, started out after their guide, who was similarly equipped, over the glistening snow toward the north. They made sixty miles the first day, and pitched their Indian tepee on the shores of Artillery Lake. Traveling northeast, they covered its white waste of one hundred miles in two days. Then a day due north, over rolling, monotonously snowy plain, devoid of rock, tree or shrub, brought them into a country of the strangest, queerest little spruce trees, very slender, and none of them over fifteen feet in height. A primeval forest of saplings.

"Ditchen Nechila!" said the guide.

"Land of Sticks Little," translated Rea.

An occasional reindeer was seen, and numerous foxes and hares trotted off into the woods, evincing more curiosity than fear. All were silver white, even the reindeer, at a distance, taking the hue of the north. Once a beautiful creature, unblemished as the snow it trod, ran up a ridge and stood watching the hunters. It resembled a monster dog, only it was inexpressibly more wild looking.

"Ho! Ho! there you are!" cried Rea, reaching for his Winchester. "Polar wolf! Them's the white devils we'll have hell with."

As if the wolf understood, he lifted his white, sharp head and uttered a bark or howl that was like nothing so much as a haunting, unearthly mourn. The animal then merged into the white, as if he were really a spirit of the world whence his cry seemed to come.

In this ancient forest of youthful appearing trees, the hunters cut firewood to the full carrying capacity of the sleds. For five days the Indian guide drove his dogs over the smooth crust, and on the sixth day, about noon, halting in a hollow, he pointed to tracks in the snow and called out: "Ageter! Ageter! Ageter!"

The hunters saw sharply defined hoof-marks, not unlike the tracks of reindeer, except that they were longer. The tepee was set up on the spot and the dogs unharnessed

The Indian led the way with the dogs, and Rea and Jones followed, slipping over the hard crust without sinking in and traveling swiftly. Soon the guide, pointing, again let out the cry: "Ageter!" at the same moment loosing the dogs.

Some few hundred yards down the hollow, a number of large black animals, not unlike the shaggy, humpy buffalo,

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lumbered over the snow. Jones echoed Rea's yell, and broke into a run, easily distancing the puffing giant.

The musk-oxen squared round to the dogs, and were soon surrounded by the yelping pack. Jones came up to find six old bulls uttering grunts of rage and shaking ram-like horns at their tormentors. Notwithstanding that for Jones this was the cumulation of years of desire, the crowning moment, the climax and fruition of long-harboured dreams, he halted before the tame and helpless beasts, with joy not unmixed with pain.

"It will be murder!" he exclaimed. "It's like shooting down sheep."

Rea came crashing up behind him and yelled: "Get busy. We need fresh meat, an' I want the skins."

The bulls succumbed to well-directed shots, and the Indian and Rea hurried back to camp with the dogs to fetch the sleds, while Jones examined with warm interest the animals he had wanted to see all his life. He found the largest bull approached within a third of the size of a buffalo. He was of a brownish-black colour and very like a large, woolly ram. His head was broad, with sharp, small ears; the horns had wide and flattened bases and lay flat on the head, to run down back of the eyes, then curve forward to a sharp point. Like the bison, the musk-ox had short, heavy limbs, covered with very long hair, and small, hard hoofs with hairy tufts inside the curve of bone, which probably served as pads or checks to hold the hoof firm on ice. His legs seemed out of proportion to his body.

Two musk-oxen were loaded on a sled and hauled to camp in one trip. Skinning them was but short work for such expert hands. All the choice cuts of meat were saved. No time was lost in broiling a steak, which they found sweet and juicy, with a flavour of musk that was disagreeable.

"Now, Rea, for the calves," exclaimed Jones, "and then we're homeward bound."

"I hate to tell this redskin," replied Rea. "He'll be like the others. But it ain't likely he'd desert us here. He's far from his base, with nothin' but thet old musket." Rea then commanded the attention of the brave, and began to mangle the Great Slave and Yellow Knife languages. Of this mixture Jones knew but few words. "Ageter nechila," which Rea kept repeating, he knew, however, meant "musk-oxen little."

The guide stared, suddenly appeared to get Rea's meaning, then vigorously shook his head and gazed at Jones in fear and horror. Following this came an action as singular as inexplicable. Slowly rising, he faced the north, lifted his hand, and remained statuesque in his immobility. Then he began deliberately packing his blankets and traps on his sled, which had not been unhitched from the train of dogs.

"Jackoway ditchen hula," he said, and pointed south.

"Jackoway ditchen hula," echoed Rea. "The damned Indian says 'wife sticks none.' He's goin' to quit us. What do you think of thet? His wife's out of wood. Jackoway out of wood, an' here we are two days from the Arctic Ocean! Jones, the damned heathen don't go back!"

The trapper coolly cocked his rifle. The savage, who plainly saw and understood the action, never flinched. He turned his breast to Rea, and there was nothing in his demeanour to suggest his relation to a craven tribe.

"Good heavens, Rea, don't kill him!" exclaimed Jones, knocking up the leveled rifle.

"Why not, I'd like to know?" demanded Rea, as if he were considering the fate of a threatening beast. "I reckon it'd be a bad thing for us to let him go."

"Let him go," said Jones. "We are here on the ground. We have dogs and meat. We'll get our calves and reach the lake as soon as he does, and we might get there before."

"Mebbe we will," growled Rea.

No vacillation attended the Indian's mood. From a friendly guide, he had suddenly been transformed into a dark, sullen savage. He refused the musk-ox meat offered by Jones, and he pointed south and looked at the white hunters as if he asked them to go with him. Both men shook their heads in answer. The savage struck his breast a sounding blow and with his index finger pointed at the white of the north, he shouted dramatically: "Naza! Naza! Naza!"

He then leaped upon his sled, lashed his dogs into a run, and without looking back disappeared over a ridge.

The musk-ox hunters sat long silent. Finally Rea shook his shaggy locks and roared. "Ho! Ho! Jackoway out of wood! Jackoway out of wood! Jackoway out of wood!"

On the day following the desertion, Jones found tracks to the north of the camp, making a broad trail in which were numerous little imprints that sent him flying

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back to get Rea and the dogs. Musk-oxen in great numbers had passed in the night, and Jones and Rea had not trailed the herd a mile before they had it in sight. When the dogs burst into full cry, the musk-oxen climbed a high knoll and squared about to give battle.

"Calves! Calves! Calves!" cried Jones.

"Hold back! Hold back! Thet's a big herd, an' they'll show fight."

As good fortune would have it, the herd split up into several sections, and one part, hard pressed by the dogs, ran down the knoll, to be cornered under the lee of a bank. The hunters, seeing this small number, hurried upon them to find three cows and five badly frightened little calves backed against the bank of snow, with small red eyes fastened on the barking, snapping dogs.

To a man of Jones's experience and skill, the capturing of the calves was a ridiculously easy piece of work. The cows tossed their heads, watched the dogs, and forgot their young. The first cast of the lasso settled over the neck of a little fellow. Jones hauled him out over the slippery snow and laughed as he bound the hairy legs. In less time than he had taken to capture one buffalo calf, with half the effort, he had all the little musk-oxen bound fast. Then he signaled this feat by pealing out an Indian yell of victory.

"Buff, we've got 'em," cried Rea; "an' now for the hell of it—gettin' 'em home. I'll fetch the sleds. You might as well down thet best cow for me. I can use another skin."

Of all Jones's prizes of captured wild beasts — which numbered nearly every species common to western North America —he took greatest pride in the little musk-oxen. In truth, so great had been his passion to capture some of these rare and inaccessible mammals, that he considered the day's work the fulfillment of his life's purpose. He was happy. Never had he been so delighted as when, the very evening of their captivity, the musk-oxen, evincing no particular fear of him, began to dig with sharp hoofs into the snow for moss. And they found moss and ate it, which solved Jones's greatest problem. He had hardly dared to think how to feed them, and here they were picking sustenance out of the frozen snow.

"Rea, will you look at that! Rea, will you look at that!" he kept repeating. "See, they're hunting feed."

And the giant, with his rare smile, watched him play with the calves. They were about two and a half feet high, and resembled long-haired sheep. The ears and horns were undiscernible, and their colour considerably lighter than that of the matured beasts.

"No sense of fear of man," said the life-student of animals. "But they shrink from the dogs."

In packing for the journey south, the captives were strapped on the sleds. This circumstance necessitated a sacrifice of meat and wood, which brought grave, doubtful shakes of Rea's great head.

Days of hastening over the icy snow, with short hours of sleep and rest, passed before the hunters awoke to the consciousness that they were lost. The meat they had packed had gone to feed themselves and the dogs. Only a few sticks of wood were left.

"Better kill a calf, an' cook meat while we've got a little wood left," suggested Rea.

"Kill one of my calves? I'd starve first!" cried Jones.

The hungry giant said no more.

They headed southwest. All about them glared the grim monotony of the arctics. No rock or bush or tree made a welcome mark upon the hoary plain Wonderland of frost, white marble desert, infinitude of gleaming silences!

Snow began to fall, making the dogs flounder, obliterating the sun by which they traveled. They camped to wait for clearing weather. Biscuits soaked in tea made their meal. At dawn Jones crawled out of the tepee. The snow had ceased. But where were the dogs? He yelled in alarm. Then little mounds of white, scattered here and there, became animated, heaved, rocked and rose to fall to pieces, exposing the dogs. Blankets of snow had been their covering.

Rea had ceased his "Jackoway out of wood," for a reiterated question: "Where are the wolves?"

"Lost," replied Jones in hollow humour.

Near the close of that day, in which they had resumed travel, from the crest of a ridge they descried a long, low, undulating dark line. It proved to be the forest of "little sticks," where, with grateful assurance of fire and of soon finding their old trail, they made camp.

"We've four biscuits left, an' enough tea for one drink each," said Rea. "I calculate we're two hundred miles from Great Slave Lake. Where are the wolves?"

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At that moment the night wind wafted through the forest a long, haunting wail. The calves shifted uneasily; the dogs raised sharp noses to sniff the air, and Rea, settling back against a tree, cried out: "Ho! Ho!" Again the savage sound, a keen wailing note with the hunger of the northland in it, broke the cold silence. "You'll see a pack of real wolves in a minute," said Rea. Soon a swift pattering of feet down a forest slope brought him to his feet with a curse to reach a brawny hand for his rifle. While streaks crossed the black of the tree trunks; then indistinct forms, the colour of snow, swept up, spread out and streaked to and fro. Jones thought the great, gaunt, pure white beasts the spectral wolves of Rea's fancy, for they were silent, and silent wolves must belong to dreams only.

"Ho! Ho!" yelled Rea. "There's green-fire eyes for you, Buff. Hell itself ain't nothin' to these white devils. Get the calves in the tepee, an' stand ready to loose the dogs, for we've got to fight."

Raising his rifle he opened fire upon the white foe. A struggling, rustling sound followed the shots. But whether it was the threshing about of wolves dying in agony, or the fighting of the fortunate ones over those shots, could not be ascertained in the confusion.

Following his example Jones also fired rapidly on the other side of the tepee. The same inarticulate, silently rustling wrestle succeeded this volley.

"Wait!" cried Rea. "Be sparin' of cartridges."

The dogs strained at their chains and bravely bayed the wolves. The hunters heaped logs and brush on the fire, which, blazing up, sent a bright light far into the woods. On the outer edge of that circle moved the white, restless, gliding forms.

"They're more afraid of fire than of us," said Jones.

So it proved. When the fire burned and crackled they kept well in the background. The hunters had a long respite from serious anxiety, during which time they collected all the available wood at hand. But at midnight, when this had been mostly consumed, the wolves grew bold again.

"Have you any shots left for the 45-90, besides what's in the magazine?" asked Rea.

"Yes, a good handful."

"Well, get busy."

With careful aim Jones emptied the magazine into the gray, gliding, groping mass. The same rustling, shuffling, almost silent strife ensued.

"Rea, there's something uncanny about those brutes. A silent pack of wolves!"

"Ho! Ho!" rolled the giant's answer through the woods.

For the present the attack appeared to have been effectually checked. The hunters, sparingly adding a little of their fast diminishing pile of fuel to the fire, decided to lie down for much needed rest, but not for sleep. How long they lay there, cramped by the calves, listening for stealthy steps, neither could tell; it might have been moments and it might have been hours. All at once came a rapid rush of pattering feet, succeeded by a chorus of angry barks, then a terrible commingling of savage snarls, growls, snaps and yelps.

"Out!" yelled Rea. "They're on the dogs!"

Jones pushed his cocked rifle ahead of him and straightened up outside the tepee. A wolf, large as a panther and white as the gleaming snow, sprang at him. Even as he discharged his rifle, right against the breast of the beast, he saw its dripping jaws, its wicked green eyes like spurts of fire, and felt its hot breath. It fell at his feet and writhed in the death struggle. Slender bodies of black and white, whirling and tussling together, sent out a fiendish uproar. Rea threw a blazing stick of wood among them, which sizzled as it met the furry coats, and brandishing another he ran into the thick of the fight. Unable to stand the proximity of fire, the wolves bolted and loped off into the woods.

"What a huge brute!" exclaimed Jones, dragging the one he had shot into the light. It was a superb animal, thin, supple, strong, with a coat of frosty fur, very long and fine. Rea began at once to skin it, remarking that he hoped to find other pelts in the morning.

Though the wolves remained in the vicinity of camp, none ventured near. The dogs moaned and whined; their restlessness increased as dawn approached, and when the gray light came, Jones found that some of them had been badly lacerated by the fangs of the wolves. Rea hunted for dead wolves and found not so much as a piece of white fur.

Soon the hunters were speeding southward. Other than a disposition to fight among themselves, the dogs showed no evil effects of the attack. They were lashed to their best speed, for Rea said the white rangers of the north would never quit their

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trail. All day the men listened for the wild, lonesome, haunting mourn. But it came not.

A wonderful halo of white and gold, that Rea called a sun-dog, hung in the sky all afternoon, and dazzlingly bright over the dazzling world of snow circled and glowed a mocking sun, brother of the desert mirage, beautiful illusion, smiling cold out of the polar blue.

The first pale evening star twinkled in the east when the hunters made camp on the shore of Artillery Lake. At dusk the clear, silent air opened to the sound of a long, haunting mourn.

"Ho! Ho!" called Rea. His hoarse, deep voice rang defiance to the foe.

While he built a fire before the tepee, Jones strode up and down, suddenly to whip out his knife and make for the tame little musk-oxen, now digging in the snow. Then he wheeled abruptly and held out the blade to Rea.

"What for?" demanded the giant.

"We've got to eat," said Jones. "And I can't kill one of them. I can't, so you do it."

"Kill one of our calves?" roared Rea. "Not till hell freezes over! I ain't commenced to get hungry. Besides, the wolves are going to eat us, calves and all."

Nothing more was said. They ate their last biscuit. Jones packed the calves away in the tepee, and turned to the dogs. All day they had worried him; something was amiss with them, and even as he went among them a fierce fight broke out. Jones saw it was unusual, for the attacked dogs showed craven fear, and the attacking ones a howling, savage intensity that surprised him. Then one of the vicious brutes rolled his eyes, frothed at the mouth, shuddered and leaped in his harness, vented a hoarse howl and fell back shaking and retching.

"My God! Rea!" cried Jones in horror. "Come here! Look! That dog is dying of rabies! Hydrophobia! The white wolves have hydrophobia!"

"If you ain't right!" exclaimed Rea. "I seen a dog die of thet oncet, an' he acted like this. An' thet one ain't all. Look, Buff! look at them green eyes! Didn't I say the white wolves was hell? We'll have to kill every dog we've got."

Jones shot the dog, and soon afterward three more that manifested signs of the disease. It was an awful situation. To kill all the dogs meant simply to sacrifice his life and Rea's; it meant abandoning hope of ever reaching the cabin. Then to risk being bitten by one of the poisoned, maddened brutes, to risk the most horrible, agonizing deaths—that was even worse.

"Rea, we've one chance," cried Jones, with pale face. "Can you hold the dogs, one by one, while I muzzle them?"

"Ho! Ho!" replied the giant. Placing his bowie knife between his teeth, with gloved hands he seized and dragged one of the dogs to the campfire. The animal whined and protested, but showed no ill spirit. Jones muzzled his jaws lightly with strong cords. Another and another were tied up, then one which tried to snap at Jones was nearly crushed by the giant's grip. The last, a surly brute, broke out into mad ravings the moment he felt the touch of Jones's hands, and writhing, frothing, he snapped Jones's sleeve. Rea jerked him loose and held him in the air with one arm, while with the other he swung the bowie. They hauled the dead dogs out on the snow and, returning to the fire, sat down to await the cry they expected.

Presently, as darkness fastened down tight, it came—the same cry, wild, haunting, mourning. But for hours it was not repeated.

"Better rest some," said Rea; "I'll call you if they come."

Jones dropped to sleep as he touched his blankets. Morning dawned for him, to find the great, dark, shadowy figure of the giant nodding over the fire.

"How's this? Why didn't you call me?" demanded Jones.

"The wolves only fought a little over the dead dogs."

On the instant Jones saw a wolf skulking up the bank. Throwing up his rifle, which he had carried out of the tepee, he took a snap-shot at the beast. It ran off on three legs, to go out of sight over the bank. Jones scrambled up the steep, slippery place, and upon arriving at the ridge, which took several moments of hard work, he looked everywhere for the wolf. In a moment he saw the animal, standing still some hundred or more paces down a hollow. With the quick report of Jones's second shot, the wolf fell and rolled over. The hunter ran to the spot to find the wolf was dead. Taking hold of a front paw, he dragged the animal over the snow to camp. Rea began to skin the animal, when suddenly he exclaimed:

"This fellow's hind foot is gone!"

"That's strange. I saw it hanging by the skin as the wolf ran up the bank. I'll look for it."

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By the bloody trail on the snow he returned to the place where the wolf had fallen, and thence back to the spot where its leg had been broken by the bullet. He discovered no sign of the foot.

"Didn't find it, did you?" said Rea.

"No, and it appears odd to me. The snow is so hard the foot could not have sunk."

"Well, the wolf ate his foot, thet's what," returned Rea. "Look at them teeth marks!"

"Is it possible?" Jones stared at the leg Rea held up.

"Yes, it is. These wolves are crazy at times. You've seen thet. An' the smell of blood, an' nothin' else, mind you, in my opinion, made him eat his own foot. We'll cut him open."

Impossible as the thing seemed to Jones—and he could not but believe further evidence of his own eyes—it was even stranger to drive a train of mad dogs. Yet that was what Rea and he did, and lashed them, beat them to cover many miles in the long day's journey. Rabies had broken out in several dogs so alarmingly that Jones had to kill them at the end of the run. And hardly had the sound of the shots died when, faint and far away, but clear as a bell, bayed on the wind the same haunting mourn of a trailing wolf.

"Ho! Ho! where are the wolves?" cried Rea.

A waiting, watching, sleepless night followed. Again the hunters faced the south. Hour after hour, riding, running, walking, they urged the poor, jaded, poisoned dogs. At dark they reached the head of Artillery Lake. Rea placed the tepee between two huge stones. Then the hungry hunters, tired, grim, silent, desperate, awaited the familiar cry.

It came on the cold wind, the same haunting mourn, dreadful in its significance.

Absence of fire inspirited the wary wolves. Out of the pale gloom gaunt white forms emerged, agile and stealthy, slipping on velvet-padded feet, closer, closer, closer. The dogs wailed in terror.

"Into the tepee!" yelled Rea.

Jones plunged in after his comrade. The despairing howls of the dogs, drowned in more savage, frightful sounds, knelled one tragedy and foreboded a more terrible one. Jones looked out to see a white mass, like leaping waves of a rapid.

"Pump lead into thet!" cried Rea.

Rapidly Jones emptied his rifle into the white fray. The mass split; gaunt wolves leaped high to fall back dead; others wriggled and limped away; others dragged their hind quarters; others darted at the tepee.

"No more cartridges!" yelled Jones.

The giant grabbed the ax, and barred the door of the tepee. Crash! the heavy iron cleaved the skull of the first brute. Crash! it lamed the second. Then Rea stood in the narrow passage between the rocks, waiting with uplifted ax. A shaggy, white demon, snapping his jaws, sprang like a dog. A sodden, thudding blow met him and he slunk away without a cry. Another rabid beast launched his white body at the giant. Like a flash the ax descended. In agony the wolf fell, to spin round and round, running on his hind legs, while his head and shoulders and forelegs remained in the snow. His back was broken.

Jones crouched in the opening of the tepee, knife in hand. He doubted his senses. This was a nightmare. He saw two wolves leap at once. He heard the crash of the ax; he saw one wolf go down and the other slip under the swinging weapon to grasp the giant's hip. Jones heard the rend of cloth, and then he pounced like a cat, to drive his knife into the body of the beast. Another nimble foe lunged at Rea, to sprawl broken and limp from the iron. It was a silent fight. The giant shut the way to his comrade and the calves; he made no outcry; he needed but one blow for every beast; magnificent, he wielded death and faced it—silent. He brought the white wild dogs of the north down with lightning blows, and when no more sprang to the attack, down on the frigid silence he rolled his cry: "Ho! Ho!"

"Rea! Rea! how is it with you?" called Jones, climbing out.

"A torn coat—no more, my lad."

Three of the poor dogs were dead; the fourth and last gasped at the hunters and died.

The wintry night became a thing of half-conscious past, a dream to the hunters, manifesting its reality only by the stark, stiff bodies of wolves, white in the gray morning.

"If we can eat, we'll make the cabin," said Rea. "But the dogs an' wolves are poison."

"Shall I kill a calf?" asked Jones.

"Ho! Ho! when hell freezes over—if we must!"

Jones found one 45-90 cartridge in all the outfit, and with that in the chamber of his

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rifle, once more struck south. Spruce trees began to show on the barrens and caribou trails roused hope in the hearts of the hunters.

"Look! in the spruces," whispered Jones, dropping the rope of his sled. Among the black trees gray objects moved.

"Caribou!" said Rea. "Hurry! Shoot! Don't miss!"

But Jones waited. He knew the value of the last bullet. He had a hunter's patience. When the caribou came out in an open space, Jones whistled. It was then the rifle grew set and fixed; it was then the red fire belched forth.

At four hundred yards the bullet took some fraction of time to strike. What a long time that was! Then both hunters heard the spiteful spat of the lead. The caribou fell, jumped up, ran down the slope, and fell again to rise no more.

An hour of rest, with fire and meat, changed the world to the hunters; still glistening, it yet had lost its bitter cold, its deathlike clutch.

"What's this?" cried Jones.

Moccasin tracks of different sizes, all toeing north, arrested the hunters.

"Pointed north! Wonder what thet means?" Rea plodded on, doubtfully shaking his head.

Night again, clear, cold, silver, starlit, silent night! The hunters rested, listening ever for the haunting wail. Day again, white, passionless, monotonous, silent day! The hunters traveled on—on—on, ever listening for the haunting mourn.

Another dusk found them within thirty miles of their cabin. Only one more day now.

Rea talked of his furs, of the splendid white furs he could not bring. Jones talked of his little musk-oxen calves, and joyfully watched them dig for moss in the snow.

Vigilance relaxed that night. Outworn nature rebelled, and both hunters slept.

Rea awoke first and, kicking off the blankets, went out. His terrible roar of rage made Jones fly to his side.

Under the very shadow of the tepee, where the little musk-oxen had been tethered, they lay stretched out pathetically on crimson snow—stiff, stone-cold, dead. Moccasin tracks told the story of the tragedy.

Jones leaned against his comrade.

The giant raised his huge fist.

"Jackoway out of wood! Jackoway out of wood!"

Then he choked.

The north wind, blowing through the thin, dark, weird spruce trees, moaned and seemed to sigh, "Naza! Naza! Naza!"

Love in a Life—By ROBERT BROWNING

ROOM after room,
I hunt the house through
We inhabit together.
Heart, fear nothing, for, heart, thou shalt find her—
Next time, herself!—not the trouble behind her
Left in the curtain, the couch's perfume!
As she brushed it, the cornice-wreath blossomed anew:
Yon looking-glass gleamed at the wave of her feather.

Yet the day wears,
And door succeeds door;
I try the fresh fortune—
Range the wide house from the wing to the centre.
Still the same chance! she goes out as I enter.
Spend my whole day in the quest,—who cares?
But 'tis twilight, you see,—with such suites to explore,
Such closets to search, such alcoves to importune!

and Life in a Love

ESCAPE me?
Never—
Beloved!
While I am I, and you are you,
So long as the world contains us both,
Me the loving and you the loth,
While the one eludes, must the other pursue.
My life is a fault at last, I fear:
It seems too much like a fate, indeed!
Though I do my best I shall scarce succeed.
But what if I fail of my purpose here?

It is but to keep the nerves at strain,
To dry one's eyes and laugh at a fall,
And baffled, get up and begin again,—
So the chase takes up one's life, that's all.
While, look but once from your farthest bound
At me so deep in the dust and dark,
No sooner the old hope goes to ground
Than a new one, straight to the selfsame mark,
I shape me—
Ever
Removed!

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The Tenth Muse: *Advertisa*

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PART-TIME WORK wanted by man sober and reliable after six o'clock evenings and Sundays.
San Francisco (Cal.) Examiner.

WHERE ARE THE BOONS OF YESTERYEAR?

FERRIC ODYLINE

A NEW DISCOVERY

The Highest Form of Electricity. The only Ventilating Insole in the World. . . . Cold feet an impossibility, and every form of disease permanently cured by

FERRIC ODYLINE

Mysterious law our world controls,
To man unknown, by all unseen;
But Science circumscribed the poles,
And gave us Ferric Odyline.
American Reformer, New York, 1882.

JUDGE J. W. TATTAN
FALLS; COLLAR BONE
AND 7 EGGS BROKEN
Glasgow (Mont.) Courier—(headlines).

"Lost, strayed or stolen—a large flock of Methodist sheep. They have been gone for some time. When last seen they were browsing along the road of indifference. Any one finding these sheep please bring them home if possible and you will receive ample reward. If they refuse to come home, drive them into the nearest fold and lock the door and report to the undersigned, Rev. J. B. Ennis. Plenty of fodder will be provided Sunday."
Perry (N. Y.) Newspaper.

THE FLAXTON PHARMACY is offering a $6 prize to the married lady of Flaxton having spent the largest sum of money for cosmetics during the past year.
The lady's name will be published in the Xmas issue of the *Times*. *Flaxton (N. Dak.) Times.*

NOTICE: If any man's or woman's oxens or cows gits in these here oats his or her tail will be cut off as the case may be. *Missouri farm sign.*

DAIRYMAN desires two men who can produce milk, operate International truck and tractor. Box 217, Ellerson, Va.
Richmond (Va.) Times-Dispatch.

NOTICE
My store will be open for a short time to all those wishing to purchase merchandise before being disposed of in some other manner. Mowry's.—Adv.
Wenatchee (Ore.) Daily World.

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Lawrence (Kan.) Journal-World.

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GIVEN BY
METHODIST CHOIR OF 25 VOICES
Assisted by
Mr. Charles Blackmore
—at—
METHODIST CHURCH
FRIDAY, AUGUST 19TH, 7:30 O'CLOCK
"The Heavens Are Telling".....Haydn
Under direction of Mrs. Flora Hill
No Admission *Ohio paper.*

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Neatness and Harmony First Requisites—Stuffings for Poultry.
Spokane (Wash.) Spokesman-Review.

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Powder Box. Plays sweet music when opened.
Atomizer. A real Atomizer plays when picked up.
Handsome ornament on any lady's dressing table.
Toilet Roll. Plays when paper is pulled from roll.
Christmas-gift Circular.

Mme. Sonia Ch. Poulieff, Monsieur Nicholas Ch. Poulieff, Mademoiselle Véra Ch. Poulieff, Monsieur & Madame Gr. Dendrino with their daughter, Madame Hélène Sirmadjieff, have the profound sorrow to announce the loss they have experienced in the person of their dear husband, father, grandfather and brother

MONSIEUR CHRISTO N. POULIEFF

Died at Bucarest, October 27
La Bulgarie (Sofia).

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A Land of Mystery

Introductory Note

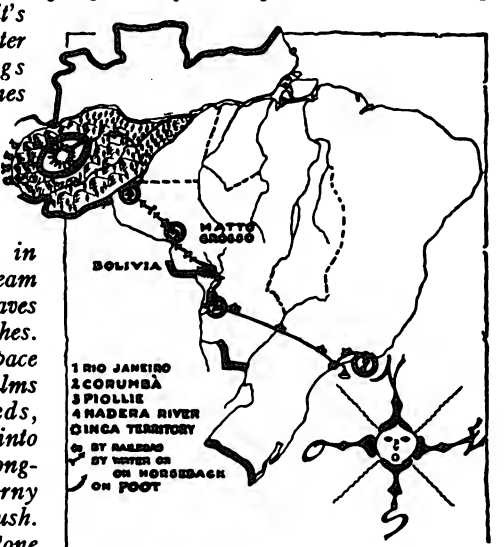
THE year 1915 saw me in Rio Janeiro. Aboard the steamer that had carried me from Buenos Aires I met Eulogio Alba and Major Lopez (the years have effaced from my memory the latter's first name). They were two Bolivians from Cochabamba, the sunny city whose sons seem to be born travelers. Alba, who was in his thirties, was probably younger than Lopez, not quite as tall, his features less hard though distinctively energetic, more inclined to be slight than burly; and his swarthy complexion was a contrast to his friend's ruddy face. Both were strong and alert.

I, being young and of the same city of Cochabamba, quickly gained their sympathy and confidence. Thus I learned that my friends were explorers—and I confessed to being just a greenhorn in quest of adventure. When we landed in Rio our acquaintance developed into affectionate friendship, and we soon made plans to do some hunting together. Alba, who had pressing business to attend to in Corumbá, decided that we should go there at once. Here we would have many ample opportunities to satisfy our craving for the noblest of sports.

The morning of our departure the weather was particularly enervating and oppressive.

"Why are there such thick woods around the city?" I asked Alba. "I think that instead of levelling hills, as it is said they are going to, they might open up lanes."

"The serrado creeps up on everything. A clearing made now would be thick with saplings and brush within a few months. From São Paolo, north, east and west to the Paraná River, everything is forest, forest extending to the ocean and checked only by the rivers and stone-belted cities. The whole land is jungle, and from September to March, especially, it luxuriates. Rain deluges it then, and it's fruitful and green. Later on, however, things change. The sun shines incessantly; not a breath stirs in the great forest. The ground bakes, the stones begin to crack, the trees twist in suffocation with the steam that parches the leaves and warps the branches. But every inch of space is covered with palms and clinging weeds, weaving themselves into impassable nets, strongholds reinforced by thorny plants and underbrush. You'll see!" Alba's tone was warning. "And you'll realize that here we are atoms foreign to this Nature, and that your very life depends on your submission to its laws and whims, your respect for its silence, your strength to endure its plagues, your courage to slip out of its clutches, your ability to avoid or conquer the thousand dangers that threaten you every moment, everywhere. Then you'll know whether you can triumph by yourself—or perish! Here's the station; we are just in time!"



THE UNKNOWN REGION OF THE MONTAÑA

A sketch-map of the route followed by the author from Rio Janeiro to the Madera River.

A few moments later we had left Rio and were on our way to Corumbá. Lopez smoked pensively, Alba was busy taking notes, and I was gazing at the city that stood in a flower garden. The Sugar Loaf proudly bathed its feet in the ocean. It appeared for an instant, far off, suggesting the defiant horn of a rhinoceros. Before it was lost definitely, I caught two or three more glimpses of it as it peered over moss-covered hills and glowing greenery.

"It isn't artistic—It isn't ugly," I repeated to myself. "It's . . . it's—it's a symbol!" I concluded aloud. My friends, not knowing what I meant, only opened my window, and, rather concernedly, suggested my breathing deep and slow.

Next morning we were in Corumbá.

D. DE PEREYRA.

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ANT-EATER DINING ON THE DREADED FIRE-ANTS

A Land of Mystery

Adventures Through the Matto Grosso and Up To the Edge of the Unknown Montaña

By D. DE PEREYRA

With Illustrations by the Author

PART I

I. The Man Caépora Spared

MY FRIENDS and I had been in Corumbá one month, preparing for what was to be our longest and most arduous expedition. We were to go up the Paraguay River and gain the Agoapehy—a ridge within the southwestern wing of the Matto Grosso—through its affluent, the Jaurú. There we hoped to be able to cut across the forest and push westward to the Madera River by way of the Tamarlindo, stopping first at some settlement in northern Bolivia if we needed to re-stock ourselves with provisions.

Early one December morning we made the start on foot. As I went with Timo, engaged in conversation, Alba and Lopez, absorbed in their plans, followed some distance behind. The guide was telling me that there was a mysterious race of Indians at the Madera—not savages—who appeared along that region with surprising quantities of gold which they bartered for articles they particularly needed. Apparently, they belonged to the forbidding territory of the Montaña, that jungle province of the Incas which, incorporated with the Cuzco as the Anti-Suyu, yielded to the Empire fabulous quantities of the yellow metal. What were those Indians? Nobody knew—except, perhaps, Alba and himself. The strange traders always disappeared as mysteriously as they had come. A sign language, at which they were none too clever—and this meant that among themselves they were unfamiliar with that means of expression—was all they used to make themselves understood of other men.

This stirred my imagination tremendously, and, foolishly, without waiting to near more, I ran to Alba and asked him to tell me about these Indians. He appeared strangely perturbed, and, instead of answering my question, he curtly warned Timo never to talk to me about such nonsense! But I promised myself to find out the rest of the story before long.

Well, we arrived at a bend of the river, where an Indian waited for us. He stood in front of a balsa and of a canoe hidden among some tall plants. The Indian, an old acquaintance of Timo's, as yet unknown to either my friends or myself, was simply a common savage, large-limbed, short, with a coarse face and awkward, stealthy man-

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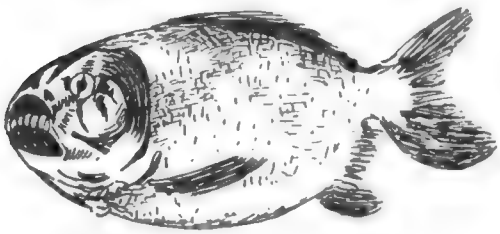
ners. We learned that his name was Tupi, because he came from the tribe of the Tupis, who had not yet been taught baptism; that he walked on all fours like an animal; that he could crawl under the lianas and through the underbrush whenever necessary, insensible to insect bites or thorns; that only the guide, who understood his dialect, could transmit our orders to him; and that he was to be the cook as well as



THE MAN-EATING FISH OF BRAZIL

The piranha, about fourteen inches long, schools of which savagely attack anything living that touches the water of their rivers.

the "handy man" of the expedition. This all seemed commonplace to Alba, who looked at him only once. He was an unholy sight.

Lopez set about taking the first pictures of the trip. "Timo," he said, "stand by Tupi a second." But this seemed to offend the guide, who protested that he could not have his picture taken with a savage.

I had suspected Timo's pride. He no longer belonged to his race. He had shown me in the past three weeks that he regarded Indians with cynical contempt. Lopez, wishing to avoid friction of any kind, had to photograph him alone. But when it came to Tupi, he found himself faced by a greater difficulty. The slighted savage had followed the proceedings with monkey-like curiosity. Now that he found himself in front of a black box with a wicked eye, he began to run about imploring the help of his gods. When Timo showed him a picture explaining what was desired of him, it was much worse. He threw himself on the ground and there was no means of making him rise.

The only thing to do now, before beginning the adventure, was to christen the two craft. The balsa was a raft of logs tied solidly together. It was laden with our provisions, and was to be manned by the Indians. Alba was getting ready for the ceremony when a number of fish, weighing from fifteen to thirty pounds each, appeared, skipping over the water. One of them came leaping madly in our direction, and, before anyone realized it, fell inside the boat. Here Timo killed it a second later. "It is a boto!" he exclaimed, noticing at the same time that there was another fish, much smaller, squirming on the blankets and biting everything within its reach with incredible ferocity. This was a young piranha, seven inches long, half the normal size. Alba took particular satisfaction in killing it, just when it was about to snap at his hand. The creature, he explained to me, was the man-eating fish that exists only in Brazil,—so fierce, he remarked, as to be almost human. I was warned against them. Sometimes they traveled in schools, often individually. They seemed to have declared unremitting war against everything, and reigned supreme in their element.

The piranha had attacked the large boto, ripping its belly and holding fast to it. It had a ferocious appearance: broad of back and belly, with a head like a bulldog; oval in general shape, and more slender in front than back. It had sharp teeth, projecting from the lower jaw, teeth so strong that no doubt they could cut even a copper leader if caught with a hook. Its bulging eyes gave it a decidedly wicked look. We were to come across these creatures often enough.

"There you've got the names of the two craft, niños; the *Piranha* and the *Boto*," the resourceful guide exclaimed.

We all assented enthusiastically, and, good-humouredly, we painted the names on the bows and proceeded to do the traditional christening with champagne brought specially for that purpose. The canoe being of the light Canadian type, and consequently rather frail, we simply let the wine flow over the two boats. Timo then flung the empty bottle into the river with a loud hurrah which must have frightened more than one monkey in the forest.

Tupi had watched the foregoing ceremony with extreme interest. Now that he saw the precious bottle floating in the stream, with only the gold neck showing above water, he threw aside the bow and arrows he had been testing and plunged resolutely to the rescue, swimming as desperately as if he were saving someone's life.

"The piranhas!" shouted Lopez, terrified.

A multitude of white fish had come up to the surface and were swimming alongside the savage. We looked at Timo, and saw him anxiously observing the mad adventure. But Tupi came out unharmed.

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He had rescued what for him was certainly a treasure, and he now busied himself burying his possession, after wrapping it in dry maguey leaves which he picked nearby.

"So it is possible," I had to say, "to swim among the piranhas without danger!"

"Ha!" Timo shrugged his shoulders. "I have known others who could do it—but in the end they fell victims to the cursed creatures. A small wound—a little more noise in the water—I don't know!—something breaks the charm and ends their strange carryings-on." And the guide, turning to Tupi, scolded him severely in a torrent of short, sharp words. Tupi rose solemnly and answered back with a speech.

"Pooh!" said Timo, again shrugging his shoulders and pushing him to the raft in order to make ready to go. "He tells me that Caépora, the king of the jungle, let him go unharmed one day when they met, and that, therefore, nothing belonging to his dominion, the forest and the rivers, will ever harm him, not even Minhocâo, the myriad-headed serpent which turns everyone insane by a look."

And since I wanted to know about the generous Caépora and the evil-eyed Minhocâo, the guide explained, in a scornful tone, that they were two beings of great power. The first was a hairy man of tremendous strength, who appeared suddenly before hunters, and if they were wantonly destructive or disobeyed certain orders, he twisted their necks. If he spared them at all, he gave them complete immunity on earth. The second was a monster of unspeakable ferocity, keeping watch from the bottom of the Madera River on Indians wanting to trespass on western shores. It saw that no foreigner violated the "reign of the Sun."

This made me ponder. Two nice stories to guard the Indians from possible starvation through useless killing, and to ward off invaders, I surmised; but Alba had something to say on Tupi's almost insane daring. "Faith!" he wanted us to observe; "faith that brings many through adventures which otherwise would be their death."

The balsa was quickly gaining the middle of the river.

"Timo does not seem to have such faith," Lopez replied, "and yet he, too, pulls through wild adventures."

"Timo is a Quechua, and it is his contact with men of our race that makes him talk like that," said Alba. "He lives with this German engineer of Santa-Cruz, von Adler, who, to me, is the most irrational cynic. He must have learned a lot from him."

"Faith," contended Lopez, "is just the fluid of youth—the silly age of hopes and dreams. It exists when our desires materialize—and burns to ashes the minute we realize that we cannot accomplish anything." Lopez was a sort of philosopher.

OUR CANOE, THE PIRANHA

"As fleet and noiseless as its namesake."

He spoke very seldom and seemed disillusioned with people, for he sought always to avoid them. Ordinarily I used to dismiss his opinions, not that he lacked logic, but because he was extremely pessimistic. Yet this time his words had a ring that sounded true to me. They made me peer into his past.

"We'd better hurry and catch up with the *Boto*," advised Alba, getting into the canoe. He took his place aft, Lopez sat at the prow, and I in between. The guide and the savage, maneuvering with expert strokes, advanced on the balsa as with a sailboat. The *Piranha* proved itself worthy of its name. It was as fleet and noiseless as its namesake. In half an hour we overtook Timo, and proceeded close to each other and always in midstream.

I gasped at the gorgeous panoramas disclosed to me for the first time by the overpowering Matto Grosso. The vegetation, bordering closely upon the water, rose majestically on both shores. Millions of interwoven vines formed gigantic barriers among the tremendously tall and sturdy boles, and vivid red and blue flowers sought the sun through the carpet of underbrush and the walls of onrushing frondage which shadowed the river from a height of sixty to a hundred feet. From the immense tops came a sough of undistinguishable sounds, and now and then one could hear already

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the short, melodious song of some bewitching bird.

The river ran a meandering course, wide as a lake in stretches, then narrow and deep —its waters teeming with life. Schools of all kinds of fish swam down-stream, but scattered when they came to waiting crocodiles, which swallowed whole groups of them with gluttonous snaps. Bien-te-vís, small yellow-breasted fishing birds, were also at their breakfast.

I was told that we were in the arable part of the Matto Grosso. The region was farmed. Posts planted ten and fifteen miles apart marked the boundaries of property belonging to fazendeiros. The soil was good, the temperature bearable. Once I saw, through a gap burned in the woods along the shore, a mandioca plantation, and small lagoons with any number of ducks swimming and fluttering around. Evidently it took but little effort to live here.

Towards seven o'clock that morning we reached a spot where the water overflowed the lower banks for miles. Here vegetation was stunted and sparse, but all sorts of animals seemed to thrive. I observed everything with interest, while my friends and the guides paddled almost unconcernedly. Immense tracts had become swamps. Thousands of little mounds rose everywhere, each one occupied by some animal. Small crocodilians, called jacaré-tingas, were solemnly swimming about. Huge ibises were trying to alight, and frequently two or three alligators would pounce upon them with open jaws, lashing the water with their tails. I knew they were protecting their eggs. The ibises are very heavy, and when they do not eat the 'gator eggs, they crush them.

In other places capybaras, like gigantic guinea-pigs, were tidying themselves, sitting on their haunches and showing no fear of the crocodiles. But the craft put them to flight. They jumped into the river and hid among water-lilies, floating with merely their noses above the surface.

The left bank of the river, being the marshier, seemed to be the more thickly populated. Dry patches of land covered with palms appeared now and then. Jacamars, tanagers and black and golden orioles flew everywhere. The restless parrots filled the air with their *arrah-rrah-ahs* and the clatter of wings. Parrakeets, busily making their nests, added to the hubbub. Amid these birds, like poised Englishmen, sat a number of jabirús opening and closing their long bills, as if talking to themselves. These birds, tall as a man, will attack with bill and wings and kill any careless hunter. A large fig-tree sheltered several of their nests—wide platforms made of branches. I thought I saw three fledglings in a nest. but my friends assured me there should be four.

Herons, ibises and flamingoes flew in magnificent display above the marshes. Their long legs were finely outlined against the gray sky, their necks curved gracefully and their heads nestled between their wings. They glided very low and alighted gently everywhere, often when a bienteví showed the way to food. The trees at the edge of the river continued so thick and tall that anyone unfamiliar with tropical growth would have thought them hundreds of years old, when in reality they might have just attained twenty, as this relatively short time suffices for their full development. Here the forest had avenged itself upon a trespasser. A huge okote tree rose from the middle of a barrack, abandoned and in ruins. At some distance from the river, half hidden in the swamps, one could see jacarés and jabirús in still greater numbers. The air stank. Flocks of crows came and went uninterruptedly.

"Fish," said Alba in answer to my inquiry, "rotting in places where there is no more water. It's like this every season. The rain decreases a while, the soil absorbs a whole lake, and thousands of fish are left high and dry." I thought this strange, for it seemed to pour all the time, only a little less torrentially than usual.

A deer was just withdrawing from the shore where it had been drinking. The guns were at hand, the place was convenient for a landing. Lopez fired. A branch snapped and gave the alarm to a flock of peccaries, which, like the deer, disappeared into the forest. "I hope some day to have an operation on whichever is my bad eye," he mumbled. Later on, Alba decided to shoot something for lunch, and he soon discovered a chillona hen cackling on a branch over the river. It was dark gray in colour. He made ready his gun, and the bird, heavy as a domesticated turkey and somewhat larger, fell with a croak into the water. This startled thousands of birds and monkeys. They filled the air with breath-arresting uproar. As I reached for the victim that was tinting the water red, I heard Timo cry, "Piranhas, niño, look out!"

It was too late. Something made me draw back my hand sooner than I expected. Blood flowed. But I had succeeded in tak-

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ing the bird aboard. I felt nothing until I actually saw the wound. A piranha had closed its jaws on the leather strap of my wrist watch, carrying it down with it and thus missing a better morsel.

At this misadventure, the curious monkeys broke into frequent *hoo-oo-hoos*, and, with prodigious agility, jumped merrily among the branches. Three of them, colliding, fell suddenly into the water, and it was my turn to *hoo-hoo* at them. They screamed so shrilly that the forest was soon in another turmoil. In a moment the piranhas were upon them. Before the eyes of their horrified kin they disappeared, limb after limb, long before a cayman, which had seen them from the shore, could even start to swim toward this meal.

This finale to the morning's adventures brought the thought of Caépora back to my mind. Little did I suspect then that we would soon be less doubtful about him. Had this episode shaken Lopez's skepticism any? With this question I turned my attention to him. Wonderingly, he was watching Tupi from the corners of his eyes.

II. The Plant That Makes One Speak Truth

Alba would not tell me what the guide pretended he knew of the strange Indians of the Madera. "You are only seventeen," he said, "and such things are not for young people."

The guide merely giggled when I pressed for more information, and Lopez confessed to me that this was the first time he had ever heard of it. Probably I should have never gotten any further if chance had not afforded me a quite unexpected opportunity in the most natural way. My knowledge of the whole thing came about after the guide had given me the history of his life, some of which I must impart.

"When I came here for the first time," he had said—"that is, when my parents took me to the Madera,—I was barely ten years old. Now I am three times that. We were then working in rubber, and one day, while we were searching for turtles well to the north of the falls, a party of Parentintín Indians attacked us. They kept me a prisoner and ate my parents. I don't know whether it is true, but several years later, the medicine man of those cannibals told me that they had made me eat a piece of each of them, so that when my turn came, and I was fatter and bigger, my flesh would be equally tasty. They did not know how long they would have to wait! But for three years they took me everywhere as a hostage, along with the cattle stolen from the shore settlers and kept for slaughter. I was thinner than ever, but I had learned their dialect so well that in the end they forgot I was a stranger and allowed me entire liberty."

"So you escaped?"

"Yes! But on the way I was taken ill with their peculiar fever, which is known throughout Brazil as sesões, and I fell into the hands of the Catuquina Indians, who, if not fierce, are wicked. Here I spent another three years, serving not only them but other tribes with which they sometimes left me as if I had been their dog. And then, one fine day, as I was looking for yagué leaves for my captors, I came across white men, who saw immediately that I was not a savage. At first they did not want to take me with them. By helping me get out, they risked their own lives. I told them how terrible it was to be a prisoner of the Catuquinas. These treated me like one of their women: I had to work with them—and what work! Niño von Adler, the head of the party, helped me out. You can't imagine what it's like, preparing poisons for their arrows and making bows of chonta wood—like the one I have there."

"So you know how to make poisons?"

"Every poison there is, I think. The curare as well as the cunabi. They always sent me to look for timboybas, makakanambis, icus, uiraris, timbos and hervamouras. When I handled these plants at first they almost choked me with their thousand different emanations. It was devilish work, but I got interested in it and I began to experiment. Once I mixed usari with—well, never mind. The concoction has a smell of alcohol, and the sorcerer of the Turis, who had come that day, drank it without knowing what it was. The fellow was seized by frightful fits. He died, doubled up, apparently insensible to pain."

I shuddered with disgust. "What did you do after you escaped?"

"I attended school for a year, and then came back to the forest. I couldn't live away from it."

"But weren't you afraid of being taken prisoner again by the savages?"

"No, niño! I had a gun and more experience. I knew the forest like the palm of my hand, and nothing frightened me. My gun! At first I thought myself invincible with it, but later I was convinced that the arrow, because of its silence, is the best weapon in the jungle, even to-day."

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TOUCAN AND MACAW

One is the clown, the other the stolid bird of the sertão.

"Ever been afraid of jaguars—serpents?"

"Why, niño? They're no worse than some city pests. In the towns, I've seen automobiles that kill quicker than a jaguar or a serpent. Are you afraid of them? Of course not! Simply because you are used to such things. One day I fled into the forest because I was frightened by a train. I used to be like that when I was not quite accustomed to cities."

"And the darkness?"

"For you light is a reassurance; for us darkness has the same value in the woods. For you a bed is the only means of resting; for us the bare ground is better. You are awakened by a servant; the dawn awakens us. You sleep when you are tired; we sleep when we can. What you do is strange to us. It's probably impossible for you to imitate what we do. But," he could not help adding proudly, "the difficult thing is to proceed in the forest as in the forest, and in the city as in the city. I'm used to both!"

Timo, like all intelligent Indians, was proud of his achievements. "Do the Indians fight a lot?"

"Oh, yes! Many of them are cannibals, and they are always looking for victims. Others are merely hunters, but they are cruel and bloodthirsty. Others still, the young warriors, fight to steal women."

"And how can they make themselves understood if they don't speak the same dialect?"

"Oh! Women have no need of talking; they know what is expected of them. That's enough. Ask Tupi—he will tell you. He has four wives now. No two of the same tribe."

"Where did you meet him?"

"In the woods. At one time he was a sorcerer as well as an executioner of prisoners of war. I've been told that his favourite way of dispatching them was to shoot an arrow into each eye from a distance of about fifteen yards. His own men feared him even more than the cacique, who only has to say one word to have anybody killed. I have still to see him fail in his shots. Wait and see!"

"I would never have believed," I said, "that Tupi had such a gruesome past. He, who is always so meek, so quiet." For the savage was invariably silent and obedient. He was the strong arm of the expedition. He carried out everyone else's orders, cleared the ground for camping, and tirelessly performed all the unpleasant and heavy work. Timo knew how to deal with him, whether by gestures of command or blows. I wanted him to be gentler with the Indian, but the guide only smiled. Alba explained to me that such treatment was indispensable in handling savages, for without it they would not do a thing.

"What was Tupi doing in the woods when you met him?"

"He had taken his unfaithful women to the Carijona Indians and traded them for yagué," he answered, quite matter-of-factly.

"What is this yagué?" I inquired, observing that he had mentioned it once before.

"It's a drug used by the Carijonas to make their prisoners talk."

I laughed. "Come, now! How can you believe that a drug will make you talk?"

Timo's weakness was conceit. He was annoyed that his words should be doubted. "Niño, it does, that's all. It makes you

CAPYBARA

"Like a gigantic guinea-pig"

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drowsy, and you think only of sleeping. And then you speak the truth, the absolute truth without knowing it. Then you lose all sense, and when you wake up again you don't remember anything except your sleepiness. Everything you said or were asked is gone. But," he added, urging Tupi to quicken his stroke, "you have to know a lot about the drug before you can use it right: the strength of yagué, the time of its fermentation, the quantity—and that's very important, because otherwise you would not get any results, and you might blind whoever you give it to.

"Blind? . . ."

"Yes! But a strange blindness. Instead of seeing nothing at all, you see a thick blue veil, in which dream-fancies appear as clear as if they were real."

"That must be a fable!" I exclaimed.

This hurt Timo's vanity still more. "Perhaps, niño," he replied; then, determined to convince me, he produced a number of nuts, not quite the size of almonds. "Whenever I have my doubts as to whether Tupi is going to stay with me or leave camp while I sleep," he said, "I put the contents of one of these into his maté and get the truth out of him. It never fails!"

An idea flashed into my mind. I had been handed several of the nuts for inspection. I returned all but one. They were only seed-shells, closed with wax, and containing some kind of liquid. "Do you think the same results could be obtained on civilized people?" I asked, assuming absolute indifference.

"And why not, niño? It should work better, the white man not being as obstinate as the Indian." And here he interrupted himself to concentrate his attention on the bank we were just passing.

Could I learn the secret of Alba through this drug? . . . The idea had sped through my mind, and I felt uneasy.

We had been going for several days, each more rainy than the preceding one, so our spirits were at their lowest. Occasionally, to break the monotony of the journey, I would shift to Timo's balsa. I could learn from him so much more and more quickly than from my friends! I was with him now. The guide's knowledge of the forest was a constant surprise to me. There was no incident for which he could not offer some plausible explanation, no plant whose use he was not acquainted with, no bird or animal about which he did not know something through personal experience, no insect he had not seen before. He was a brawny giant—descendant of a very old Quechua family from Sucre and of a Spanish soldier, body-guard of Hernando de Soto, a fact which at times made him overlook his Indian ancestry. His contempt for this race was often overbearing. His features were Egyptian, his look steady and intelligent. Wandering among the tribes of the Amazon, he had learned all their tricks, languages and customs. He knew more dialects than a missionary, he walked as rapidly in the forest as on clear ground, he shot an arrow as a marksman would a revolver. He could follow a man ten times better than a hound could. Traveling

IBIS AND JABIRU

The former solemn, the other quizzical.

with him was as much a pleasure as a comfort. I could always sleep securely under his guardianship. And he was a fearless man.

We passed the banks—floating islands, in reality, loaded with vegetation—and I got back to the canoe. "Why so thoughtful?" Alba asked me. I only smiled at him. I had just settled in my mind the best way of giving him the dose of yagué. He drank a lot of coffee, and drank it without sugar. There was a canteen with plenty of it by my side. He would ask me to pour some for him and I would add the drug to his cup. Then—I felt sure the guide was right—I would get the rest of the story he had commenced giving me.

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Towards three o'clock in the afternoon, the sun appeared for the first time since we had left Corumbá. The forest, bathed in sunlight, grew more distinct, and everyone pulled heartily to reach the end of our stage and do some hunting. An hour later we arrived at the junction of a small river, the bottom of which could be clearly seen. Here a multitude of large, brown fish swam. On seeing them Tupi jumped with joy, got ready his forty-inch arrow, and fastened it to a bracelet on his arm by a long, stout fiber. Standing at the end of the balsa, he waited until one came near, shot and pulled up his fish. He was biting its head to still it, when we heard a noise of something splashing in the water. We paddled toward the sound with extreme caution, and Timo followed.

Concealed by branches, stood an Indian entirely naked, fishing with a covo, a conical basket which he threw in the way of fish coming down the stream, particularly swift at that point. The fish entered the wide end and got wedged at the other. The basket was then pulled out and emptied of the catch. Alba had already told me of this manner of fishing in the Madera. He was quite surprised to find it here too, but of course the savage might have wandered there and found his way back to his tribe—a real feat.

Tupi, hardly aware of the situation, and still engrossed in his own fishing, shot again, but this time, instead of a suchi, he hit a boto of tremendous size, lost his balance and plunged with a splash into the river. It was only then that the lone savage became aware of the presence of strangers; frightened by what he hardly stopped to understand, he picked up his covo and fled.

A bravo, I surmised, who has never seen white men. We got away as soon as possible, for fear he might arouse his tribe. But we left a necklace of coloured beads on the sand so they would understand we were friendly. Tupi, by this time, was back in his place, and Timo scolded him and pulled his ears. He sobbed in his seat like a child, while the guide threatened him with an oar. I looked at him reproachfully.

"He's crying because he lost his bow," Timo explained. "It was the one he used for executions in his tribe. He thinks it had as many charms as the lives it took—a few dozen, *pisht!*"

"A mere trifle!" said I, affecting the same gesture of disdain that had accompanied Timo's last words.

We rowed on along the opposite bank of the river. A group of small islands inhabited by macaws was in sight, and the guide pointed out to me a hornets' nest over six feet in diameter. It hung between two trees, and alongside were built long, finely-shaped nests belonging to a colony of orioles that fluttered about noisily. They were the most poisonous hornets, so vicious that they attack for no reason at all anything that comes near their way, but, strangely enough, they allow the orioles to live near them. In fact, they protect them, for without them these most inoffensive birds would be despoiled of their nests or devoured at night by owls. Not far away, a gray ibis was greedily eating. It was long-billed and bald-headed, huge and sturdy of body. The black tips of its bony wings seemed to be tied up at the tail. It paid no attention whatever to us. The bird must have discovered a turtle's nest; the water, in all that stretch, was clear, and there was much sand.

Much later we came across a suitable place for camping, and we thought we would land and go no further. Timo sent Tupi into the jungle while we all jumped ashore. "Where has he gone?" I inquired, looking down at a number of feathers not far from where we were standing.

"Scouting—to see if there are any Indians near," Timo answered. "Those feathers mean something. It's better to make sure."

Several minutes passed. Alba sat down, leaning against a tree, and I was about to do likewise when an arrow quivered in the trunk just above him; before he had recovered from his surprise, a second was buried at his feet.

"Tupi tells us to get into the boats," said Timo. "There is danger."

"Hm!" Alba snorted, giving a kick to the arrow. But in the uncertainty we followed the suggestion.

"Pour me some coffee," said Alba to me presently. My chance had come! I did not have to fear any eyes. Nobody saw me pour the dark brown liquid into the cup of coffee. Alba drank it and made a grimace. "That coffee is getting old," he addressed the guide. "Make some fresh tonight."

Tupi had come in sight as we were reembarking. He spoke to Timo, who translated: "There is a hunters' camp not far from here, and a boa is hiding in the underbrush."

"My heart breaks to leave such delightful company," Lopez grumbled, as he pad-

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dled furiously, cursing his luck, for he had counted on putting up his hammock and resting a bit. Tupi had recovered his arrows and was marking them with a clumsy knife which he kept among his belongings and prized highly.

"What is he doing?" I demanded.

"This is an incident worth remembering, niño," Timo answered me. "When he returns he will tell it to his squaws, and he is marking it so that he won't forget. Perhaps he was in danger and says nothing about it."

At last we effected a landing. Alba felt very tired. Pretending not to be hungry, he retired just as the sun, amid an indescribable orgy of colours, was setting in splendour. And I followed him. I would get his story while Lopez and the guide ate together.

III. Gold Traders of the Unknown Land

"What's the matter,—are you feeling bad too?" Alba asked me as I sat close to him, apprehensive that I might have made a mistake, and regretful of my rashness in so readily taking Timo's words for granted. What if he fell sick?

"No," said I. "I'm not hungry either, but I feel as if I wanted to stretch myself out."

"Tut-tut!" he said, "you are not hatching an illness, are you?"

"I will, if you don't tell me about those gold traders of the Madera," said I, anxiously drawing near him.

To my surprise he did not discourage me with any of his curt replies as before. He became thoughtful, rested his elbows on a rolled hammock and peered through the fast-falling shadows into the distance.

"Well," he said, "I owe to Timo what seems to trouble you, just as it has bothered me for the past year. Every summer, about this time of the year, I used to send him to the Madera in the hope of finding out the language spoken by the gold traders, so I could get an idea of the tribe to which they belong—a very difficult matter, because of their absolute silence before strangers. Year before last, Timo returned with the first bit of evidence; and what he told me was so promising that I was induced to make the same trip with him. He took me directly to the Teotonio, by a route which I mapped out afterwards, and which I may show to you. There you find a huge rock with strange hieroglyphics, apparently serving these Indians as a gathering and resting point before they scatter among the settlements.

"Timo and I camped nearby. One night, when I was watching for turtles, to my great surprise, I saw an Indian approaching, dressed like none that I'd seen before. It was a moonlight night, and I was crouching on the sand against a large trunk washed up there by the river. I could watch him carefully. A sort of kilt covered his hips, he carried a shawl on his back, had bow and arrows; a black feather graced his braided hair, and he wore sandals.

"I thought I was dreaming. His dress suggested something so strange that what I saw did not seem real. Slowly, with majestic calm, the Indian passed, and disappeared among the rocks which are all over that spot. I wanted to follow him, but I did not dare. Something stopped me—perhaps the baffling effect of my discovery, perhaps a slight presentiment of disaster. And Timo was in the camp. I dashed there, and returned with him shortly after. It was too late. The moon had hidden itself; we could see nothing.

"That apparition had impressed me so that I couldn't sleep that night. At dawn I went off with Timo to see if we could discover anything. We hit upon a trail; sandals—I was not mistaken!—and of too odd a shape to belong to that part of the country. The tracks led us first to the foot of that famous rock I have already spoken of, where they mingled with other tracks of bare feet, and then went down the river. We lost no time in following them. After several hours, when the sun was high, we had the satisfaction of discovering my Indian. But he had seen us too!"

Alba stopped at this point, as if he were trying to bring those moments more vividly to mind. "Go on!" I urged him, afraid that Lopez might come and interrupt us, now that my interest was at its height.

"Pour me some coffee—I'm sleepy," Alba said; and, after I had complied with his request, making an effort, he proceeded, "I'll make it short! The Indian gave us no time to catch him, and disappeared in the forest—but he did not reckon with Timo, who followed him. A moment later the fugitive, probably with the intention of crossing the river, returned to the shore, where I had prudently remained. I left the shelter of the rocks, and without any weapons I went toward him, explaining by gestures that my intentions were friendly. His reply was a shower of poisoned arrows

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which might have sent me to my grave. A mere scratch, and I wouldn't be telling you this story." His voice had gradually decreased in pitch as he came to this point of his narrative. His eyelids fell as though they had been of lead, and he pinched himself to stay awake. "It's strange!" he said, "I feel as if my entire body was gradually dissolving into air. I never experienced such a sensation in my life! . . .

"The Indian had shortened the distance that separated us by half," he continued after a longer pause, giving up his uncomfortable position and lying down flat. "I was at his mercy. He was about to kill me —when he staggered, struck by an arrow. However, he started to run, and, reeling, finally reached the river bank. Timo was bounding after him. He was on the verge of catching him, when the Indian suddenly rose, and, with a gesture that makes me still tremble, straightened himself, lifted his arm threateningly, and shouted—You understand Quechua, don't you?"

"Yes, yes—go on!"

But Alba remained motionless. I feared he would yield to slumber.

"What did he say? Tell me!" And I drew closer to catch every word. He whispered something unintelligible.

"What does that mean?"

"It's—But let me finish. As the Indian shouted that, he threw himself into the river. Timo was too startled by what he had heard to think of diving after the man —and I had to. Too late! The Teotonio had swallowed its prey and I couldn't find anything but—wait!— Take my wallet—look inside. I've got it here—in this pocket! Do you know what it is? . . ."

I had the wallet in my hands. It contained a sort of fringe, richly coloured and about twenty-two inches long. "What is it?" I shook him excitedly.

"An emblem! The Incas called it llautu."

"Impossible!"

"You see it yourself! The same weave, the same pattern—the very same thing! The Inca mines of the Anti-Suyu still exist! But—no one—can get there . . ." he barely finished.

Dumfounded by it all, I sprang to my feet. Lopez was coming. Quickly I replaced the wallet, and for a minute after that I did not know what to do next.

"Get up, Alba," said Lopez. "The tent is ready." We carried a closed tent for the three of us.

"He is too sound asleep to wake up," I said. "I believe he is indisposed. Let us carry him, you and I." Lopez appeared very much surprised, and I believe Timo found himself confronted with a riddle for the first time. As to myself, I refrained from showing any too much concern, and went to bed.

That night I did not sleep. Not a wink. The story opened up realms of adventure to my fancy, and I imagined myself as going in quest of that gold. Long before, I had discovered that I loved the forest; now I was only surprised not to have realized my natural penchant for it. Everything that Timo and Alba had told me, everything that I myself had seen, was indelibly fixed in my mind. And I was gaining steadily both in courage and interest. The jungle appealed to me in an extraordinary fashion. Later it might conquer me. I was still unfamiliar with the ground I trod, and had yet to see a good deal before being able to look for certain things or to avoid them. Nevertheless, I was learning by leaps and bounds, and would soon be prepared for big things.

With dawn, the life of the forest began anew, and the trees regained their festive colours. Alba did not awake until ten in the morning. He had slept for fourteen hours. The rays of the sun, falling almost vertically, made the water glisten like a mirror. Alba complained of being in a strange daze. For a while I was afraid to look at him, and shyly obeyed his commands.

At about noon, the trees took on a grayish tinge, because of the vapour rising from the river and given off by the soil. All the birds, except the parrots, had become silent, and the only sounds heard were those of the oars and the insects, which in places tortured us. I was bitten on the neck, and the itch left me not a minute's repose; my friends' hands were full of blisters. Timo had been talking, but the heat silenced him also. We rowed for hours without a word, struggling against the current and barely avoiding groups of crocodiles. Our benumbed brains weighed like lead in our heads, which bent over our chests, and our movements forward and back became mechanical.

Toward five a slight breeze rose, and gradually renewed our vigour. My neck had swollen, and Timo comforted me with the information that it looked as though I had been infected by the sututo, a fly which plants it larvæ in living flesh. The larva grows under the skin and has a sort of mane of stiff hair that pricks like thorns. It is impossible to get the worm out before its complete development, which may take

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weeks. When it is fully grown, one applies nicotine to the skin. This makes the ugly intruder sleepy. Then one presses cautiously, and out it comes—an inch long, and thick as a pencil.

On one of a score of mounds, five to six feet high and built against a dry stump, a bristly black animal, the size of a small bear, conspicuous by the bushy tail held aloft, and by its large, flexible snout and white-streaked back, was feasting on ants.

"Tamandua-bandeira!" Timo acclaimed him. At this moment the ant-eater clawed down the mound and turned to look at us. We stopped to watch its useful work, for it was destroying no less than a colony of fire-ants. Its tongue, almost two feet long, darted from its toothless snout and gathered in the fiery insects with relish. When the mound was emptied and trampled flat, the animal proceeded to the next one, walking gingerly with claws curled up under its forefeet. I marveled how it could live on such a diet. "His insides must be iron-lined," remarked Lopez.

WHITE-LIPPED PECCARY

Not suspicious, but cautious.

We rowed ahead half an hour, and the river widened into a broad lake dotted with islets—an almost barren peninsula stretching into it. The scene was magnificent. The entire bird life of the great Brazilian swamps was before us, and one could see an extraordinary variety of vegetation growing here. Clumps of caeté, a plant of just three leaves, over six feet high and similar to those of the banana, except that they stood up stiffly as if made of cardboard, were conspicuous everywhere. Flaming red and orange flowers glowed like pennants against the opaline background of the horizon, and large and small birds fluttered in profusion, constantly coming and going. Jabirús, ibises, muscovy-ducks, storks and macaws—the latter always alert and noisy, were most numerous.

As we approached the peninsula we passed a yellow-leaved tree rising to a height of sixty feet. The trunk appeared to be in decay, but the jabirús had built so many nests on its branches that one could not be distinguished from another. All of them were alive with nestlings which, unlike the adult birds, that have a featherless neck, were fully downy. As our boats advanced, a number of snowy egrets living with them flew noisily toward the forest, arousing a herd of small peccaries which had been feeding behind some fallen trunks. Lopez and I, tempted by these animals, took up our guns and fired simultaneously. There followed the hoarse and plaintive moan of one of the peccaries and the hostile chorus of the others. They turned about, grunting defiantly, unwilling to leave their lair, and set the birds into great uproar.

Meanwhile, Timo had landed, and, leaving us to our hunting, hastened with Tupi to clear the ground for the camp. The abundance of jabirús and caymans which could be seen further down the stream was a sign that the place was exceptionally good for fishing.

I ran after Lopez in search of our quarry. The peccaries had stopped grunting and now disappeared behind some plants called cañarana. I ventured in, but beyond fresh spots of blood and more rotting trunks, I saw nothing else. Further on, the ground, clear of vegetation, sloped and then rose gradually to the edge of the forest. I went on by myself and was about to return, when I heard a shot behind me. I turned about in surprise, to see the animal I had been looking for fall at my feet. Lopez stood there smiling. "Fool!" he said, "you shouldn't walk so blindly. The peccary was hiding in that hollow trunk and came out to attack you. They're not very large, you know, but they have murderous tusks."

"I noticed the trunk," said I, not a bit pleased to see that I still needed to be

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looked after, "but I had no idea it was hollow. Do you suppose the rest of the pack is hiding in those—over there?"

"I think so, and we killed another. I found it as I went by. Here's Tupi now. Let him take this one and we'll carry the other."

If the location was ideal for hunting and for the enjoyment of a beautiful scene, it was not so to rest. The place was infested by insects swarming over the soggy expanses. Here alligators killed by the Indians, or half devoured by jaguars, were rotting. There seemed to be a great many jaguars, for we discovered, on returning to camp, several recent tracks, together with carcasses of hoacines, screamers and capybaras, of which they seemed to eat only parts. Evidently the beasts destroyed and killed merely for the pleasure of it, though it was certainly to the benefit of the vultures, which were sluggishly digesting a meal nearby while gorging still more meat.

Profiting by the experience of a moment ago, I advanced prudently through bushes and thickets, with my gun in one hand, and helping to carry the peccary with the other. Lopez was amused by the annoyance which the mosquitoes caused me. But I proudly refrained from making any complaint. Wishing to shift my burdens, I stopped for a moment and rested my gun against a crumbling hollow stump. When I took it up again, I felt a painful sting, first on one finger, then on another, and finally all over my hand.

An instant later the pain was so great that I dropped the gun and the peccary, and turned to Lopez in such pathetic fashion that my friend, not knowing what had happened, had to laugh out loud. But he soon realized that the vicious fire-ants were emerging from the holes of the stump, and then, like myself, he thought only of escaping. The peccary was left to the cursed insects.

Once in camp, I despaired of ever being able to meet all this, and saw with alarm that the bites—beside causing me unbearable agony—were starting to swell and to ooze a yellowish liquid. I grew skeptical of my love for the forest.

Gloomily I ate the tasty meat which was served, and settled down to ponder until late at night, always on the story of my friend Alba. He smoked thoughtfully, peering into the forest as though in somber meditation. With an almost startling suddenness the shadows fell over the camp. A fire was built. The water glittered in spots where a jacaré or some enormous fish came to the surface. Silence was absolute. Nature, exhausted by the burning sun of the day, and eager to rest, slept peacefully in a refreshing darkness.

"There are heavy clouds in the sky," Timo said drowsily a while later, poking the fire to keep insects away. "But I don't think it will storm to-night. In three days—perhaps!"

I alone heard him. Tupi, according to his habit, had withdrawn to some distance from the camp, and was nowhere to be seen. The guide had done everything he could to put a stop to this, but without success. The savage rarely slept with him, and frequently retired quite far into the woods, grumbling about the place which seldom seemed to suit him.

Toward one o'clock in the morning I woke, after a horrible nightmare. The sky was starry and unclouded and the constellations were brighter than I had ever seen them. Orion shone brightly overhead, and the Southern Cross, constant guide of travelers, flickered consolingly, well above the horizon paled by the moon.

My friends slept soundly. The guide had surrounded himself with ashes. This was a good protection against snakes and spiders. Now I could enjoy a new spectacle. The fantastic forest; the lake like a star; the river undulating from east to west and forming two main avenues of silver as it emerged from and entered the other side of the jungle; the thousand islets of the marsh like blurs on a mirror; the huge spectral trees laden with strange forms which stirred uneasily as the bats flew by in rapid zigzags amid pyramidal clouds of insects.

I was seized with a desire to leave the tent and go to the edge of the water, where I frequently heard strange noises as if someone were diving. I might as well advance my schooling by making myself familiar with the shadows, the perpetual drone of the forest and the rivers.

Rapidly putting on my boots, my coat and my helmet, and taking a revolver in case of need, I went out, determined to brave the poisonous insects. The guides did it—why not I?

As soon as I reached the shore, I discovered a family of black-and-white opossums, the size of mice, fishing and swimming merrily, carrying their tiny young in their pouches, or leading them about in the water.

A small jacaré was hiding nearby, and I saw it advance slowly with murderous

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guile. As the smaller animals trooped close to it, the jacaré rose suddenly and began to down them with nauseating gluttony, dashing after those that attempted to escape.

Without thinking, and having the revolver in my hand, I took aim and fired. The shots awakened the entire life of the swamp, and an eerie chorus of countless throats rent the air. I had shot the alligator in the mouth, and the antics it performed were as if it had a fit of epilepsy. It rose on its tail, fell to one side, disappeared with its jaws wide open in the water and came up again, bleeding, and spewing the opossums and fishes it had swallowed.

My friends and the guide were at my side. "What is the matter with you?" said Alba, quite himself again and not as during the day, when his eyes had shown that he was under some effect. Sheepishly I tried to slip my revolver into its holster, but I dropped it instead. As I went to pick it up, something bit my fingers and I cried madly for help, doubled up with pain and shaking my hand frantically. Timo hastened to investigate the cause and found a caterpillar moving on a stick. The insect was covered with long silky hair, ending in tiny red globes which glowed in the darkness. "Burro del monte!" said the guide, as if this explained the mystery. Then he dug for clay and applied it to my fingers while explaining, "Each one of those little bags contains poison, and the slightest contact with the caterpillar makes you crazy with pain." I could readily agree with him on the latter. It was as if I had been stabbed with needles through nails and bones. Not until minutes later did I become aware of the tears blinding my eyes. I stopped abruptly, and, lowering my head in embarrassment, went back to the tent.

"What put it into your head to go hunting alligators at this hour of the night?" Alba asked me.

"Leave him alone!" Lopez interceded. "He has had enough!"

I thought of the situation and conceded it to be more than ridiculous. Did this mean that I could never become an explorer? The question worried me now even more than my predicament. "What next?" I asked myself.

(*To be concluded*)

Remembered from the Play

"Out of the Sea"

Timbury—I don't know anything about you . . . nor what kind of man you be . . . nor how you made her love you. . . .

Harding—I made her love me by loving her.

Logris—Happiness is a rare accident. It comes, sometimes, in brief flashes to those . . . who have learned to do without happiness. *By Don Marquis, New York, 1927.*

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"The Marquise"

COUNT RAOUL—Who was Shakespeare?
ESTEBAN—A poet, clever enough to make his countrymen believe that he was merely a playwright. *By Noel Coward, London and New York, 1927.*

"Funny Face"

PETER—Dugsie, Dugsie, where is your chivalry?
DUGSIE—Oh, that old thing. I traded it in for a Cadillac.
By Fred Thompson and Paul Gerald Smith, New York, 1927.

"Coquette"

JIMMIE—I ain't going to marry any necking girl, I can tell you that.
NORMA—But, Jimmy, I don't think every man wants a woman up on a pedestal like you and daddy.
JIMMIE—I tell you—a man wants a girl down where he can grab her, but he doesn't want every other man in sight grabbing her.
By George Abbott and Ann Preston Bridges, New York, 1927.

"Behold This Dreamer"

CHARLEY TURNER—Before we go any further, there is one thing I would like you to understand. I am *not* a lunatic.
TANNEYDAY—How can you tell? How can anyone tell what is sane and what is not? Life is a circle, and no one can tell where it begins and where it ends. For instance, a mouse is afraid of a man. A man is afraid of a woman. A woman is afraid of a mouse. How can you tell? *By Fulton Oursler, New York, 1927.*

"2 x 2 = 5"

PAUL—Hamlet would never have been the noble character he was had he been a bond salesman. *By Gustav Wied, Copenhagen, 1902; New York, 1927.*

"John"

HERODIAS—Soldiers fight best in religious wars.
HEROD ANTIPAS—No. They fight best in mutinies.
By Philip Barry, New York, 1927.

"The Five o'Clock Girl"

HUDGINS—I know a couple who married after having known each other for two hours only.
SUSAN—I see. A case of love.
HUDGINS—No. A case of gin.
By Guy Bolton and Fred Thompson, New York, 1927.

"Tia Juana"

ROSIE—I wouldn't believe John the Baptist if he'd come to me with a recommendation from Moses. *By Chester deVondc and Kilbourn Gordon, New York, 1927.*

"Pleasure"

Q—Why do you want to ride on the 'bus?
A—It feels so nice to get out. *"Larry and Healy."*

"Peggy Ann"

There are better things than money, but it takes money to buy them.
Book by Herbert Field, music by R. Rodgers; New York, 1926.

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The Tiger of Macuzá

By MANUEL UGARTE

Manuel Ugarte

Translated by H. C. Schweikert

I

"I CONFESS that in spite of the torrid heat which opened cracks in the ground and caked the plains under a purple sun, the first sensation I felt on reaching Macuzá was a pronounced chill down my back.

"Is it necessary to relate the juvenile mistakes which forced the son of a planter to go to that distant little fort, the most advanced post of civilization on the pampa? Enough to know that when the Council of War condemned me to leave our peaceful garrison, and incorporated me with one of those small detachments which at that time held the invasions of the Indians in check, I was far from divining that I should have to kill a fellow-soldier.

"Imagine"— (and here the voice of our friend showed signs of suppressed feeling)— "Imagine a wretched farmhouse, under a sky uniformly blue, in the middle of a limitless plain, like a small boat on the sea. On all sides stretched an endless desert, scarcely broken in the west, under the red glow of dusk, by a small clump of trees which, in that lonely waste, seemed to urge themselves forward in fear, their tops in disorder like the manes of horses in flight.

"Against the wall, in a long stretch of shade, the soldiers sat, smoking and drinking *maté;* they were only half clad, and their military caps were pulled back over their heads. Four or five lean and hungry horses were nosing the ground, pulling the little tufts up by the roots. And a solemn weariness lay heavily over the wild district and the hostile group.

"Nevertheless, I did not envy the officer and the four men who had conducted me hither the eight days of fatigue which they once more would have to undergo before reaching the first station. I saw them depart without emotion, their horses resuming the monotonous gallop, and soon they were lost on the horizon, enveloped in a cloud of dust.

"'Everything,' I said to myself, 'lies in accepting the adventure to the full.'

"After all, that new life was perhaps reserving some agreeable experiences for me, and, besides, six months do not constitute a lifetime.

"At this point allow me a frank observation. The night is perhaps nothing more than the shadow of some one who is passing, but in the annihilation of the desert plains the darkness seems at times a haunt for attacks, and the silence one of the forms of death. I do not believe that I am exaggerating when I say that as darkness took possession of the plain the essence of things changed. A growing uneasiness weighed heavily upon my soul, and with it a feverish desire to fathom everything.

"Judging from the conversation, the ten or more Indians, mulattoes or half-breeds who composed the little garrison were plain horse-thieves, or obstinate criminals who were atoning for their crimes there just as though they were in prison. Their hard faces were those of adventurers, eager to gamble with their lives and those of others, and they displayed only passions which were in contrast with the utter passiveness of brutal discipline.

"That evening the sole topic of conversation was a wild beast which was visiting the camp and adding to its victims. All were making comments about a man who had disappeared the night before, without leaving any traces, like so many others.

"'We shall light the bonfires again, and

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the tiger will keep away,' declared the most optimistic.

"But one figure detached itself from the rest, that of Sergeant Linch, our chief. Hard, athletic, commanding, he appeared to rule that human dung-hill like a king. His shining drunkard's eyes suggested a strange mixture of licentiousness and fury, while his step among those sullen men infused the submission and the restlessness which the stronger animal provokes among other wild beasts. For, indeed, nothing was more impressive than that silhouette, erect and irritating, behind which always crept the bestial-faced negro Zug, who seemed to exercise the functions of a leader and an orderly at one and the same time.

"From the first moment, I was able to appreciate the atmosphere of savagery and insanity that pervaded the little camp—so remote that a military inspector never put in an appearance there. The sergeant, it seemed, was drunker than usual that day, and he made us line up in single file, at shoulder arms. *One, two; one, two.* . . . The marches and counter-marches were repeated many times under the lash of that dry and biting voice. . . . *One, two; one, two* . . . until, noticing that one of the soldiers was manipulating his weapon rather sluggishly, the chief came up, frowning.

"'What's the matter?'

"Trying not to complain, the Indian showed a finger monstrously swollen.

"'A snake bite?' Linch slowly exclaimed. 'It is nothing. I'll cure it with one stroke of the sword.'

"The man addressed instinctively recoiled.

"'You're afraid?' insisted the drunkard, with a threatening smile.. 'Now you'll see, although I'm not hurt. These things are done . . . thus.'

"And, placing his left hand on top of a hitching-post, he cut off one of his own fingers at a single blow, as one might split a walnut.

"'After which,' he added, in the manner of an epilogue, 'it is only just that you be given a hundred and fifty lashes for being a coward.'

"And while, amid the general consternation, the negro Zug was tying up the wound with a piece of cloth in order to stop the flow of blood, I was able to understand the diabolical fascination exercised over his men by this delirious Hercules who made a jest out of pain.

"Need I say that, after vespers, when we lay down on the open plain to sleep, I was unable to close my eyes? In the hot night and the light of the bonfires which were to keep the tiger from coming, the silence seemed to be whistling along. I never have been romantic, and I joke at the deluded Pierrots who lose their heads in the moonlight, but an inexplicable feeling was knotting my throat. I could not get out of my mind the moaning cries of the man who had just been whipped. Among so many different impressions a trifling incident nipped my memory, I knew not why . . . the strange look of Sergeant Linch, who, as he received me, only opened his mouth to say in a low voice,

"'*So we are thirteen again!*'

II

"WHILE everyone was lying asleep round about in the murky night, it seemed to me that, in a tongue of shadow, the form of that crazy man was getting up from the dead plain. At first I attributed it to an illusion. The chief must be asleep, like everybody else, not excepting the sentinel who was watching the horses. But the vision became so clear that it was impossible to doubt. Linch, with a pick and shovel on his shoulder, passed so close that he almost stumbled over me. At first he walked slowly; then he stopped as though to wake some one. A new form arose; it was the negro Zug. I still seem to see those two men. They turned around, and then went off in the direction of the little clump of trees which were outlined in the distance, in the bright moonlight.

"I could not understand this maneuver. What could they be wanting to do at that hour? Curiosity at times is nothing more than a cloak for fear. Without making any noise, I crept over the plain like a snake, in the same direction, ready for anything.

"When Linch came to the edge of the trees he pointed out a spot with his mutilated hand, still wrapped in its bloody handkerchief; the negro seized one of the implements, and both began to dig with the persistent energy of those who want to finish speedily. The ground yielded with difficulty. Several times they sat down to mop their brows and rest a little. But these rests were very brief. With a strange regularity they continued their task, without exchanging a syllable, as though they were performing something quite ordinary.

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"From my lurking-place, it wasn't possible to make out the dimensions of the hole that was being dug, but the rhythmical motion of the two figures in the shadow gave me an idea.

"When they finished the sergeant spat noisily and at last murmured:

"'The bed couldn't be better, and the guest will sleep as never before.'

"Zug nodded, and both proceeded to a thicket from which they drew a bulky object.

"The conversation that followed revealed to me the horror of what I couldn't clearly distinguish.

"'I never thought the sluggard was so heavy,' said Linch, as they deposited the corpse at the edge of the grave.

"'He may have eaten dirt while he lay there in the bushes,' jestingly replied the negro.

"There was a painful silence.

"'I don't like the bloodstains,' muttered the sergeant, as he took a handful of earth and retraced his steps. 'No one must suspect what has happened.'

"Zug silently approved.

"As they were obliterating the bloodstains the conversation went on.

"'How many have gone?'

"'Nine, with the one today.'

"'And still we are not through.'

"'It's the fault of those. . . .'

"'Why do they come?'

"'The tiger will have to continue to make those disappear who obstruct——'

"'Silence, you damned nigger! There are things which one should not say, not even in a dream. I want them all to assert it. Do you hear?'

"Zug shook like a dog, and the sergeant continued:

"'Help me shove the body into the hole. Not that way, you blockhead! Don't you see that he will fall wrong side up? Take him by the legs. One, two. . . .'

"About the same time that the corpse fell down with a lugubrious thump, I again heard the voice of Linch.

"'Now shovel in the earth,' he ordered. 'We must finish. I wouldn't for the devil have them wake up. Today will be more dangerous than ever.'

"'Why?' stammered Zug.

"'Don't you see that we once more are thirteen?'

"An involuntary shudder almost betrayed me.

"'Then we'll have to prepare another bed?' asked the negro as he stamped down the earth with his heels.

"'It is costly,' replied Linch, with a bestial gleam in his eyes, 'until they leave us in peace. When several will arrive at the same time and we exceed the number at one leap, everything will be all right. But while they come like this . . . you understand? . . . the number will always be the same, and the latest arrival will have to disappear. For that is the way to avoid disaster. You remember what happened some time ago?'

"'You mean the storm which swept over the plain and left us without shelter and without horses?' stupidly asked Zug.

"The sergeant confirmed him.

"'I'm going to settle the business without delay, this very night . . . you know.'

"It was then that I understood why the trees themselves seemed eager to escape from that accursed spot.

III

"WHAT I had just heard was my death sentence. Every longing of my being was condensed into a single word—escape. But how? It was impossible to do so on foot, and in that nest of criminals, who constantly lived with the idea of escape, merely to approach a horse was punished by death. Nevertheless, I determined to risk everything. Protected by the darkness, I once more reached the little camp. Contrary to all my foresight, the sentinel who was watching the horses was not asleep. Linch must have aroused him when he returned. The instinct of life is so powerful that I was on the point of drawing my sword to kill the unknown soldier. But I comprehended that the issue would be uselessly precipitated. At the sound of a struggle everybody would spring up, and Linch would seize the opportunity to dispatch me then and there, without mystery, as a deserter.

"On the other hand, everything conspired against me. There was a loud clap of thunder in the distance, and a gust of moist air whipped my face. The storm came rolling toward us. Within a few minutes the flashes of lightning would zigzag across the sky and the rain would fall, letting loose one of those deluges so frequent in those regions where the savage elements envelop everything.

"This menace diffused restlessness in the little fort. While the horses were neighing dolefully and the men running to take refuge in the house, the sergeant, standing on the open plain, raised his arms to the

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sky as though he were giving orders to the storm.

"I saw that the only possibility of salvation had vanished. How escape when everybody was awake? Should I shout to the soldiers and tell them what was going on? But how were they going to believe me? And besides, how could I hope to escape those superstitious and bloodthirsty men? However, Linch didn't permit me to think much.

"'Saddle two good horses,' he yelled to Zug.

"As soon as they were ready he mounted one and pointed out the other to me.

"'We're going to explore the neighbourhood,' he ordered. 'I don't want the Indians to take advantage of the storm to attack us.'

"How could I help understanding that the maneuver was a pretext to get me out on the plain and there rid himself of me? Nevertheless, to rebel would only bring the end more quickly. I preferred to obey, ready to defend myself if possible. Any resistance on my part against that Colossus would be trifling. Linch was stronger, more skilful, and braver. And in his presence I felt the breath of fear which made every one kowtow to him. Nevertheless, I awaited the blow with my hand on the hilt of my sword.

"I remember that our horses galloped so close together that our knees scraped. Linch, at first, seemed to ignore my presence, busy as he was in cursing the storm. I was beginning to think that he had forgotten me. But the uselessness of the journey, and the many coincidences, indicated what was going to happen. The chief, secure with his secret, expected to sacrifice me by surprise.

"When we came to the trees the flashes of lightning were blinding, and the thunder crashed in that waste solitude as though the heavens were falling. Linch stopped his horse and pretended to examine the grass, when, large as hazel-nuts, the first drops of rain began to fall.

"'Jump off,' he said to me, 'and look well. It looks as though they passed by here.'

"It was the fatal moment. He wanted to get me on my knees in order to finish me. Then I resolved to risk everything. And as the monster lowered his head in order better to point out the spot I frantically drew my sword and delivered a blow on his neck. Then I closed my eyes to await death. But to my astonishment the giant had rolled from his horse as though a wall had collapsed. The wound was mortal. But the strength of that man lasted for several moments even at death's door. With a supreme effort he turned over on the ground and fired two shots at me. The bullets grazed my face. But the strain could not last. With a crumbling of all his energy the Tiger of Macuzá relaxed on the ground and expired.

"Then, in the torrents of rain, with my hair bristling and my sword still drawn as if to fight with memory, I urged my maddened and astonished horse into a run.

"And, after many dangers and adventures, ten years ago, you see me here in Europe. But the image of Sergeant Linch still pursues me."

Our friend passed his hand over his eyes, as if he wished to brush away a sinister vision.

On Seeing a Pigeon Make Love

By LEIGH HUNT

IS NOT the picture strangely like?
Doesn't the very bowing strike?
Can any art of love in fashion
Express a more prevailing passion?
That air—that sticking to her side—
That deference, ill concealing pride,—
That seeming consciousness of coat,
And repetition of one note,—
Ducking and tossing back his head,
As if at every bow he said,
"Madam, by God,"—or "Strike me dead."

And then the lady! look at her:
What bridling sense of character!
How she declines, and seems to go,
Yet still endures him to and fro;
Carrying her plumes and pretty clothings,
Blushing stare, and muttered nothings,
Body plump, and airy feet,
Like any charmer in the street.
Give him a hat beneath his wing,
And is he not the very thing?
Give her a parasol or plaything,
And is not she the very she-thing?

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Tacky

By ANTHONY H. WOODSON

Anthony H. Woodson

WE HAVE been ast by a damn Yankee what tacky means and we will ondertake to give the correct defanition of the word but we have our doubts that we will make a botch job of hit on account that unlessen you know what tacky is, the chances are that you cannot git the idee from nobody else when he tries to tell you.

In the first place tacky is a relative term, because nearly everybody that is tacky is kinfolks or claims to be kin to you or wants to talk to you about your tacky kin.

In the dictionary hit lows that tacky means sticky. This here is almost a defanition on account that all the tacky people we ever had any dealings with allus was sticking around when they was not wanted. Tacky people has got a gluey kind of way about them that is like fly paper. They are wussen the tar baby that Br'er Rabbit got mixed up with.

All tacky people has got a horble mixtry of pride and shame. They want to be saw with people that ain't tacky, so they are allus trying to git outen their class and is allus ashamed of their own kind.

Tacky people do not like to be saw together in public, but lots of them do not get their druthers on account that they are so many tacky people that they cannot allus keep apart especially when a whole family is tacky and is visited by their tacky relatives. Usely this here situation causes a lot of onhappiness to all concerned.

Of course, all this here gabble is not raly no defanition of tacky and we have about gave up hopes of giving the defanition in a dictionary manner which hit usely starts off by telling you that word means one thing and then in (a) (b) (c) (etc.) hit tells you sompn else, and in (q) admits that the whole thing is wrong, obsolete, vulgar and in execratable bad taste.

Besides which, in the dictionary that we have got they have fixed up a lot of die or critical marks which they are supposed to tell you how to pronounce the words but sense we do not know how the writer of the dictionary pronounces the words that he uses for examples we do not git nowheres from his marks and we cannot recollect them nohow.

For instants you take the letter O in a word and you see a fence rail laid along hit with a couple gnot holes in same and you look at the bottom of the page to see what the fence rail means and you see hit laid acrost the same letter in Dawg but the chances is the writer pronounces dawg like dahg, and be damned to him.

Wherefor, or no sequeter, we will have to resort to the narrowtive stile to make our meaning, if any, clear to our two or three readers as to what tacky means and at the same time answer the Yankee who wants to know.

Now then supposing you jine the Rotowanis Club and git ambitious to take your rightful place amongst the ristocrats of the come-on unity where you live at. So you set down and make out a list of them as will likely be some advantage to you as having hit said that they was invited to your dinner whether they come or not. Well, anyways you give the dinner and you have guests (invited) as follers, towitless:

Doc Mullins, the Baptist preacher.
Ed. Stout, inshorunce.
Y. E. Allison, literary scholard.
Otto Rothert, dates merchant.
Sam Brashear, prop Pharmacal Hardware Company.
Mannie Straus, turf and printing.
Chas. Leathers, feesherman.
J. C. Bourne, traveling man.
John Wilson, barber.
Al Kolb, fried oysters.
Sophie Glutz, society lady.

So now there you are. And the story would be over, all excepting eating the dinner, but about the time you are ready

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to say all right boys, come to the table and bring your cheers, what should happen but what the door bell should ring and you should receive a surprise visit from the following guests (uninvited) as follers, to-witless:

One Gallus Guy, trifleness.
His Old Woman, dowdy.
Cousin Tacky Sal, nosey.
Old Maid Friend, nuff said.
Her Visitor, too much said.
Two Brats of Cousin Tacky Sal, sirip smearers.

So there you are again and you have to tell the cook to go over to Miz Leslies and borry a passle of cheers and the cook lows she will see you first if she do and sompn bout "po white folks has po ways" and you have to go and pack the cheers your own self and the women folks have to go out and borry some more glasses and knifes and forks and the cook gits maddern ever because she will have to unkivver all the grub she had hid out to tote home and everything goes to the bad place in a go-cyart.

Finely everybody gits a seat and the table kivver is too short by three eenches after all the extry leaves is put in and the guestes, both kinds, gits to noticing that you ain't got a full set of no kind of deeshes or cheers or utensilments, which is a tacky thing for them to do at that.

Well, Doc Mullins says grace. He had intended to say Lord we thank Thee, but after looking over the layout and the compny he says Lord make us thankful which is a right smart differnt to a conscientious Baptist preacher or Prespieteerian either as far as that goes.

When you are giving a swell dinner hit is right important to create the right kind of atmosphere. This here cannot be did with cabbidge conversation. Hit should be as near caviar as possible, but not probably where so many tacky people has horned in for the vittles.

What they eat would not amount to so much if they would just keep their mouths shet. But as quick as tacky people git in they take hit for granny that you ain't got sense enough as host to direct the conversation offen tetchy subjicts.

Thus we arrive at our defanition of tacky as showed by the following stenographic report of the gab:

One Gallus Guy: Well, sir, if they is one kind of people I hain't got no use fer hit is a barber.

Cousin Tacky Sal: Well I think traveling men and society women is a dang sight wussen barbers or preachers either.

Her Visitor: Mr. Homefolks, I see you have got quite a lot of tableware and furniture for sich a small space in a dinky little flat that is right cute though and I reckon the rent ain't much either.

Cousin Tacky Sal: Most of this stuff here ain't Homefolkses. I been here before and the flat was put nigh bare. I reckin he has been raidin the neighbours and visiting the Hyman junk shop from the looks of things.

One Brat: Mammy pass me the chickin agin.

Cousin Tacky Sal: Shut up. All the guests ain't been served yit and there ain't scarcely enough to go round and they got to have some left for the cook.

Her Visitor: I do not see how they can keep a cook here. They ain't room in the first place and they ain't vittles enough in the second place and cook's wages is high anyways.

One Gallus Guy: Well you cain't never tell about people that plays the races and bets on Pompey and sich. I ain't saying they steal, you unnerstand, but I allus found that hit was hard enough to make both eends meet without acting a damn fool twicet every year when the hosses come to town.

What we mean is that people like that there is tacky. If you know them kind you do not need our defanition of tacky noways and you know darn well we could not put in the raly truly honest to goodness defanition in the public print.

Remembrance

By EMILY DICKINSON

REMEMBRANCE has a rear and front,—
'Tis something like a house;
It has a garret also
For refuse and the mouse,
Besides, the deepest cellar
That ever mason hewed;
Look to it, by its fathoms
Ourselves be not pursued.

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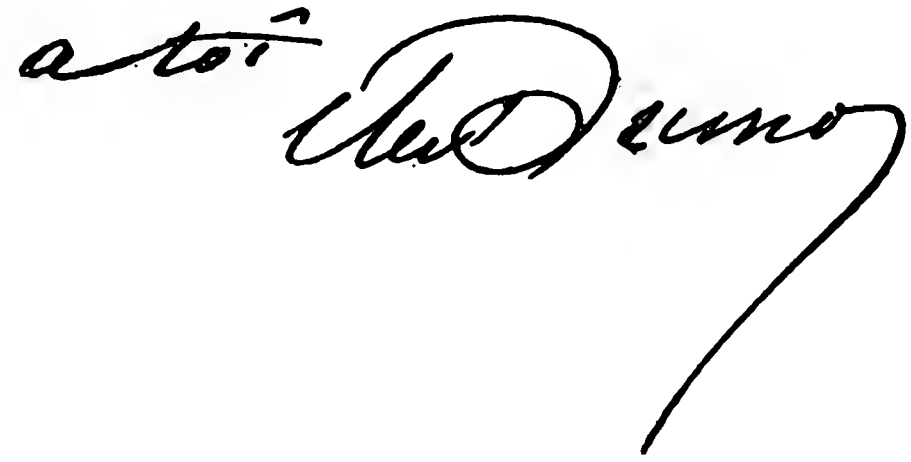
The Queen's Necklace

By ALEXANDER DUMAS



LIST OF CHARACTERS: Period, 1784-1785

LOUIS XVI., *King of France.*
MARIE ANTOINETTE, *his Queen.*
COMTE DE PROVENCE, } *brothers of the King.*
COMTE D'ARTOIS, }
COMTESSE D'ARTOIS.
DUC D'ANGOULÊME, *son of* COMTE D'ARTOIS.
DUC D'ORLÉANS.
PRINCESSE DE LAMBALLE.
THE PRINCESS ROYAL.
GUSTAVUS, *King of Sweden, visiting Richelieu, under the assumed name of* COMTE DE HAGA.
PRINCE LOUIS, CARDINAL DE ROHAN, *Grand Almoner of France.*
M. DE CALONNE, *Minister of Finance.*
BARON DE BRETEUIL, *Keeper of the Seals.*
MARÉCHAL DE CASTRIES, *Minister of the Navy.*
M. DE LAPEYROUSE, *a navigator.*
MARÉCHAL DE RICHELIEU.
COMTESSE DUBARRY.
COMTE DE LAUNAY, *Governor of the Bastille.*
M. DE CROSNE, *Lieutenant of Police.*
MARQUIS DE FAVRAS, *Captain of the Guards of* COMTE DE PROVENCE.
MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE.
COMTE CAGLIOSTRO.
JEANNE DE SAINT-RÉMY VALOIS, COMTESSE DE LA MOTTE.
COMTE DE LA MOTTE.
M. DOILLOT, MADAME DE LA MOTTE'S *counsel.*
ADMIRAL DE SUFFREN.
COMTE OLIVIER DE CHARNY, *his nephew,* } *in love with the Queen.*
CHEVALIER PHILIPPE DE TAVERNEY MAISON ROUGE, }
ANDRÉE DE TAVERNEY, *maid-of-honour to* MARIE ANTOINETTE.
BARON DE TAVERNEY MAISON ROUGE.
MADEMOISELLE OLIVA, *formerly called* NICOLE-LEGAY.
M. DE BEAUSIRE, *her lover.*
TOUSSAINT, *son of Beausire and Oliva.*
MANOEL, *a Portuguese adventurer.*
M. BOEHMER, } *jewellers, in possession of the diamond necklace.*
M. BOSSANGE, }
RETAU DE VILETTE, *a journalist.*
ABBÉ LÉKEL, *Almoner of the Bastille.*
M. DE SUZA, *the Portuguese Ambassador.*
M. DUCORNEAU, *Chancellor of the Portuguese Embassy.*
M. CARON DE BEAUMARCHAIS, *dramatic writer.*
M. NECKER.
DOCTOR MESMER.
DOCTOR DESLON, *a disciple of Mesmer.*
M. DE BERGASSE, *one of Mesmer's patients.*
SAINT-MARTIN, *teacher of spiritualism.*
MAXIMILIEN DE ROBESPIERRE.
JEAN PAUL MARAT.
M. BRETON, *Clerk of the Court judging* MADAME DE LA MOTTE.
MARQUIS DE CONDORCET, }
COMTE DE COIGNY, }
M. DE LAUZUN, }
M. DE VAUDRUIL, }
M. DE CONDÉ, } *of the French Court.*
M. DE TRÉMOUILLE, }
M. DE PENTHIÈVRE, }
BARON DE PLANTA, }
MADAME DE POLIGNAC, }
MADAME DUVAL, *lady-in-waiting to* MARIE ANTOINETTE.
MADAME DE MISERY, *first lady of the bedchamber.*
MADAME PATRIX, *lady's maid to the Queen.*
DR. LOUIS, *the Queen's physician.*
WEBER, MARIE ANTOINETTE'S *coachman.*
M. LÉONARD, *her hairdresser.*
LAURENT, *a porter at the palace.*
M. LENOIR, *an architect.*
THE MAJOR-DOMO OF MARÉCHAL DE RICHELIEU.
CLOTILDE, MADAME DE LA MOTTE'S *servant.*
ALDEGONDE, RETAU DE VILETTE'S *servant.*
M. FINGRET, *a Paris upholsterer.*
LANDRY, RÉMY, *and* SYLVAIN, *his apprentices.*
HUBERT, *a keeper at the Bastille.*
MADAME HUBERT, *his wife.*
SAINT-GEORGES, *a skater.*
GUYON, *a turnkey at the Bastille.*

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PROLOGUE

ON ONE of the early days in April, 1784, at about quarter past three in the afternoon, our old acquaintance Maréchal de Richelieu, having with his own hands coloured his eyebrows with a perfumed dye, pushed away the mirror held before him by his valet,—the successor, but not the equal, of his faithful Rafté,—and shaking his head in the manner peculiar to himself, said: "Ah, that will do very well!"

He arose from his armchair, brushing from his blue velvet small-clothes, with a movement of the finger almost juvenile, the atoms of white powder which had floated down from his wig. Then, after taking two or three turns up and down the room, stretching his instep, and straightening his knee, "My major-domo!" said he.

In five minutes the major-domo presented himself, in full dress.

The marshal assumed a grave air, befitting the occasion. "Monsieur," said he, "I suppose you have prepared me a good dinner?"

"Most certainly, Monseigneur."

"I have sent you the list of my guests, have I not?"

"And I have carefully noted their number,—a dinner for nine, is it not?"

"There are dinners and dinners, Monsieur."

"Yes, Monseigneur, but——"

The marshal interrupted him with a slightly impatient movement, though tempered with dignity. "'But'—that is not an answer, Monsieur. Every time I hear the word 'but,' and I have heard it many times in eighty-eight years,—well, Monsieur, every time I have heard that word, I am sorry to say, Monsieur, it has preceded some folly."

"Monseigneur!"

"In the first place, at what hour are we to dine?"

"Monseigneur, the common people dine at two, the bar at three, the nobility at four——"

"And I, Monsieur?"

"Monseigneur will dine to-day at five."

"Oh, oh, at five!"

"Yes, Monseigneur, like the king."

"And why like the king?"

"Because on the list Monseigneur has done me the honour to send me, is the name of a king."

"Not at all, Monsieur, you are mistaken; among my guests to-day are none but simple gentlemen."

"Monseigneur doubtless is inclined to jest with his humble servant, and I thank him for the honour he does me; but Monsieur le Comte de Haga, who is among the guests——"

"Well, Monsieur?"

"Well, the Comte de Haga is a king."

"I know no king of that name."

"Monseigneur must pardon me, then," said the major-domo, bowing; "but I had believed, I had supposed——"

"Your business is not to believe, Monsieur; your duty is not to suppose. What you have to do is to read the orders which I give you, without adding to them any comments. When I wish a thing to be known I tell it; when I do not tell it I wish it unknown."

The major-domo bowed again, and this time more respectfully, perhaps, than he would have bowed in talking with a reigning monarch.

"Therefore, Monsieur," continued the old marshal, "since I have only gentlemen to dinner, you will let us dine at my usual hour, four o'clock."

At this order the major-domo's face darkened as if he had heard his death-warrant. He grew pale, and bent under the blow. Then arousing himself, with the courage of despair he said: "Let come what God wills; but Monseigneur will not dine till five o'clock."

"Why, and what does that mean?" said the marshal, straightening himself up.

"Because it is a material impossibility that Monseigneur should dine earlier."

"Monsieur," said the old marshal, shaking his head haughtily, like one still young and vigorous, "it is now, I believe, twenty years since you entered my service?"

"Twenty-one years, one month, and two weeks."

"Well, Monsieur, to these twenty-one years, one month, and two weeks, you will not add a day,—not an hour. You understand me, Monsieur," he continued, biting his thin lips and knitting his dyed eyebrows; "this evening you seek a new master. I will not have the word 'impossible' pronounced in my house. I have no wish, at my age, to begin an apprenticeship to that word. I have no time to waste."

The major-domo bowed a third time. "This evening," he said, "I shall take leave of Monseigneur. But at any rate, up to the last moment my service will be performed as it ought to be"; and he made two steps toward the door.

"What do you mean by 'as it ought to be'?" cried the marshal. "Understand, Monsieur, that things must be done here according to my will; that is the only 'ought.' Now, it is my will to dine at four, and it is against my will that you make me wait till five."

"Monseigneur," replied the major-domo, gravely, "I have served as butler to his Highness the Prince de Soubise, and as steward to his Eminence the Cardinal de Rohan. With the former his Majesty the late king of France dined once a year; with the latter his Majesty the emperor of Austria dined once a month. I know, therefore, how sovereigns should be treated, Monseigneur. King Louis XV., when he visited the Prince de Soubise, vainly called himself the Baron de Gonesse; he was always a king. In the house of Monsieur de Rohan the Emperor Joseph was vainly called the Comte de Packenstein; he was always the emperor. To-day, Monsieur le Maréchal receives a guest who vainly calls himself the Comte de Haga. The Comte de Haga is none the less the king of Sweden. I will leave the hôtel of Monsieur le Maréchal this evening; but meantime Monsieur le Comte de Haga will have been treated like a king."

"But that is the very thing that I kill myself with trying to prevent, you obstinate fellow. The Comte de Haga wishes to keep himself strictly, absolutely, unknown. *Pardieu!* I understand your absurd vanities, gentlemen of the napkin. It is not that you would honour the crown; you would magnify yourselves with our crowns."

"I do not imagine," said the major-domo, gloomily, "that Monseigneur speaks to me seriously of money."

"Eh, no, Monsieur!" said the marshal, almost ashamed. "No! Money!—who the devil said anything to you about money? Don't evade the question, if you please. I repeat, I want nothing said about the presence here of a king."

"Why, Monsieur le Maréchal, for whom do you take me? Do you think I am blind? Why, there will not be the slightest mention of a king."

"Then do not be obstinate; let us dine at four."

"But at four o'clock, Monseigneur, what I am expecting will not have arrived."

"What are you expecting?—a fish, like Monsieur Vatel?"

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"Monsieur Vatel, Monsieur Vatel," murmured the major-domo.

"Well, are you shocked by the comparison?"

"No; but for a miserable sword-thrust which Monsieur Vatel gave himself through the body, Monsieur Vatel is immortalized."

"Ah, ah, and you think, Monsieur, that your brother artist obtained glory at too cheap a price?"

"No, Monseigneur; but how many others in our profession suffer more than he did, devouring griefs and humiliations a hundred times worse than a sword-thrust, who nevertheless are not immortalized!"

"Eh, Monsieur! do you not know that to be immortalized one must be a member of the Academy or must be dead?"

"Monseigneur, if that is so it is much better for one to be alive, and do his duty. I will not die, and my service will be performed as that of Monsieur Vatel would have been if Monsieur le Prince de Condé had had the patience to wait half an hour."

"Oh, now you are promising me wonders; it is adroit."

"No, Monseigneur; nothing wonderful."

"But what, then, are you expecting?"

"Monseigneur wishes me to tell him?"

"Faith, yes; I am curious."

"Then, Monseigneur, I am expecting a bottle of wine."

"A bottle of wine! explain yourself, Monsieur; the thing begins to interest me."

"Listen then, Monseigneur; his Majesty the king of Sweden—I beg pardon, the Comte de Haga, I should have said—drinks nothing but Tokay."

"Well, am I so poor as to have no Tokay in my cellar? If so, I must dismiss my butler."

"Not so, Monseigneur; on the contrary, you have about sixty bottles."

"Well, do you think the Comte de Haga will drink sixty-one bottles with his dinner?"

"Patience, Monseigneur; when the Comte de Haga first visited France, while he was only Prince Royal, he dined with the late king, who had received twelve bottles of Tokay from the emperor of Austria. You are aware that the Tokay of the finest vintages is reserved exclusively for the cellar of the emperor, and that kings themselves can drink it only when he pleases to send it to them."

"I know it."

"Well, Monseigneur, of these twelve bottles, from one of which the Prince Royal drank with much satisfaction, only two remain."

"Oh! oh!"

"One is still in the cellar of his Majesty Louis XVI."

"And the other?"

"Ah, Monseigneur," said the major-domo, with a triumphant smile,—for he felt that, after the long battle he had been fighting, the moment of victory was at hand,—"the other was stolen."

"By whom?"

"By one of my friends, the late king's butler, who was under great obligations to me."

"Oh, and so he gave it to you?"

"Certainly, Monseigneur," said the major-domo, with pride.

"And what did you do with it?"

"I placed it carefully in my master's cellar, Monseigneur."

"Your master; and who was your master at that time, Monsieur?"

"His Eminence the Cardinal de Rohan."

"Ah, *mon Dieu!* at Strasburg?"

"At Saverne."

"And you have sent to seek this bottle for me!" cried the old marshal.

"For you, Monseigneur," replied the major-domo, in a tone which plainly said, "ungrateful as you are."

The Duc de Richelieu seized the hand of the old servant and cried, "I beg your pardon, Monsieur; you are the king of major-domos."

"And you would have dismissed me!" he replied, with an indescribable shrug of his shoulders.

"Oh, I will pay you one hundred pistoles for that bottle of wine!"

"And the expense of bringing it here will be another hundred, that will make two hundred pistoles; but Monseigneur will admit that it is a trifle."

"I will admit anything you please, Monsieur; and meantime, from to-day I double your salary."

"But, Monseigneur, there is no occasion for that; I have but done my duty."

"And when will your hundred-pistole courier arrive?"

"Monseigneur may judge if I have lost time; on what day did I have my orders for the dinner?"

"Why, three days ago, I believe."

"It takes a courier, at his utmost speed, twenty-four hours to go, and the same to return."

"There still remained to you twenty-four hours. Prince of major-domos, what have you done with those twenty-four hours?"

"Alas, Monseigneur, I lost them! The idea came to me only the day after I received the list of your guests. Now calculate the time necessary for the negotiation, and you will perceive that in asking you to wait till five, I am asking only for the time that is absolutely necessary."

"What! the bottle is not yet here?"

"No, Monseigneur."

"Ah, Monsieur, if your colleague at Saverne is as devoted to the Prince de Rohan as you are to me, and refuses the bottle, as you would do in his place——"

"I, Monseigneur?"

"Yes; you would not, I suppose, give away such a bottle if it were in my cellar?"

"I humbly beg Monseigneur's pardon; but should a friend, having a king to provide for, ask me for your best bottle of wine, I would give it to him immediately."

"Oh!" said the marshal, with a grimace.

"It is only through helping others that we can expect help in our own need, Monseigneur."

"Then I may feel somewhat reassured," said the marshal, with a sigh; "but there is still another risk,—if the bottle should be broken?"

"Oh, Monseigneur, no man ever broke a bottle of wine worth two thousand francs!"

"I was wrong; let us say no more about it. At what time, then, do you expect your courier?"

"At four o'clock, precisely."

"Then why not dine at four?" replied the marshal, with the obstinacy of a Castilian mule.

"Monseigneur, the wine must rest for an hour; and but for an invention of my own, it would need three days."

Beaten at all points, the marshal saluted his major-domo in token of surrender.

"Besides," continued the old servant, "Monseigneur's guests, knowing that they will have the honour of dining with the Comte de Haga, will not arrive until half-past four."

"Here is still another reason!"

"Certainly, Monseigneur; the guests are the Comte de Launay, the Comtesse Dubarry, Monsieur de Lapeyrouse, Monsieur de Favras, Monsieur

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de Condorcet, Monsieur de Cagliostro, and Monsieur de Taverney."

"Very well."

"Well, Monseigneur, let us take them in their order. Monsieur de Launay comes from tne Bastille, and with the ice at present covering the roads he will be three hours from Paris."

"Yes; but he will leave immediately after the prisoners' dinner, at twelve o'clock."

"Pardon, Monseigneur, but the dinner hour at the Bastille has been changed since Monseigneur was there; it is now one."

"Monsieur, one learns something every day, and I thank you! Go on."

"Madame Dubarry comes from Luciennes, one continued descent, and in this frost——"

"That would not prevent her being punctual. Since she is now only a duke's favourite, she plays the queen only among barons. But let me tell you, Monsieur, that I desired to have dinner early on account of Monsieur de Lapeyrouse, who sets off to-night, and will not wish to be late."

"Monseigneur, Monsieur de Lapeyrouse is with the king, discussing geography and cosmography; he will not get away too early."

"It is possible."

"It is certain, Monseigneur; and it will be the same with Monsieur de Favras, who is with the Comte de Provence, talking, no doubt, of the new play, by Monsieur Caron de Beaumarchais."

"You mean the 'Mariage de Figaro'?"

"Yes, Monseigneur."

"Why, you are quite literary also, it seems, Monsieur."

"In my leisure moments I read, Monseigneur."

"We have, however, Monsieur de Condorcet, who, being a geometrician, should at least be punctual."

"Yes; but he will be deep in some calculation, from which when he rouses himself, he will find that he is half an hour too late. As for the Comte de Cagliostro, as he is a stranger, and not well acquainted with the customs of Versailles, he will, in all probability, make us wait for him."

"Well," said the marshal, "you have disposed of all my guests, except Monsieur de Taverney, in a manner worthy of Homer, or of my poor Rafté."

The major-domo bowed. "I have not," said he, "named Monsieur de Taverney; because being an old friend, he will probably be punctual. I believe, Monseigneur, these eight are all the guests, are they not?"

"Precisely. Where will you have us dine, Monsieur?"

"In the great dining-room, Monseigneur."

"But we shall freeze there."

"It has been warmed for three days, Monseigneur; and I believe you will find it perfectly comfortable."

"Very well, but there is a clock striking. Why, it is half-past four!" cried the marshal.

"Yes, Monseigneur, and there is the courier entering the court-yard, with my bottle of Tokay."

"May I continue for another twenty years to be served in this manner," said the marshal, turning again to his looking-glass, while the major-domo ran downstairs.

"Twenty years!" said a laughing voice, interrupting the marshal in his survey of himself,—"twenty years, my dear Duke! I hope you may have them; but then I shall be sixty,—I shall be very old."

"You, Countess!" cried the marshal. "You are the first, and *mon Dieu!* you look as young and charming as ever."

"Duke, I am frozen."

"Come into the boudoir, then."

"Oh, *tête-à-tête*, Marshal?"

"Not so," replied a somewhat broken voice.

"Ah, Taverney," said the marshal; and then whispering to the countess, "Plague take him for disturbing us."

Madame Dubarry laughed, and they all entered the adjoining room.

At the same moment the noise of carriages in the street warned the marshal that his guests were arriving; and soon after, thanks to the punctuality of his major-domo, nine persons were seated round the oval table in the dining-room. Nine lackeys, silent as shadows, quick without bustle, and attentive without importunity, glided over the carpet, and moved among the guests, without ever touching their chairs, placed in the midst of furs, which covered to their knees the legs of those who occupied them. These furs, with the heat from the stoves, and the odours from the wine and the dinner, diffused a degree of comfort which manifested itself in the gayety of the guests, who had just finished their soup.

No sound was heard from without and none within, save that made by the guests themselves; for the plates were changed, and the silverware was brought to the table without the slightest noise. Nor from the major-domo could a whisper be heard; he seemed to give his orders with his eyes. The guests, therefore, began to feel as though they were alone. It seemed to them that servants so silent must also be deaf.

Monsieur de Richelieu broke the silence by saying to the guest on his right hand, "Monsieur le Comte, you do not drink."

This was addressed to a man about thirty-eight years of age, short, fair-haired, and with high shoulders; his eye, a clear blue, was sometimes bright, but oftener melancholy. Nobility was stamped unmistakably on his open and manly forehead.

"I drink only water, Marshal," he replied.

"Excepting with Louis XV.," returned the marshal; "I had the honour of dining at his table with you, and you deigned that day to drink wine."

"Ah, you recall a pleasing remembrance, Marshal. That was in 1771; it was Tokay, from the imperial cellar."

"It was like that with which my major-domo will now have the honour to fill your glass, Monsieur le Comte," replied Richelieu, bowing.

The Comte de Haga raised his glass, and looked through it. The wine sparkled in the light like liquid rubies. "It is true, Monsieur le Maréchal," said he; "I thank you."

These words were uttered in a manner so noble that the guests, as if by a common impulse, rose, and cried, "Long live his Majesty!"

"Yes," said the Comte de Haga, "long live his Majesty the king of France. What say you, Monsieur de Lapeyrouse?"

"Monsieur le Comte," replied the captain, with the tone, at once flattering and respectful, common to those accustomed to address crowned heads, "I have just left the king, and his Majesty has shown me so much kindness that no one will more willingly cry, 'Long live the king,' than I. But as in one hour I shall be traveling post to the seashore, to join the two ships which the king has placed at my disposal, I will ask your permission, as soon as I have left this house, to cry, 'Long life to another king,' whom I should be proud to serve, had I not already so good a master"; and raising his glass, Monsieur de Lapeyrouse bowed humbly to the Comte de Haga.

"This health that you propose," said Madame Dubarry, who sat at the marshal's left hand, "we

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are all ready to drink; but the oldest of us should take the lead, as in parliament."

"Is it to you that this remark applies, or to me, Taverney?" said the marshal, laughing.

"I do not believe—" said a new speaker, sitting opposite the marshal.

"What is it that you do not believe, Monsieur de Cagliostro?" asked the Comte de Haga, fixing his piercing look on the speaker.

"I do not believe, Monsieur le Comte," said Cagliostro, bowing, "that Monsieur de Richelieu is the senior of our party."

"Oh, that is good," said the marshal; "apparently it is you, Taverney."

"Come now; I am eight years younger than you. I was born in 1704," returned the old nobleman.

"How rude," said the marshal, "to expose my eighty-eight years!"

"Really! Monsieur le Duc; you are eighty-eight years old?" said Monsieur de Condorcet.

"Oh, *mon Dieu!* yes. It is a calculation easy to make, and therefore unworthy of an algebraist like you, Marquis. I am of the last century,—the great century, as we call it. My date is 1696."

"Impossible!" cried De Launay.

"Oh, if your father were here, he would not say impossible,—he who when governor of the Bastille had me for a lodger in 1714."

"The senior in age, here, however," said Monsieur de Favras, "is the wine which the Comte de Haga is at this moment pouring into his glass."

"You are right, Monsieur de Favras; this wine is a hundred and twenty years old. To the wine then belongs the honour of proposing the health of the king."

"One moment, gentlemen," said Cagliostro, raising his eyes, beaming with intelligence and vivacity; "I claim the precedence."

"You claim precedence over the Tokay!" exclaimed all the guests in chorus.

"Assuredly," returned Cagliostro, calmly; "since it was I who bottled it."

"You?"

"Yes, I; on the day of the victory won by Montecuculli over the Turks in 1664."

A burst of laughter followed these words, which Cagliostro had pronounced with quiet gravity.

"By this calculation, you would be something like one hundred and thirty years old," said Madame Dubarry; "for you must have been at least ten years old when you bottled the wine."

"I was more than ten when I performed that operation, Madame; as on the following day I had the honour of being deputed by his Majesty the emperor of Austria to congratulate Montecuculli, who by the victory of Saint Gothard had avenged the day at Especk in Sclavonia,—a day on which the infidels treated so roughly the imperialists who were my friends and companions in arms in 1536."

"Oh," said the Comte de Haga, as coldly as Cagliostro himself, "you must have been at least ten years old when you were at that memorable battle."

"A terrible defeat, Monsieur le Comte," returned Cagliostro, bowing.

"Less terrible than Cressy, however," said Condorcet, smiling.

"True, Monsieur, for at the battle of Cressy, it was not only an army, but all France, that was beaten. But, then, this defeat was scarcely a fair victory to the English; for King Edward had cannon, a circumstance of which Philippe de Valois was ignorant, or rather which he would not believe, although I warned him that I had with my own eyes seen four pieces of artillery, which Edward had bought from the Venetians."

"Ah," said Madame Dubarry, "you knew Philippe de Valois?"

"Madame, I had the honour to be one of the five noblemen who escorted him off the field of battle," replied Cagliostro; "I came to France with the poor old king of Bohemia, who was blind, and who threw away his life when he heard that the battle was lost."

"Ah, Monsieur," said Monsieur de Lapeyrouse, "how much I regret that instead of the battle of Cressy, it was not that of Actium at which you assisted."

"Why so, Monsieur?"

"Oh, because you might have given me some nautical details, which, in spite of Plutarch's fine narration, have ever been obscure to me."

"Which, Monsieur? I should be happy to be of service to you."

"You were there, then?"

"No, Monsieur; I was then in Egypt. I had been employed by Queen Cleopatra to restore the library at Alexandria,—an office for which I was better qualified than any one else, from having personally known the best authors of antiquity."

"And you have seen Queen Cleopatra, Monsieur de Cagliostro?" said Madame Dubarry.

"As I now see you, Madame."

"Was she as pretty as they say?"

"Madame, you know beauty is only comparative; a charming queen in Egypt, in Paris she would have been only a pretty grisette."

"Say no harm of grisettes, Monsieur le Comte."

"God forbid!"

"Then Cleopatra was——"

"Little, slender, lively, and intelligent; with large almond-shaped eyes, a Grecian nose, teeth like pearls, and a hand like your own, Madame,—a fit hand to hold a scepter. See, here is a diamond which she gave me, and which she had from her brother Ptolemy; she wore it on her thumb."

"On her thumb?" cried Madame Dubarry.

"Yes. It was an Egyptian fashion, and I, you see, can hardly put it on my little finger;" and taking off the ring, he handed it to Madame Dubarry.

It was a magnificent diamond of such fine water, and so beautifully cut, as to be worth thirty thousand or forty thousand francs.

The diamond was passed round the table and returned to Cagliostro, who, putting it quietly on his finger again, said, "Ah, I see well you are all incredulous; this fatal incredulity I have had to contend against all my life. Philippe de Valois would not listen to me when I told him to leave open a retreat to Edward; Cleopatra would not believe me when I warned her that Antony would be beaten; the Trojans would not credit me when I said to them, with reference to the wooden horse, 'Cassandra is inspired; listen to Cassandra.'"

"Oh, but this is marvelous!" said Madame Dubarry, shaking with laughter; "I have never met a man at once so serious and so diverting."

"I assure you," replied Cagliostro, bowing, "that Jonathan was much more so. Oh, he was a charming companion; until he was killed by Saul he nearly drove me crazy with laughing."

"Do you know, Count," said the Duc de Richelieu, "if you go on in this way you will drive poor Taverney crazy; he is so afraid of death that he is staring at you with all his eyes, thinking you to be immortal. Come, frankly, are you immortal,—yes, or no?"

"Immortal?"

"Immortal."

"I cannot say, but one thing I can affirm——"

"What?" cried Taverney, who was the most eager listener.

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"That I have seen all the people and events of which I have been speaking to you."

"You have known Montecuculli?"

"As well as I know you, Monsieur de Favras; and, indeed, much better; for this is but the second or third time I have had the honour of seeing you, while I lived nearly a year under the same tent with the skilful strategist of whom you speak."

"You knew Philippe de Valois?"

"As I have already had the honour of telling you, Monsieur de Condorcet; but when he returned to Paris, I left France and returned to Bohemia."

"And Cleopatra?"

"Yes, Madame la Comtesse; Cleopatra, I can tell you, had eyes as black as yours, and shoulders almost as beautiful."

"But what do you know of my shoulders?"

"They are like what Cassandra's once were; and there is still a further resemblance—she had, like you, or rather you have, like her, a little black spot on your left side, just above the sixth rib."

"Oh, Count, now you really are a sorcerer."

"No, no," cried the marshal, laughing; "it was I who told him."

"And pray how do you know?"

The marshal bit his lips, and replied, "Oh, it is a family secret."

"Well, really, Marshal," said the countess, "one should put on a double coat of rouge before visiting you;" and turning again to Cagliostro, "then, Monsieur, you have the art of renewing your youth; for although you say you are three or four thousand years old you scarcely look forty."

"Yes, Madame, I do possess that secret."

"Oh, then, Monsieur, impart it to me."

"To you, Madame? It is useless,—your youth is already renewed; your age is only what it appears to be, and you do not look thirty."

"Ah! you flatter."

"No, Madame, I speak only the truth, but it is easily explained; you have already tried my receipt."

"How so?"

"You have taken my elixir."

"I?"

"You, Countess. Oh, you cannot have forgotten it. Do you not remember a certain house in the Rue Saint Claude, and coming there on some business respecting Monsieur de Sartines? You remember rendering a service to one of my friends, called Joseph Balsamo; and that this Joseph Balsamo gave you a bottle of elixir, recommending you to take three drops every morning? Do you not remember having done this regularly until the last year, when the bottle became exhausted? If you do not remember all this, Countess, it is more than forgetfulness,—it is ingratitude."

"Oh! Monsieur de Cagliostro, you are telling me things——"

"Which were only known to yourself, I am aware; but what would be the use of being a sorcerer if one did not know one's neighbour's secrets?"

"Then, Joseph Balsamo has, like you, the secret of this famous elixir?"

"No, Madame; but he was one of my best friends, and I gave him three or four bottles."

"And has he any left?"

"Oh, I know nothing of that; for the last two or three years, poor Balsamo has disappeared. I saw him for the last time in America, on the banks of the Ohio; he was setting off on an expedition to the Rocky Mountains, and since then I have heard that he is dead."

"Come, come, Count, said the marshal, "a truce to compliments, for pity's sake! The secret, Count, the secret!"

"Are you speaking seriously Monsieur?" asked the Comte de Haga.

"Very seriously, Sire—I beg pardon; I mean Monsieur le Comte," and Cagliostro bowed in such a way as to indicate that his error was a voluntary one.

"Then," said the marshal, "Madame Dubarry is not old enough to be made young again?"

"No, on my conscience."

"Well, then, I will give you another subject. Here is my friend Taverney,—what do you say to him? Does he not look like a contemporary of Pontius Pilate? But perhaps he, on the contrary, is too old."

Cagliostro looked at the baron. "No," said he. "Ah, my dear Count," exclaimed Richelieu; "if you will renew his youth, I will proclaim you a pupil of Medea."

"You wish it?" asked Cagliostro of the host, and looking round at the same time on all assembled.

All present signified their assent.

"And you also, Monsieur de Taverney?"

"I more than any one, *morbleu!*" said the baron.

"Well, it is easy," said Cagliostro; and he drew from his pocket a small bottle, and poured into a glass a few drops of the liquid it contained. Then mixing these drops with half a glass of iced champagne, he passed it to the baron. All eyes followed his movements eagerly.

The baron took the glass, but as he was about to drink he hesitated. Every one, on observing his hesitation, began to laugh,—so noisily that Cagliostro became impatient, and said, "Make haste, Baron, or you will waste a cordial of which each drop is worth a hundred louis d'or."

"The devil!" cried Richelieu, trying to jest; "that is even better than Tokay."

"I must, then, drink?" said the baron, almost trembling.

"Or pass the glass to another, Monsieur, that some one at least may profit by the elixir."

"Pass it to me," said Richelieu, holding out his hand

The baron raised the glass, and decided doubtless by the delicious smell and the beautiful rose colour which those few drops had given to the champagne, he swallowed the magic cordial. In an instant a kind of shiver ran through him; he seemed to feel all the old and sluggish blood stagnant in his veins flowing toward the surface of his body; his wrinkled skin became smooth; his eyes, half-covered by their lids, opened without his will; the pupils became larger and brighter; the trembling of his hands was arrested; his voice strengthened; and his limbs recovered their former youthful elasticity. In fact it seemed as if the liquid in its descent had regenerated his whole body

A cry of surprise, stupefaction, and admiration rang through the room. Taverney, who had been slowing chewing with his gums, began to feel famished; he seized a plate, knife, and fork, and helped himself largely to a ragoût, and then demolished a partridge, bones and all, calling out that his teeth were coming back to him. He ate, laughed, and cried for joy for about half an hour, while the others remained gazing at him in stupefied wonder; then little by little he failed again, like a lamp whose oil is burning out. First, his forehead, from which the wrinkles had disappeared, became wrinkled anew; his eyes were veiled and darkened; he lost his sense of taste; his back was bent again; his appetite departed; his knees began again to tremble.

"Oh!" he groaned, "once more, adieu to my youth!" and he gave utterance to a deep sigh, while two tears rolled over his cheeks.

Instinctively, at this mournful spectacle of the old

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man first made young again, and then, by contrast, seeming to become yet older than before, the sigh breathed by the old man was echoed around the table.

"It is easy to explain, gentlemen," said Cagliostro; "I gave the baron but thirty-five drops of the elixir, and he became young for only thirty-five minutes."

"Oh, more, more, Count!" cried the old man, eagerly.

"No, Monsieur; for perhaps the second trial would kill you."

Of all the guests, Madame Dubarry, who had already tested the virtue of the elixir, seemed most deeply interested while old Taverney's youth seemed thus to renew itself. As by degrees youth and life flowed through the arteries of the old man, the eyes of the countess eagerly followed the changes in his appearance. She laughed and applauded, and appeared regenerated simply by watching him

When the success of the elixir was at its height tne countess was about to seize the hand of Cagliostro, for the purpose of snatching from him the precious bottle. But at the moment when Taverney became old again, so much more suddenly than he had become young, "Alas! I see plainly," said she, sorrowfully, "all is vanity and deception; the effect of this marvelous secret lasts thirty-five minutes."

"That is to say," said the Comte de Haga, "in order to resume your youth for two years, you would have to drink a river."

Everyone laughed.

"No," said Condorcet, "the calculation is simple; as thirty-five drops last thirty-five minutes, it would require only a mere nothing of three million one hundred and fifty-three thousand drops for one year's youth."

"An inundation," said Lapeyrouse.

"However, Monsieur," continued Madame Dubarry, "according to you, I have not needed so much; as a small bottle of about four times the size of that you hold, given me by your friend Joseph Balsamo, has been sufficient to arrest the march of time for ten years."

"Precisely, Madame, and you alone approach this mysterious truth. The man who has already grown old needs this large quantity to produce an immediate and powerful effect; but a woman of thirty years, like you, Madame, or a man of forty years,—which was my age when I began to drink this elixir,—still full of life and youth, needs but ten drops at each period of decay; and with these ten drops may eternally continue life and youth at the same point of attractiveness and force."

"What do you call the periods of decay?" asked the Comte de Haga.

"The natural periods, Monsieur le Comte. In a state of nature man's strength increases until he is thirty-five years of age. It then remains stationary until forty; and from that time forward it begins to diminish, but almost imperceptibly until fifty; then the process becomes quicker and quicker to the day of his death. In our state of civilization, when the body is weakened by excess, cares, and maladies, increase of strength is arrested at thirty years; the failure begins at thirty-five. The time, then, to take Nature is when she is stationary, so as to combat the tendency to decay at the very moment when it begins to operate. He who, possessing as I do the secret of this elixir, knows how to seize the happy moment, will live as I live—always young, or at least always young enough for what he has to do in the world."

"Oh, Monsieur Cagliostro!" cried the countess, "why, if you could choose your own age, did you not stop at twenty years instead of at forty?"

"Because, Madame," said Cagliostro, smiling, "it suits me better to be a man forty years old, healthy and vigorous, than a raw youth of twenty."

"Oh!" said the countess.

"Doubtless, Madame," continued Cagliostro, "at twenty years of age one pleases women of thirty years; at forty years we govern women of twenty and men of sixty."

"I yield, Monsieur," said the countess, "for you are a living proof of the truth of your own words."

"Then I," said Taverney, piteously, "am condemned; it is too late for me!"

"Monsieur de Richelieu has been more skilful than you," said Lapeyrouse, naïvely, with the frankness of a sailor; "and I have always heard that he had a certain receipt——"

"It is a report that the women have spread," laughed the Comte de Haga.

"Is that a reason for disbelieving it, Count?" asked Madame Dubarry.

The old Marshal coloured,—a rare thing for him,—but replied, "Do you wish, gentlemen, to have my receipt?"

"Oh, by all means!"

"Well, then, it is simply to take care of yourself."

"Oh, oh!" cried all.

"I would contest the receipt," continued the countess, "if I had not seen the effect of that of Monsieur de Cagliostro, So be on your guard, Monsieur the Sorcerer; I am not yet through with my questions."

"Well, Madame."

"You said that when you used your elixir of life for the first time, you were forty years old?"

"Yes, Madame."

"And that since that time,—that is, since the siege of Troy——"

"A little before, Madame."

"You have always remained forty years old?"

"You see me now."

"But, then, Monsieur," said Condorcet, "you prove to us more than your theorem requires."

"What do I prove to you, Monsieur le Marquis?"

"You prove, not only the perpetuation of youth, but the preservation of life; for if since the siege of Troy you have been always forty years old, you have never died."

"True, Marquis; I humbly admit it. I have never died."

"Yet you are not invulnerable, like Achilles; and even Achilles was not invulnerable, for Paris killed him by wounding his heel with an arrow."

"No, I am not invulnerable, and that is my great regret," said Cagliostro.

"Then Monsieur, you may be killed; you may die a violent death?"

"Alas! yes."

"How, then, have you escaped all accidents for three thousand five hundred years?"

"It is chance, Monsieur le Comte; but will you follow my reasoning?"

"Yes, yes!" cried all, with eagerness; and with these expressions of unusual interest, every one leaned on the table and prepared to listen.

Cagliostro continued: "What is the first requisite to life?" he asked, spreading out his white and beautiful hands, covered with rings, among which Cleopatra's shone conspicuously. "Is it not health?"

"Certainly."

"And the way to preserve health is——"

"Proper diet," said the Comte de Haga.

"You are right, Monsieur le Comte. It is proper diet that produces good health. Well, then, why should not these drops of my elixir constitute the best possible diet?

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"Who knows that?"

"You, Count."

"Yes, without doubt; but——"

"But no others," said Madame Dubarry.

"That, Madame, is a question which we will not discuss now. Well, then, I have always followed the regimen of my drops; and since they are that which the ancients searched for under the name of the 'Water of Youth,' and which the moderns have sought to discover under the name of the 'Elixir of Life,' I have constantly preserved my youth, and consequently my health, and consequently my life. That is clear enough."

"But all things get worn out, Count,—the most excellent body as well as everything else."

"That of Paris, like that of Vulcan," said the countess. "You knew Paris, doubtless, Monsieur de Cagliostro?"

"Perfectly, Madame; he was a fine young man, but really did not deserve all that Homer said of him, and that women think of him. In the first place, he had red hair."

"Red hair? Horrible!"

"Unluckily, Madame, Helen was not of your opinion. But let us return to our elixir."

"Yes, yes!" all exclaimed.

"You say, Monsieur de Taverney, that all things get worn out; but you also know that everything recovers again, is regenerated, or replaced, whichever you please to call it. The famous knife of Saint Hubert, which so often changed both blade and handle, is an example; for through every change it still remained the knife of Saint Hubert. The wine which the monks of Heidelberg preserve so carefully in their cellars still remains the same wine, although each year they pour into it a fresh supply. Therefore, this wine always remains clear, bright, and delicious; while the wine which Opimus and I hid in the earthen jars was, when I tried it a hundred years after, only a thick mud, which might, indeed, have been eaten, but certainly could not have been drunk. Well, I follow the example of the monks of Heidelberg, and preserve my body by introducing into it every year new elements, which regenerate the old. Every morning a new and fresh atom replaces in my blood, my flesh, and my bones, a worn-out, inert molecule. I stay that ruin which most men allow insensibly to invade their whole being, and I force into action all those powers which God has given to the human constitution as a defense against destruction,—powers which commonly are misdirected, or abandoned to the paralysis of inactivity; those powers I have compelled to continuous labour, which has facilitated, has caused even, the introduction of a stimulant always new. In consequence of that assiduous study of life, my thought, my movements, my nerves, my heart, my soul, have never failed in their operation; and as all things are bound together in this world,—as those succeed best in anything who are always doing that thing,—I have naturally become more skilful than anyone else by avoiding the dangers of an existence of three thousand years; and that because I have succeeded in acquiring from everything such an experience that I foresee misfortunes,—I feel the dangers of any situation, be it what it may. Thus, you would not get me to enter a house which is in danger of falling. Oh, no! I have seen too many houses not to tell at a glance the safe from the unsafe. You would not see me go out hunting with a man who managed his gun badly. From Cephalus, who killed his wife Procris, down to the regent who shot the prince in the eye, I have seen too many unskilful people. You could not make me accept, in battle, the post which many a man would take without thinking, because I should have calculated in a moment all the chances of danger at that point. You will tell me that one cannot foresee a stray bullet; but the man who has escaped a million gunshots is inexcusable if he allows himself to be killed by a stray bullet. Ah, you look incredulous! but am I not a living proof? I do not tell you that I am immortal, only that I know better than others how to avoid danger. For instance, I would not remain here now alone with Monsieur de Launay, who is thinking that if he had me in the Bastille he would put my immortality to the test of starvation. Neither would I remain with Monsieur de Condorcet; for he is thinking that he might just empty into my glass the contents of that ring which he wears on his left hand, and which is full of poison,—not with any evil intent, but only as a scientific experiment, to see if I should die."

The two people named made a movement.

"Confess, Monsieur de Launay! We are not in a court of justice; besides, thoughts are not punished. Did you not think what I said? And you, Monsieur de Condorcet, would you not have liked to let me taste the poison in your ring, in the name of your beloved mistress, science?"

"Indeed," said Monsieur de Launay, laughing and blushing, "I confess you are right; it was folly, but that folly did pass through my mind at the very moment when you accused me."

"And I," said Monsieur de Condorcet, "will not be less candid; I did think that if you tasted the contents of my ring, I would not give a farthing for your immortality."

A cry of admiration burst from the rest of the party; these avowals confirming not the immortality, but the penetration of the Comte de Cagliostro.

"You see," said Cagliostro, quietly, "that I divined these dangers; well, it is the same with other things. The experience of a long life reveals to me, at a glance, the past and the future of those whom I meet. My infallibility on this point is such that it extends even to animals and inanimate objects. If I get into a carriage, I can tell from the look of the horses that they are likely to run away; and from that of the coachman that he will overturn me. If I go on board ship, I can see that the captain is ignorant or obstinate, and consequently cannot, or will not, navigate his vessel skilfully. Thereupon I avoid the coachman and the captain, and leave those horses or that ship. I do not deny chance, I only lessen it, and instead of incurring a hundred chances, like the rest of the world, I prevent ninety-nine of them, and endeavour to guard against the hundredth. This is the advantage of having lived three thousand years."

"Then," said Lapeyrouse, laughing, amid the wonder and enthusiasm created by Cagliostro's words, "my dear prophet, you should come with me when I embark to make the tour of the world; you would render me a signal service."

Cagliostro did not reply.

"Monsieur de Richelieu," continued Lapeyrouse, "since the Comte de Cagliostro,—and I understand that,—does not wish to leave so good company, you must permit me to go without him. Excuse me, Comte de Haga, and you, Madame, but it is seven o'clock, and I have promised his Majesty to start at a quarter past. But since Comte de Cagliostro will not be tempted to come with me and see my ships, perhaps he can tell me what will happen to me between Versailles and Brest. From Brest to the Pole, I ask nothing,—that is my own business. But, *pardieu!* he ought to give me an opinion on what may happen on the way to Brest."

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Cagliostro looked at Lapeyrouse with such a melancholy air, so full both of pity and kindness, that the others were struck by it. The navigator himself, however, did not remark it. He took leave of the company; his valet threw over his shoulders a large fur riding-coat, and Madame Dubarry slipped into his pocket some of those exquisite cordials which are so pleasing to the traveler, but which he rarely thinks of providing for himself, and which recall to him his absent friends during the long nights of a journey under wintry skies.

Lapeyrouse, still full of gayety, bowed respectfully to the Comte de Haga, and held out his hand to the old marshal.

"Adieu, dear Lapeyrouse," said the latter.

"No, Monsieur le Duc, au revoir," replied Lapeyrouse. "One would think I was departing for eternity; now I have but to circumnavigate the globe,—five or six years' absence only; it is scarcely worth while to say 'adieu' for that."

"Five or six years," said the marshal; "you might almost as well say five or six centuries; days are years at my age,—therefore I say adieu."

"Bah! ask the sorcerer," returned Lapeyrouse, still laughing, "he will promise you twenty years more life. Will you not, Monsieur de Cagliostro? Oh, Count, why did I not hear sooner of those precious drops of yours? Whatever the price, I should have shipped a tun of them on the 'Astrolabe.' Madame, another kiss of that beautiful hand; I shall certainly not see such another till I return; au revoir," and he left the room.

Cagliostro still preserved the same mournful silence. They heard the steps of the captain as he left the house, his gay voice in the court-yard, and his farewells to the persons assembled there to see him depart. Then the horses shook their heads covered with bells, the door of the carriage shut with some noise, and the wheels were heard rolling along the street.

Lapeyrouse had started on that voyage from which he was destined never to return.

When the last sound had died away all eyes were directed, as if controlled by a superior power, toward Cagliostro. At that moment there was a pythonic illumination in his face which startled all the company. A strange silence lasted some moments. The Comte de Haga was the first to speak. "And why," said he, "did you not reply to him, Monsieur?"

Cagliostro started, as if the question had roused him from a revery. "Because," said he, "I must either have told a falsehood or a sad truth."

"How so?"

"I must have said to him, 'Monsieur de Lapeyrouse, the duke is right in saying to you 'adieu' and not 'au revoir.'"

"Eh! but," said Richelieu, turning pale, "what the devil, Monsieur Cagliostro, are you saying, then, about Lapeyrouse?"

"Oh, reassure yourself, Monsieur le Maréchal," replied Cagliostro, quickly, "it is not as regards you that the prediction is ominous."

"What!" cried Madame Dubarry, "is poor Lapeyrouse, who has just kissed my hand——"

"Not only, Madame, will never kiss it again, but he will never again see those he has just left," said Cagliostro, looking attentively at his glass full of water, which, from the position in which it was placed, exhibited a luminous surface of an opal tint, crossed by the shadows of surrounding objects.

A cry of astonishment burst from all. The interest of the conversation deepened every moment, and it might have been thought, from the solemn and anxious air with which all regarded Cagliostro, that they were awaiting the infallible predictions of an ancient oracle.

In the midst of this preoccupation Monsieur de Favras, representing the general feeling, rose, made a sign, and went on tiptoe to listen in the antechamber, and ascertain whether any of the servants were within hearing. But, as we have said, the house of Monsieur le Maréchal de Richelieu was well regulated, and Monsieur de Favras found in the ante-chamber only an old intendant, who, implacable as a sentinel at an exposed post, defended the approaches to the dining-room at the solemn hour of dessert. He therefore returned to his seat, making a sign to the guests that they were alone.

"In that case," said Madame Dubarry, replying to the assurance of Monsieur de Favras as if it had been uttered aloud, "tell us what is to happen to that poor Lapeyrouse."

Cagliostro still maintained the same ominous silence.

"Oh, yes; let us hear," cried all the rest.

"Well, then, Monsieur de Lapeyrouse intends, as you know, to make the tour of the globe, and continue the researches of poor Captain Cook, who was killed in the Sandwich Islands."

"Yes, yes, we know," said all the company, by signs rather than in words.

"Everything should foretell a happy termination to this voyage; Monsieur de Lapeyrouse is a good seaman, and his route has been most skilfully traced by the king."

"Yes," interrupted Comte de Haga, "the king of France is a clever geographer; is he not, Monsieur de Condorcet?"

"More skilful than is needful for a king," replied the marquis. "Kings ought to know things only slightly; then they will let themselves be guided by those who know them thoroughly."

"Is this a lesson, Marquis?" said the Comte de Haga, smiling.

Condorcet blushed. "Oh, no, Monsieur le Comte," said he; "only a simple reflection, a general truth."

"Well, he has set out?" said Madame Dubarry, anxious to bring the conversation back to Lapeyrouse.

"Yes, he has set out," replied Cagliostro; "but don't believe, in spite of his haste, that he will soon embark. I foresee much time lost at Brest."

"That would be a pity," said Condorcet; "this is the proper time for sailing; it is even now rather late,—February or March would have been better."

"Oh, do not grudge him these two or three months, Monsieur de Condorcet; he lives, at least, during that time,—he lives and hopes."

"He has good officers, I suppose," said Richelieu.

"Yes, he who commands the second ship is a distinguished officer. I see him—young, adventurous, and too brave, unhappily."

"Why unhappily?"

"A year later I look for him, and see him no more," said Cagliostro, anxiously consulting his glass. "No one here is related to Monsieur de Langle?"

"No."

"No one knows him?"

"No."

"Well, death will begin with him; I see him no longer."

A murmur of affright escaped from all the guests.

"But he, Lapeyrouse?" cried several voices, eagerly.

"He sails, he lands, he re-embarks; I see one, two

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years of successful navigation. We hear news of him,[1] and then——"

"Then?"

"Years pass——"

"But at last?"

"The sea is vast, the heavens are clouded. Here and there appear unknown lands, and figures hideous as the monsters of the Grecian Archipelago. They watch the ship, which in a fog is drifting among the rocks, at the mercy of the currents. At last the tempest, the tempest more hospitable than the land, and then—ominous flames. Oh, Lapeyrouse! Lapeyrouse! if you could hear me, I would cry to you. You set out, like Columbus, to discover a world; Lapeyrouse, beware of unknown isles." He ceased, and an icy shiver ran through the assembly.

"But why did you not warn him?" asked the Comte de Haga, submitting like the others to the influence of this extraordinary man, who moved all hearts at his will.

"Yes," cried Madame Dubarry, "why not send after him and bring him back? The life of a man like Lapeyrouse is surely worth the journey of a courier, my dear Marshal."

The marshal understood, and rose to ring the bell. Cagliostro extended his arm to stop him. The marshal returned to his chair.

"Alas!" said Cagliostro, "all advice would be useless. The man who can foresee destiny cannot change it. Monsieur de Lapeyrouse would laugh if he heard my words, as the son of Priam laughed when Cassandra prophesied; and see, you begin to laugh yourself, Monsieur le Comte de Haga, and laughing is contagious,—your companions are catching it. Oh, do not restrain yourself, Monsieur de Favras; I have never yet found a hearer who believed."

"Oh, we believe," said Madame Dubarry and the old Duc de Richelieu.

"I believe," murmured Taverney.

"I, also," said the Comte de Haga, politely.

"Yes," replied Cagliostro, "you believe, because it concerns Lapeyrouse; but if I spoke of you, you would not believe."

"Oh!"

"I am sure of it."

"I confess that what would have made me believe," returned the Comte de Haga, "would have been that you should say to him, 'Beware of unknown isles'; then he would, at least, have had the chance of avoiding them."

"I assure you, no, Monsieur le Comte; and if he had believed me, consider the horrible effect of that revelation. Then in presence of danger, at sight of those unknown isles which were to be fatal to him, the unhappy man, believing in my prediction, would have felt the mysterious approach of death without being able to flee from it. And so he would have suffered not one death but a thousand; for it is suffering a thousand deaths to wander in gloom with despair at one's side. That hope which I should take from him—think of it!—is the last consolation to which the wretched victim still clings under the executioner's knife, when even the knife has touched him, when he feels its sharp edge, when his blood begins to flow. Life is extinguished while still the man is hoping."

"That is true!" said several of the guests, in a suppressed whisper.

"Yes," said Condorcet; "the veil which hides from us our future is the only real good which God has vouchsafed to man."

[1] The officer who brought the last news received from Lapeyrouse was Monsieur de Lesseps,—the only man on the expedition who returned to France.

"Nevertheless," said the Comte de Haga, "did a man like you tell me to shun a certain man, or a certain thing, I would beware, and I would thank you for the counsel."

Cagliostro gently shook his head, with a serious smile.

"I mean it, Monsieur de Cagliostro," continued the Comte de Haga, "warn me, and I will thank you."

"You wish me to tell you what I would not tell Lapeyrouse?"

"Yes; I wish it."

Cagliostro made a movement as if to begin, and then stopped, and said, "Oh no, Monsieur le Comte, no!"

"I beg you."

Monsieur de Cagliostro turned away his head, "Never!" he murmured.

"Take care," said the count, smiling; "you are making me incredulous."

"Incredulity is better than misery."

"Monsieur de Cagliostro," said the count, gravely, "you forget one thing."

"And what is that?" asked the prophet, respectfully.

"It is that though there are men who had better remain ignorant of their destiny, there are others who should know it, as it concerns not themselves alone, but millions of others."

"I must have an order, then. Without an order I will do nothing."

"What do you mean?"

"That if your Majesty commands," said Cagliostro, in a low voice, "I will obey."

"I command you to reveal to me my destiny, Monsieur de Cagliostro," said the king, with an air at once courteous and dignified.

At this moment, as the Comte de Haga had dropped his incognito in giving that order, Monsieur de Richelieu advanced toward him, and humbly saluting the prince, said, "Thanks, Sire, for the honour which the king of Sweden has done my house; will your Majesty assume the place of honour? From this moment it belongs to you alone."

"Let us remain as we are, Marshal; I wish to hear what Monsieur de Cagliostro is about to say."

"One does not speak the truth to kings, Sire."

"Bah! I am not in my kingdom; take your place again, Monsieur le Duc. Proceed, Monsieur de Cagliostro, I beg."

Cagliostro looked again in his glass. Globules like those seen in champagne rose from the bottom to the surface. The water seemed to be attracted by his powerful gaze, and to become agitated at his will. "Sire," said he, "tell me what you wish to know; I am ready to answer."

"Tell me by what death I shall die."

"By a gunshot, Sire."

The eyes of Gustavus grew bright. "Ah, in a battle," said he; "the death of a soldier! Thanks, Monsieur de Cagliostro, a hundred times I thank you. Oh, I foresee battles! and Gustavus Adolphus and Charles XII. have shown me how a king of Sweden should die."

Cagliostro drooped his head, without replying.

The Comte de Haga frowned. "Oh, oh!" said he, "is it not in battle that the gunshot will be discharged?"

"No, Sire."

"In a sedition? Yes, that is possible."

"No, not in a sedition, Sire."

"But where, then?"

"At a ball, Sire."

The king remained silent, and Cagliostro buried his head in his hands.

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Every one looked pale and frightened; and all watched the author of the prophecy and him whom it chiefly concerned. Then Monsieur de Condorcet took the glass of water, in which the fatal augury had been read, and raising it to his eye, examined carefully the glittering facets of the glass and its mysterious contents. His look seemed to be inquiring of both the solid and liquid crystal the solution of the problem, which his reason reduced to the import of a purely physical speculation.

In fact, the scientist was trying to compute the water's depth, luminous refractions, and microscopic play. He was asking himself the cause and explanation of this jugglery, practised upon men so enlightened as those who surrounded the table, by a man to whom he could not deny the possession of extraordinary power. Doubtless he found no solution of his problem, for he ceased his examination of the glass, returned it to the table, and amid the stupefaction caused by the prediction of Cagliostro, "Well, I also," he said, "will beg our illustrious prophet to consult for me his magic mirror. Unfortunately, I am not a powerful lord; I cannot command, and my obscure life concerns no millions of people."

"Monsieur," said the Comte de Haga, "you command in the name of science, and your life belongs not only to a nation, but to all mankind."

"I thank you, Monsieur le Comte!" said Condorcet; "but perhaps your opinion on this subject is not shared by Monsieur de Cagliostro."

Cagliostro quickly raised his head. "Yes, Marquis," said he, with a beginning of nervous irritability, which in ancient times would have been attributed to the presence of the god that inspired him, "you are indeed a powerful lord in the kingdom of intelligence; look me, then, in the face, and tell me seriously if you also wish that I should prophesy to you."

"Seriously, Monsieur le Comte,—upon my honour."

"Well, Marquis," said Cagliostro, in a hollow voice, and closing his eyelids, "you will die of that poison which you carry in your ring; you will die——"

"Oh! but if I throw it away?"

"Throw it away."

"You allow that it is very easy?"

"Then throw it away, I tell you."

"Oh, yes, Marquis!" cried Madame Dubarry, "throw away that horrid poison,—throw it away, if it be only to falsify this prophet of evil who threatens us all with his prophecies. For if you throw it away you cannot die by it, as Monsieur de Cagliostro predicts; so there, at least, he will have been wrong."

"Madame la Comtesse is right," said the Comte de Haga.

"Bravo, Countess!" said Richelieu. "Come, Marquis, throw away that poison, for now that I know you carry it, I shall tremble every time we drink together; the ring might open of itself, and——"

"And two glasses touched together come very close," said Taverney. "Throw it away, Marquis,—throw it away!"

"It is useless," said Cagliostro, quietly; "Monsieur de Condorcet will not throw it away."

"No," returned Condorcet, "I will not throw it away,—not that I wish to aid my destiny, but because this is a unique poison, prepared by Cabanis, which chance has completely hardened, and that chance might never occur again; therefore I will not throw it away. Triumph if you will, Monsieur de Cagliostro!"

"Destiny," replied Cagliostro, "ever finds faithful agents to aid in the execution of her decrees."

"Then I shall die by poison!" said the marquis. "Well, so be it. It is an admirable death, I think,—a little poison on the tip of the tongue, and I am gone. That is not death; it is only minus life, as we say in algebra."

"It is no wish of mine that you should suffer, Monsieur," said Cagliostro, coldy; and he made a sign indicating that he desired to say no more regarding Monsieur de Condorcet.

"Then, Monsieur," said Monsieur de Favras, "we have a shipwreck, a gunshot, and a poisoning; they make my mouth water. Will you not do me the favour to predict to me, also, some little catastrophe of the same kind?"

"Oh, Marquis!" replied Cagliostro, beginning to grow warm under this irony, "it would be wrong in you to envy these gentlemen, for I assure you that you will have still better."

"Better!" said Monsieur de Favras, laughing; "that is pledging yourself to a great deal. Better than the sea, fire, poison,—that is difficult."

"There remains the rope, Monsieur le Marquis," said Cagliostro, bowing.

"The rope! Oh, oh! what are you telling me?"

"I am telling you that you will be hanged!" replied Cagliostro, with a sort of prophetic rage which he could no longer control.

"Hanged! The devil!" cried the guests.

"Monsieur forgets that I am a nobleman," said Monsieur de Favras, coldly; "or if he means to speak of a suicide, I warn him that I shall respect myself sufficiently, even in my last moments, not to use a rope while I have a sword."

"I do not speak of a suicide, Monsieur."

"Then you speak of a punishment?"

"Yes."

"You are a foreigner, Monsieur, and therefore I pardon you."

"For what?"

"Your ignorance, Monsieur. In France we decapitate noblemen."

"You will arrange that matter with the executioner," replied Cagliostro, crushing his interlocutor with that rough answer.

There was a moment's hesitation among those present.

"Do you know that I begin to tremble?" said Monsieur de Launay; "my predecessors have had such bad luck that I am afraid I shall find only evil if I plunge my hand into the same bag."

"Then you are more reasonable than they, and do not seek to know the future. You are right. Be it good or bad, let us respect the secret of God."

"Oh, Monsieur de Launay!" said Madame Dubarry, "I hope you will not be less courageous than the others have been."

"I hope so too, Madame," said the governor, bowing. Then turning to Cagliostro, "Monsieur," he said, "favour me in my turn with my horoscope, if you please."

"It is easy," replied Cagliostro; "a blow on the head with a hatchet, and all will be over."

A cry of terror sounded through the hall. Richelieu and Taverney begged Cagliostro to say no more, but feminine curiosity prevailed.

"To hear you talk, Count," said Madame Dubarry, "one would think the whole universe must die by violence. Here we are, eight of us, and five are already condemned by you."

"Oh, you understand that it is all a prearranged affair, and that we laugh at it, Madame," said Monsieur de Favras, trying to laugh in fact.

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"Certainly we will laugh at it," said the Comte de Haga, "be it true or false."

"Oh, I will laugh too, then," said Madame Dubarry; "I will not dishonour the assembly by my cowardice; but alas! I am only a woman, and shall not have the honour to be ranked with you by a tragical death; a woman dies in her bed. Alas, my death, that of a sorrowful old woman abandoned by everyone, will be the worst of all. Will it not, Monsieur de Cagliostro?"

She stopped, and seemed to wait for the prophet to reassure her. Cagliostro did not speak; so, her curiosity obtaining the mastery over her fears, she went on, "Well, Monsieur de Cagliostro, will you not answer me?"

"How can I answer you, Madame, when you ask me no questions?"

"But——" said she.

"Decide," said Cagliostro; "do you question me, —yes, or no?"

The countess made an effort, and drawing courage from the smiles of the company, "Yes," she cried, "I will run the risk. Tell me the fate of Jeanne de Vaubernier, Comtesse Dubarry."

"On the scaffold, Madame," replied the prophet of evil.

"A jest, Monsieur, is it not?" stammered she, looking at him with a supplicating air.

Cagliostro did not observe that look. "Why do you think I jest?" said he.

"Oh, because to die on the scaffold one must have committed some crime,—stolen, or committed murder, or done something dreadful; and it is not likely I shall do that. It was a jest, was it not?"

"Oh, my God! yes," said Cagliostro; "all I have said is but a jest."

The countess laughed, but a skilled observer would have thought her laugh too noisy to be quite natural. "Come, Monsieur de Favras," said she, "let us order our funeral coaches."

"Oh, that will be needless for you, Madame," said Cagliostro.

"Why so, Monsieur?"

"Because you will go to the scaffold in a cart."

"Oh, how horrible! oh, the dreadful man! Marshal, for Heaven's sake choose more cheerful guests next time, or I will never visit you again."

"Excuse me, Madame," said Cagliostro; "but you, like all the rest, would have me speak."

"I, like all the rest. At least, you will grant me time to choose my confessor?"

"It will be superfluous, Countess."

"Why?"

"The last one to mount the scaffold with a confessor will be——"

"Will be?" asked all the company.

"Will be the king of France"; and Cagliostro said these words in a voice so hollow and melancholy that it was to the company like a blast of death, and it chilled them to the bottom of their hearts.

Then ensued a silence which lasted several minutes. Meantime, Cagliostro raised to his lips the glass of water in which he had read these fearful prophecies; but scarcely had it touched his mouth when he set it down, and pushed it from him with a movement of disgust. He turned his eyes to Monsieur de Taverney.

"Oh," cried the latter in terror, "do not tell me anything, I do not wish to know."

"Well, then, I will ask in his place," said Richelieu.

"You, Marshal, be happy; you are the only one of us all who will die in his bed."

"Coffee, gentlemen, coffee!" cried the marshal, enchanted with the prediction.

Everyone rose.

But before passing into the salon, the Comte de Haga, approaching Cagliostro, said: "Monsieur, I have no idea of trying to escape my destiny; but tell me what I ought to distrust."

"A muff, Sire," replied Cagliostro.

Monsieur de Haga withdrew.

"And I?" said Condorcet.

"An omelette."

"Good, I renounce eggs"; and he followed the count.

"And I?" said Monsieur de Favras—"what must I fear?"

"A letter."

"Very good; I thank you."

"And I?" asked De Launay.

"The taking of the Bastille."

"Oh, you quite reassure me"; and he went away, laughing.

"Now for me, Monsieur," said the countess, with anxiety.

"You, beautiful Countess, beware of the Place Louis XV."

"Alas!" said the countess, "one day already, I lost myself there; that day I suffered much; I nearly lost my head."

"Well, Countess, this time it will be lost never to be regained."

Madame Dubarry uttered a cry, and fled to the salon to join the other guests. Cagliostro was about to follow her, when Richelieu stopped him. "One moment," said he. "There remain only Taverney and I, to whom you have predicted nothing, my dear sorcerer."

"Monsieur de Taverney begged me to say nothing, and you, Monsieur le Maréchal, have asked me nothing."

"Oh, I still entreat you to tell me nothing," said Taverney, clasping his hands.

"But come, to prove your power, tell us something that only Taverney and I know," said Richelieu.

"What?" asked Cagliostro, smiling.

"Tell us what makes Taverney come to Versailles, instead of living quietly in his beautiful house at Maison-Rouge, which the king repurchased for him three years ago."

"Nothing more simple, Marshal," said Cagliostro. "Ten years ago, Monsieur de Taverney wished to give his daughter, Mademoiselle Andrée, to the King Louis XV.; but he did not succeed."

"Oh! oh!" groaned Taverney.

"Now Monsieur wishes to give his son, Philippe de Taverney, to the Queen Marie Antoinette; ask him if I speak the truth."

"On my word," said Taverney, trembling, "this man is a sorcerer; devil take me if he is not."

"Oh, oh! do not speak so cavalierly of the Devil, my old comrade," said the marshal.

"Frightful! frightful!" murmured Taverney; and he turned to implore Cagliostro to be discreet, but he had disappeared.

"Come, Taverney, to the salon," said the marshal; "or they will drink their coffee without us." But when they arrived there the room was empty; not one of the guests had courage to face again the author of these terrible predictions.

The wax lights burned in the candelabra, the coffee was smoking in the urn, the fire burned on the hearth,—but all for nothing.

"Faith, old friend, it seems we must take our coffee *tête-à-tête*. Why, what the devil has become of you?" Richelieu looked all round him, but Taverney had vanished like the rest. "Never mind," said the marshal, chuckling as Voltaire might have done, and rubbing his withered though

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still white hands; "I shall be the only one to die in my bed. Eh, eh! in my bed. Well, Comte de Cagliostro, at least I believe. In my bed, that was it; I shall die in my bed, and I trust not for a long time. Hola! my valet and my drops."

The valet entered with the bottle, and the marshal went with him into the bedroom.

CHAPTER I

TWO UNKNOWN LADIES

THE winter of 1784, that monster which devoured a sixth part of France, we could not see, although he growled at the doors, while at the house of Monsieur de Richelieu, shut in, as we were, in that warm and comfortable dining-room.

A little frost on the windows seems but the luxury of Nature, added to that of man. Winter has its diamonds, its powder, and its silver embroidery for the rich man wrapped in his furs, or packed in his carriage, or snug among the wadding and velvet of a well-warmed room. Hoar-frost is a beauty, ice a change of decoration by the greatest of artists, which the rich admire through their windows. He who is warm can admire the withered trees, and find a charm in the sombre perspective of the snow-covered plain. He who finds mounting to his brain the savory odours of the dinner awaiting him, can inhale from time to time, through the partly opened window, the sharp perfume of the north wind and the icy vapour of the snows which are refreshing to his mind. He, in short, who after a day without suffering, when millions of his fellow-creatures are enduring dreadful privations, throws himself on his bed of down, between his fine and well-aired sheets, may find out that all is for the best, in this best of all possible worlds.

But he who is cold sees nothing of all these splendours of Nature,—as richly clad in her white as in her green mantle. He who is hungry looks toward the earth, and avoids looking at the sky,—the sky without a sun, and therefore without a smile for the unhappy.

Now, at the time of which we write,—that is, about the middle of the month of April,—three hundred thousand miserable beings, dying from cold and hunger, groaned in Paris alone: in Paris where, in spite of the boast that scarcely another city contained so many rich people, nothing had been done to prevent the poor from perishing of cold and want.

For the last four months a sky of brass had driven the poor from the villages into the town, as in winter wolves are driven from the woods into the villages.

No more bread; no more wood. No more bread for those who felt this cold; no more wood to bake bread. All the provisions which had been collected Paris had devoured in a month. The provost, short-sighted and incapable, did not know how to procure for Paris, which was under his care, two hundred thousand cords of wood which might be obtained within a radius of ten leagues. He gave as an excuse, when it was cold, that the ice hindered the horses; if it thawed, he pleaded the insufficient number of horses and conveyances. Louis XVI., ever good and humane, always ready to attend to the physical wants of his people, although he overlooked their social wants, began by contributing a sum of two hundred thousand francs for the hiring of horses and carts, and insisting on their immediate use.

Still the demand continued greater than the supply. It was necessary to restrict the purchaser. At first, no one was allowed to carry away from the public timber-yard more than a cart-load of wood; then they were limited to half this quantity. Soon long lines of applicants might be seen waiting outside the doors, as they were afterwards seen at the bakers' shops. The king gave away the whole of his private income in charity. He raised three million francs on the impost receipts, and applied them to the relief of the sufferers, declaring that every other need must give way before that of cold and famine. The queen, on her part, gave five hundred louis from her purse. The convents, the hospitals, and the public buildings were thrown open as places of asylum for the poor; every gate to the larger houses was thrown open by order of their owners, who followed the example given at the royal residences, to admit into their court-yards the suffering poor, who came to crouch around the large fires burning there.

Thus they hoped to reach the period of the desired thaw. But the sky was unrelenting. Every evening a copper-coloured veil extended up from the horizon; the stars shone bright and cold, like funeral torches, and the frosts of the night congealed anew into a lake of diamonds the pale snow which the noon-day sun had for a moment melted.

During the day thousands of workmen, with spades and shovels, cleared away the snow from before the houses; so that on each side of the streets, already too narrow for the traffic, rose a high, thick wall, blocking up the way. Heavy carriages with wheels slipping, horses stumbling and falling, crowded the foot-passengers against these icy walls, and exposed them to the threefold risk of falling, of being run over, and of being covered by the snow. Soon these masses of snow and ice became so large that the shops were obscured by them; the passage-ways were obstructed, and it was found necessary to suspend the removal of it,—the means at command were insufficient.

Paris could do no more. She yielded, and allowed the winter to do its worst. December, January, February, and March passed thus, although now and then a few days' thaw changed all Paris, whose sewers were blocked up, into an ocean. Horses were drowned, and carriages destroyed in the streets, some of which could be traversed only in boats. Paris, faithful to its character, sang through this destruction by the thaw, as it had done through that by famine. Processions were made to the markets to see the fisherwomen serving their customers with immense leather boots on, inside which their trousers were pushed, and with their petticoats tucked round their waists, all laughing, gesticulating, and splashing each other as they stood in the water. These thaws, however, were but transitory; the frost returned, harder and more obstinate than ever, and recourse was had to sledges, pushed along by skaters, or drawn by rough-shod horses along the causeways, which were like polished mirrors. The Seine, frozen many feet deep, had become the rendezvous for all idlers, who assembled there to skate or slide, until, warmed by exercise, they ran to the nearest fire, lest the perspiration should freeze upon them. The time seemed to be approaching when, the water communications being stopped, and the roads impassable, provisions could no longer be sent in, and Paris, that gigantic body, would perish for want of food,—like those cetaceous monsters of the polar regions which, having devoured everything within their reach, remain enclosed in the polar ice, and die of starvation; since they are not able, like the smaller fish on which they prey, to escape by the fissures,

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and seek more temperate zones and waters more productive.

The king, in this extremity, assembled his council. It was decided to effect a removal of a portion of the population,—that is to say, to request the bishops, the abbés, and the monks, too careless of their residential duties, to return to their homes; also the governors, the intendants of provinces, who had made Paris their seat of government, and the magistrates who preferred the opera and Parisian society to their official chairs. Indeed, all these persons used large quantities of wood in their hôtels, and consumed no small amount of food. There were still the noblemen from places in the provinces, who were also to be requested to leave. But Monsieur Lenoir, lieutenant of police, observed to the king that as none of these were criminals, and as they could not therefore be compelled to leave Paris in a day, they would probably delay their departure, partly by reason of their unwillingness to go at all, and partly on account of the state of the roads; so that the thaw would arrive before any advantage could be gained from that measure, while all the inconveniences of it would have been produced.

Meantime that pity on the part of the king, who had emptied his private coffers, and that compassion of the queen, who had exhausted her personal resources, had awakened the ingenuous gratitude of the people, who commemorated by monuments as ephemeral as the calamity, and as the benefits conferred, the charities which Louis XVI. and the queen had bestowed upon the poor. As in other times soldiers raised trophies to the victorious general, constructed of the arms of the conquered enemy, so the Parisians, upon the field of battle where they had fought against the winter, raised obelisks of snow and ice in honour of the king and queen. Every one helped. The workman gave the strength of his arm, the artisan his industry, the artist his talent, and at the crossings of the principal streets the obelisks arose, elegant, bold, and solid. The poor man of letters whom the king's benevolence had sought out in his attic chamber, brought the offering of an inscription which expressed the feelings of his heart even more than it did the power of his mind.

At the end of March came a thaw, but it was partial only, and unsettled. Returns of cold weather prolonged the misery, the hunger, and suffering of the Parisian population, while preserving, upright and solid, the obelisks of snow. Never had the misery of the people been so profound as in this latter period. The intermittent warmth of the sun made the cold and windy nights even more unendurable. Great masses of ice were melted, and flowing into the Seine caused it to overflow its banks. But in the early days of April, one of those returns of cold weather of which we have spoken, declared itself. The obelisks, down whose sides coursed already the gathering moisture, presage of destruction,—the obelisks, half-melted, were solidified anew, deformed, and reduced in size. A fine mantle of snow covered the boulevards and the quays, and sledges reappeared there, with their prancing horses. They went well upon the quays and the boulevards; but in the streets the coaches and the rapid cabriolets were the terror of pedestrians, who, not hearing their approach and hindered by the walls of ice, were unable to get out of their way, and frequently fell under the wheels while trying to escape.

In a few days there were in Paris many persons wounded or dying. There were legs broken by a fall on the ice, ribs broken by the shafts of cabriolets which, in the rapidity of their course, could not be stopped upon the icy surface. Then the police gave attention to the task of preserving from the carriage-wheels those who had been spared by cold, hunger, and inundation. The rich who injured the poor were compelled to pay damages. In those days, during the reign of aristocracies, there was even an aristocratic way of driving horses. A prince of the blood rode at full speed and with no cry of warning; a duke, a gentleman, or an opera-girl drove at a fast trot; a president or a financier at a trot; the dandy drove himself in his cabriolet, and his footman, standing behind, cried, "Take care!" when his master had run against or run over some unfortunate pedestrian; and then, as Mercier says, he got up again who was able to do so.

But while the Parisian could see beautiful swan-necked sledges coursing on the boulevards; while he could admire the lovely ladies of the court, flying like meteors over the ice, in their sable and ermine cloaks; while the gilded bells, the purple netting, and the horses' plumes amused the children, standing in rows to gaze at all these fine sights,—the Paris citizen forgot the carelessness of the police and the brutality of the coachmen, and the poor forgot their misery, for the moment at least, accustomed as they were to be patronized by the rich or by those who pretended to be rich.

It was under the circumstances we have just described, a week after the dinner given at Versailles by Monsieur de Richelieu, that one might have seen on a bright, cold day, four elegant sledges gliding over the hardened snow which covered the ground. Outside of Paris the snow can long keep its virginal whiteness, there are so few to soil it with their footsteps; but in Paris a hundred thousand steps an hour soon darken and soil the splendid mantle of winter.

The sledges, which glided easily over the road till they came to the city, stopped first at the boulevard —that is to say, where mud began to take the place of snow. In fact, the noon-day sun had softened the atmosphere, and a temporary thaw had set in,—we say "temporary" because the clearness of the atmosphere gave promise that with the night would come that cold north wind which ruthlessly destroys in April the early leaves and the budding flowers.

In the foremost sledge were two men in brown riding coats with double capes; the only difference in the coats was that on one the buttons and embroidery were of gold, and on the other they were of silk. They were drawn by a black horse with smoking nostrils, and turned from time to time as if to watch the sledge that followed them, and which contained two ladies so enveloped in furs that it was impossible to see their faces. It might even have been difficult to distinguish their sex, if the height of their head-dresses, on which were little hats with nodding plumes, had not proclaimed them to be women. From these colossal edifices, covered with ribbons and jewels, escaped, occasionally, a cloud of white powder, as in winter the wind shakes the snow from the branches of the trees.

These two ladies, seated side by side, were conversing so earnestly as scarcely to see the numerous spectators who watched their progress along the boulevards. One of them, taller and more majestic than the other, and holding to her mouth a finely embroidered cambric handkerchief, carried her head erect and stately, in spite of the wind made by the rapid motion of the sledge.

It had just struck five by the clock of the Church Saint Croix d'Antin, and night was beginning to descend upon Paris, and with the night the cold.

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They had just reached the Porte Saint Denis, when the lady who held a handkerchief to her mouth made a sign to the men in front, who thereupon quickened the pace of their horse, and soon disappeared among the evening mists, which were fast thickening around the colossal structure of the Bastille.

This signal she then repeated to the other two sledges, which also vanished along the Rue Saint Denis. Meanwhile the one in which she sat having arrived at the Boulevard de Menilmontant, stopped.

In this place few people were to be seen; night had dispersed them. Besides, in this out-of-the-way quarter not many citizens would trust themselves without torches and an escort, since winter had sharpened the teeth of three or four thousand beggars who might easily become thieves.

The lady whom we have already designated to our readers as giving the orders, touched with her finger the shoulder of the coachman who was driving her, and said, "Weber, how long will it take the cabriolet to reach—you know where?"

"Matame will go in de gabriolet?" asked the coachman, with a strong German accent.

"Yes, I shall return by the streets, to see the fires. Now the streets are still more muddy than the boulevards, and we should not get on in the sledge. Besides, I begin to feel the cold; do not you, little one?" said the lady, addressing her companion.

"Yes, Madame," replied the latter.

"You understand, Weber, where to take the cabriolet?"

"Ferry vell, Matame."

"How much time will you need?"

"Alf ein hour."

"Good. What is the time, little one?"

The young lady looked at her watch, which however she could hardly see, as it was growing dark, and said, "A quarter to six, Madame."

"Then at a quarter to seven, Weber." And saying these words the lady leaped lightly from the sledge, gave her hand to her friend, and walked away quickly, while the coachman, with gestures of respectful despair, murmured, loud enough for his mistress to hear,——

"Oh, mein Gott, vot imprutence!"

The two ladies laughed, drew closely around them their cloaks, the collars of which reached even to the tops of their ears, and crossed the foot-path on the boulevard, amusing themselves by crunching the snow under their little feet shod with well furred shoes.

"You have good eyes, Andrée," said the lady who seemed the elder of the two, although she could not have been more than thirty or thirty-two years of age; "try to read the name at the corner of that street."

"Rue du Pont-aux-Choux, Madame," said the young lady, smiling.

"Rue du Pont-aux-Choux! Ah, *mon Dieu!* we must have lost our way. They told me the second street on the right—but what a smell of hot bread, Andrée!"

"That is not astonishing," said her companion, "for here is a baker's shop."

"Well, let us ask here for the Rue Saint Claude," said the elder lady, moving toward the door.

"Oh, do not go in, Madame; allow me," said Andrée.

"The Rue Saint Claude, my pretty ladies?" said a cheerful voice. "Are you asking for the Rue Saint Claude?"

The two ladies turned round at the same moment, and looking in the direction of the voice they saw, leaning against the door of the shop, a man with a jacket over his shoulders, but with legs and breast quite bare, notwithstanding the intense cold.

"Oh! a naked man!" cried the young lady, half hiding behind her companion; "are we, then, in Oceanica?"

"You are looking for the Rue Saint Claude?" repeated the baker's man, who did not understand the movement of the younger lady, and who, accustomed to his costume, was far from attributing to it the centrifugal force, the result of which we have just seen.

"Yes, my friend, the Rue Saint Claude," said the elder lady, hardly able to keep from laughing.

"Oh, it is not difficult to find; besides I will conduct you there myself," replied the jolly, flour-sprinkled youth, who, suiting the action to the words, began to move his long bony legs, which terminated in two old shoes as large as boats.

"No, no!" cried the elder lady, who did not fancy such a guide; "do not disturb yourself. Tell us the way and we shall easily find it."

"First street to the right, Madame," replied the guide, discreetly withdrawing.

"Thanks," said the ladies, simultaneously; and they set off, running in the direction indicated, stifling their laughter in their muffs

CHAPTER II

AN INTERIOR

If we have not calculated too much on the knowledge of the reader, we may hope that he already knows the Rue Saint Claude, the eastern end of which joins the boulevard, and the western, the Rue Saint Louis; indeed, he has seen more than one of the personages who have played or will play a part in this history, passing through it in former times,—that is, when the great physician Joseph Balsamo lived there with his sibyl Lorenza and his master Althotas. In 1784 as in 1770, the time at which we first introduced our readers to the place, the Rue Saint Claude was a respectable street, rather dark, it is true, certainly not very clean; in short, not much frequented, not much built up, and little known. But it had its name of a saint and its rank as a street of the *Marais;* and as such it sheltered, in the three or four houses of which it consisted, several gentlemen of small property, several poor trades-people, and several paupers omitted in the parish lists.

Besides these three or four houses, there was at the corner of the boulevard a hôtel of grand appearance of which the Rue Saint Claude might have been proud, as of an aristocratic building; but this house whose high windows would on festal days have illuminated the whole street merely by the reflection of its candelabra and chandeliers,—this house, we say, was the darkest, the most silent, and the most completely closed of all the houses in that quarter.

The gate was never opened; the windows, lined with leather cushions, had on each leaf of the window-blind, upon every moulding of the shutters, a coating of dust which physiologists or geologists would have said had been accumulating for ten years.

Sometimes, an idle passer-by, some curious person, or a neighbour approached the gate, and through the huge keyhole examined the interior of the court-yard; all he could see, however, was masses of weeds growing between the stones, and green moss spreading itself over everything. Occasionally, an enormous rat, sovereign of this deserted domain, quietly crossed the yard and disappeared in the cellar,—

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superfluous modesty, when he had the choice of so many fine sitting-rooms where he need never fear the intrusion of a cat.

If it happened to be a passer-by or a curious person, after having established for himself the fact of the solitude of this hôtel, he would go on his way; but if it was a neighbour, since the interest which he took in the hôtel was much greater, he remained almost always long enough to be joined by a second neighbour, attracted by curiosity like his own; and then almost always a conversation took place of which we are very sure that we can recall the substance, if not the details.

"Neighbour," said the one who was not looking to the one who looked, "what do you see in the house of Monsieur le Comte de Balsamo?"

"Neighbour," replied the latter, "I see the rat."

"Ah, will you allow me?" and the second curious person placed himself in his turn at the key-hole.

"Do you see him?" said the dispossessed neighbour to the one in possession.

"Yes," replied the latter, "I see him. Ah, Monsieur! he has grown fat."

"You think so?"

"Yes, I am sure of it."

"I believe you! He has nothing to trouble him."

"And certainly, whatever they may say, there must be some good tid-bits in the house."

"Good tid-bits, you say?"

"Why, Monsieur de Balsamo disappeared too suddenly not to have forgotten something."

"Indeed, neighbour, you may be right."

And after having looked again at the rat, they separated, alarmed at having said so much on a matter so mysterious and delicate.

Indeed, after the burning of this house, or rather a part of it, Balsamo had disappeared, no repairs had been made, and the hôtel was unoccupied.

We will leave it, rising sombre and damp in the darkness, with its terraces covered with snow, and its roof destroyed by the flames,—this old hôtel which we did not wish to pass without stopping before it, as before an old acquaintance; then crossing the street from left to right, we shall see, adjoining a little garden enclosed by a high wall, a narrow and high house, rising like a tall white tower against the deep gray-blue of the sky. At the top of the house a chimney rises like a lightning-rod, and right over the top of this chimney a brilliant star shines and sparkles.

The upper story of the house would be lost, unseen in space, except for a ray of light which illuminates two of the three windows in the front. The other stories are dark and gloomy. Are the tenants already asleep? Are they economizing, beneath their blankets, both the candles which are so dear, and the wood which is so scarce this year? Whatever the cause, the four stories give no sign of life; while the fifth not only lives, but even shines forth with some ostentation.

Let us knock at the door and ascend the dark staircase which terminates at this fifth story, where our business calls us. A common ladder placed against the wall leads to the garret. A deer's foot hangs by the door; a straw mat and wooden coat-rack furnish the landing. The first door being opened, we enter a dark and unfurnished room; it is the one whose window is not lighted. It serves as antechamber and leads into a second room, the appearance and furniture of which deserve all our attention.

The floor is of tiles, instead of being inlaid; the doors are coarsely painted; there are three arm-chairs of white wood, upholstered in yellow velvet, and a poor sofa, whose cushions have become thin and creased by long use. Two portraits hung on the wall first attract our attention. A candle and a lamp, placed the one on a three-legged stand, the other on the mantel-piece, combine their rays so as to make these two portraits two centers of light. The first of these was a well-known and strikingly correct likeness of Henri III, king of France and Poland—with a cap on his head, face long and pale, pointed beard, a ruff round his neck. Under it is, inscribed in black letters, on a frame poorly gilded, "Henri de Valois."

The other portrait, more recently gilded, as fresh-looking as the other was ancient, represented a young woman with black eyes, a nose straight and delicately formed, high cheek-bones, and a mouth expressing circumspection. Her head was dressed, or rather crushed, by an edifice of hair and ribbons in comparison with which the cap of Henri III was like a mole-hill beside a pyramid. Under this portrait could be read in black letters, "Jeanne de Valois."

If you wish, after inspecting the fireless hearth, the cheap cotton bed-curtains, ornamented with yellowed green damask,—if you wish to know what connection there may be between those portraits and the occupants of that fifth story, it is necessary only to turn toward a small oak table upon which a woman, plainly dressed, rests her left arm while she examines several sealed letters, and takes note of their addresses. That young woman is the original of the portrait.

A few steps off, in an attitude half-curious, half-respectful, stands a little old woman, apparently about sixty years old.

"Jeanne de Valois," says the inscription; but if this lady be indeed a Valois, one wonders how ever the portrait of Henri III, the sybarite king, the ruffed voluptuary, could endure, observing it only from his portrait, the sight of so much poverty suffered by a person not only of his race, but bearing his name.

In her person, however, this lady of the fifth story did no discredit to the origin which she claimed. She had white and delicate hands, which from time to time she warmed by placing them under her crossed arms; her feet also, which were encased in rather coquettish velvet slippers, she endeavoured to warm by stamping on the tiled floor, shining and cold as the ice that covered Paris.

The wind whistled through all the old doors, and penetrated the crevices of the shaking windows; and the old servant sadly shrugged her shoulders as she looked at the fireless hearth. As to the lady, the mistress of the apartment, she continued counting the letters and reading their addresses. After reading each address she made a little calculation.

"Madame de Misery," she murmured; "first lady of the bedchamber to her Majesty,—I can not expect more than six louis from her, for she has already given to me once"; and she sighed. "Madame Patrix, lady's maid to her Majesty, two louis; Monsieur d'Ormesson, an audience; Monsieur de Calonne, some good advice; Monsieur de Rohan, a visit,—at least we will try to induce him," said she, smiling. "Well, then, I think I may hope for eight louis within a week." Then looking up, "Dame Clotilde," she said, "snuff this candle."

The old woman did as she was bid, and then resumed her place.

This kind of inquisition seemed to annoy the young woman, for she said, "Do go, my dear, and see if you can not find the end of a wax candle for me; this tallow is odious."

"There is none," replied the old woman.

"But just look."

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"Where?"

"In the antechamber."

"It is very cold there."

"Eh, stop! someone is ringing," said the young woman.

"Madame is mistaken," replied the obstinate old woman.

"I thought I heard it, Dame Clotilde"; then, abandoning the attempt to move the old woman, she turned again to her calculations. "Eight louis! Three I owe for the rent." She took her pen and wrote. "Three louis; five promised to Monsieur de la Motte, to enable him to endure his stay at Bar-sur-Aube. Poor fellow, our marriage has not enriched him as yet. But patience!" and she smiled again, and looked at herself in the mirror that hung between the two portraits. "Well, then," she continued, "I want one louis for fares from Versailles to Paris and back again." And she wrote that additional figure in the column of expenses. "Living for a week, one louis; dress, and gifts to the porters of the houses where I go, four louis. Is that all? Let me add." But in the midst of her addition she interrupted herself: "Someone is ringing, I tell you."

"No, Madame," replied the old woman. "It is below, on the next floor."

"Four, six, eleven, fourteen louis; there are six less than I need,—and my entire wardrobe is to be renewed, and this old brute to be paid off and dismissed." Then suddenly, "But I tell you someone is ringing, you miserable creature!" she cried out angrily.

Even the old woman could deny it no longer; she hobbled off to open the door, while her mistress, agile as a squirrel, rapidly cleared away all the papers, and after a rapid glance about the room, to assure herself that everything was in order, seated herself on the sofa, assuming the humble and melancholy attitude of a person resigned but suffering.

It was, however, only her body that reposed; her eyes, restless and unquiet, questioned the mirror in which the door was reflected, and her ears were quickened to catch the smallest sound.

At last the door was opened, and she heard a young and sweet voice saying, "Is it here that Madame la Comtesse de La Motte lives?"

"Madame la Comtesse de La Motte Valois," replied Clotilde, with a nasal tone.

"It is the same person, my good woman; is Madame de La Motte at home?"

"Yes, Madame; she is too ill to go out."

During this colloquy, the pretended invalid saw reflected in the glass the figure of a lady talking to Clotilde, unquestionably belonging to the higher ranks. She immediately left the sofa, and seated herself in an armchair, so that the stranger might have the seat of honour. While accomplishing this movement, she saw her visitor turn round, and heard her say to someone behind, "You can enter, Madame; this is the place." And the two ladies we have before seen asking the way to the Rue Saint Claude prepared to enter the room.

"Whom shall I announce to the countess?" said Clotilde.

"Announce a sister of charity," said the elder lady.

"From Paris?"

"No, from Versailles."

Clotilde entered the room, and the strangers followed her.

Jeanne de Valois seemed to rise with difficulty from her seat to receive her visitors. Clotilde placed chairs for them, and then withdrew so slowly that one could easily see that she intended to remain near the door, in order to hear what might follow.

CHAPTER III

JEANNE DE LA MOTTE DE VALOIS

THE first care of Jeanne de La Motte, when she could with propriety raise her eyes, was to examine the faces of her visitors, so as to gather what she could of their character. The elder lady, who might have been, as we have said, about thirty-two years of age, was remarkably beautiful, although at first sight an air of hauteur detracted slightly from the charm of her expression; at least, so Jeanne thought, from the little she could see of her face. For the lady, preferring one of the armchairs to the sofa, had placed herself beyond the range of the rays of light emitted by the lamp, and sat in a corner of the room, having drawn over her forehead the hood of her cloak, which thus shaded her face. But she held her head so proudly, her eyes were so expressive and so naturally dilated, that all details were effaced, and at cursory glance she was to be recognized as of a good family, and even of a noble family.

Her companion, less timid, in appearance at least, although four or five years younger, was not less beautiful. Her complexion was charming; her hair drawn back from her temples showed to advantage the perfect oval of her face. Two large blue eyes, calm and serene; a well-formed mouth, indicating great frankness of disposition, but to which discretion had been added by education; a nose, which in form rivaled that of the Venus de Medici,—such was the other face which presented itself to the gaze of Jeanne de Valois.

She inquired gently to what happy circumstance she owed the honour of their visit.

The elder lady signed to the younger, who thereupon said, "Madame, for I believe you are married——"

"I have the honour to be the wife of Monsieur le Comte de La Motte, Madame, an excellent gentleman."

"Well, Madame la Comtesse, we are at the head of a charitable institution, and having heard concerning your condition things that interest us, we wished to have more precise details on the subject."

Jeanne paused a moment before making a reply. "Ladies," she said, noticing the reserve of the second visitor, "you see there the portrait of Henri III,—that is to say, of the brother of my ancestor, for I am truly of the race of Valois, as you doubtless have been told." And she waited for the next question, looking at her visitors with a sort of proud humility.

"Madame," said the grave and sweet voice of the elder lady, "is it true, as we have also heard, that your mother was housekeeper at a place called Fontette, near Bar-sur-Seine?"

Jeanne coloured at this question, but replied at once, and without embarrassment. "It is true, Madame; and," she went on, "as Marie Fossel, my mother, was possessed of rare beauty, my father fell in love with her, and married her. It is by my father that I am nobly descended; he was a Saint Remy de Valois, direct descendant of the Valois who were on the throne."

"But how have you been reduced to this degree of poverty, Madame."

"Alas! that is easily told. You are not ignorant that after the accession of Henri IV, by which the crown passed from the house of Valois to that of Bourbon, there still remained many branches of the fallen family, obscure, doubtless, but incontestably springing from the same root as the four brothers who all perished so miserably."

The two ladies made a sign of assent.

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"Then," continued Jeanne, "these remnants of the Valois fearing, in spite of their obscurity, to be obnoxious to the reigning family, changed their name of Valois to that of Remy, which they took from the name of an estate; and they may be traced under this name down to my grandfather, who, seeing the monarchy so firmly established, and the old branch forgotten, thought he need no longer deprive himself of his illustrious name, his only inheritance. He resumed, therefore, the name of Valois, and bore that name in poverty and obscurity in a distant province, while no one at the court of France dreamed that beyond the radiance of the throne there vegetated a descendant of the ancient kings of France, who, if not the most glorious in the history of the monarchy, were at all events the most unfortunate."

Jeanne paused after saying these words. She had spoken with a simplicity and mildness which created a favourable impression.

"You have, doubtless, your proofs already arranged, Madame," said the elder lady, with kindness, but at the same time looking fixedly at her who claimed to be descended from the Valois.

"Oh, Madame!" she replied with a bitter smile, "proofs are not wanting. My father arranged them, and left them to me as his sole legacy. But of what use are proofs of a truth which no one is willing to recognize?"

"Your father is, then, dead?" asked the younger lady.

"Alas! yes."

"Did he die in the provinces?"

"No, Madame."

"At Paris, then?"

"Yes."

"In this room?"

"No, Madame; my father, Baron de Valois, great-nephew of King Henri III., died of want and hunger."

"Impossible!" cried both ladies, at the same time.

"And not here," continued Jeanne; "not in this poor retreat,—not in his own bed, poor as that might be. No, my father died side by side with misery and suffering. My father died in the Hôtel Dieu!"

The ladies uttered an exclamation of surprise and distress.

Satisfied with the effect produced by her story on her visitors, and with the skill she had used in leading up to the dénouement, Jeanne sat with her eyes lowered, her hands hanging motionless. The elder of the strangers regarded her attentively, and seeing nothing affected or vulgar in her grief, which appeared so simple and natural, she said: "From what you tell me, Madame, you have experienced, it is evident, great misfortunes; and the death of your father, especially——"

"Oh, if you heard all the story of my life, Madame, you would see that my father's death does not rank among its greatest misfortunes."

"What, Madame! you regard as a minor evil the loss of a father?" said the elder lady, with a frown.

"Yes, Madame; and in saying that I speak as an affectionate daughter, for my father in dying was delivered from all the ills which he experienced in this life, and which continue to assail his unhappy family. I feel, therefore, in the midst of the grief which his loss causes me, a certain joy in knowing that my father is dead, and that the descendant of kings is no longer obliged to beg his bread."

"To beg his bread?"

"Yes, Madame; I say it without shame, for in all our misfortunes there was no fault in my father or myself."

"But you do not speak of your mother?"

"Well, with the same frankness with which I told you just now that I blessed God for taking my father, I complain to him because he left my mother alive."

The two ladies looked at each other, almost shuddering at these strange words.

"Would it be indiscreet, Madame, to ask you for a more detailed account of your misfortunes?" asked the elder lady.

"The indiscretion, Madame, would be in me, if I fatigued your ears with a recital of sorrow which can have no interest for you."

"I listen, Madame," said the elder lady, so commandingly that her companion looked at her as if to warn her to be more guarded. Indeed, Madame de La Motte had been struck with this imperious accent, and stared at her with some astonishment.

"I listen, Madame," the lady repeated in a more gentle tone, "if you will do me the favour to begin"; and yielding to a sense of discomfort, caused doubtless by the cold, the lady who had just spoken restlessly moved her feet, chilled by contact with the damp floor. The younger lady thereupon pushed toward her a sort of foot-carpet which happened to be near her chair,—an attention which drew from her companion a warning glance. "Keep that carpet, sister," said she, pushing it back again, "you are more delicate than I."

"Indeed, Madame," said Jeanne, "it grieves me much to see you suffer from the cold; but wood is six francs higher than ever, and is now sold at seventy francs a cord. My stock was exhausted a week ago."

"You said, Madame, that you were unhappy in having a mother," said the elder lady, returning to the subject.

"Yes, Madame. Doubtless such a blasphemy shocks you much, does it not?" said Jeanne; "but hear my explanation, since you desire it. I have already had the honour to tell you that my father married beneath his rank."

"Yes, in marrying his housekeeper."

"Well, Marie Fossel, my mother, instead of feeling gratified and proud of the honour he had done her, began by ruining my father, which certainly was not difficult, while she satisfied with the little that her husband possessed the hunger of her caprices. Then having compelled him to sell everything, down to his last bit of ground, she induced him to go to Paris to claim the rights to which his name entitled him. My father was easily persuaded; perhaps he hoped in the justice of the king. He came, then, having first turned all he possessed into money. He had, besides me, another daughter and a son. The son, unfortunate like me, vegetates in the lowest ranks of the army; the daughter, my poor sister, was abandoned on the evening of our departure before the house of a neighbouring farmer, her godfather.

"The journey exhausted our little resources. My father wore himself out in fruitless appeals. We scarcely ever saw him at home; and in his absence my mother, to whom a victim was necessary, vented her discontent and ill-humour upon me. She even reproached me with what I ate, and I came by degrees to prefer to eat only bread, or even not to eat at all, rather than sit down at our poor table. But my mother found no lack of pretexts for punishment; for the slightest fault I was unmercifully beaten. The neighbours, thinking to serve me, told my father of the treatment I experienced. He endeavoured to protect me against my mother, and did not know that by his interference he changed my enemy of the moment into an unrelenting tormentor. Alas! I could not warn him of what was for

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my interest; I was too young, too childish. I comprehended nothing; I experienced effects without seeking to know the cause. I knew the hardship, and that was all.

"At last my father fell ill, and was confined first to the house, and then to his bed. My mother banished me from his room on the pretext that I disturbed him. She made me now learn a sentence which she emphasized with blows and bruises; and when I knew that sentence by heart,—which instinctively I was unwilling to learn,—though my eyes were red with tears, she would drive me out into the street with blows, ordering me to repeat it to each passer-by if I did not wish to be beaten to death."

"Horrible! horrible!" murmured the younger of the two ladies.

"And what was this sentence?" asked the elder lady.

"It was this, Madame: 'Have pity on a little orphan who descends in a direct line from Henri de Valois.'"

"What a shame!" cried the elder lady, with a gesture of disgust.

"But what effect did this sentence have on those to whom it was addressed?" inquired the younger.

"Some listened and pitied me; others were angry and threatened me; others, more compassionate than the first, warned me that I ran a great risk in repeating such words,—but I knew no other danger than that of disobeying my mother."

"And what was the result?"

"*Mon Dieu!* Madame, that which my mother had desired; I brought back to the house a little money, and the frightful prospect which my father had before him—the hospital—receded for a few days."

The features of the elder of the two young women became contracted; tears came to the eyes of the younger.

"At length, Madame, notwithstanding the relief it brought my father, this hideous trade became revolting to me. One day, instead of repeating my accustomed phrase, I sat on the doorstep the whole time, and returned in the evening empty-handed. My mother beat me so that the next day I fell ill; then my poor father, deprived of all resources, was obliged to go to the Hôtel Dieu, where he died."

"Oh, what a horrible history!" murmured the two ladies.

"What became of you after your father's death?" asked the younger lady.

"God took pity upon me. A month after my father's death my mother ran away with a soldier, her lover, abandoning my brother and myself."

"You found yourselves orphans?"

"Oh, Madame, we, unlike others, were orphans only because we had a mother. Public charity adopted us. But as begging was repugnant to us, we begged only enough to procure the necessities of life. God commands his creatures to endeavour to live."

"Alas!"

"What shall I tell you, Madame? One day I saw a carriage going slowly along toward the Faubourg Saint Marcel. There were four footmen behind, and a beautiful lady inside; I held out my hand to her for charity. She questioned me, and my reply and my name seemed to strike her with surprise, and then with incredulity. She asked for my address, and the next day made inquiries, and finding that I had told her the truth, she took charge of my brother and myself; she placed my brother in the army and me with a dressmaker. We were both saved from starvation."

"Was not this lady Madame de Boulainvilliers?"

"It was."

"She is dead, I believe?"

"Yes, and her death plunged me again into the abyss."

"Her husband still lives, and is rich."

"Ah, Madame, it is to him that I owe my later misfortunes, as to my mother I owe the miseries of my childhood. I had grown tall and perhaps attractive, and he wished to put a price upon his benefits, which I refused to pay. It was at just this time that Madame de Boulainvilliers died; and I—I, whom she had married to a brave and loyal soldier, Monsieur de La Motte—found myself, separated as I was from my husband, more desolate after her death than I had been after that of my father.

"This is my story, Madame. I have made it short. A tale of suffering is always tedious, and is not to be inflicted on those who are happy, though they be as benevolent as you, ladies, seem to be."

A long silence followed this conclusion of Madame de La Motte's story. The elder lady was the first to speak. "Where, then, is your husband?" she asked.

"He is in garrison, at Bar-sur-Aube; he serves in the gendarmerie, and is waiting, like myself, in hopes of better times."

"But you have laid your case before the court?"

"Certainly."

"The name of Valois must have awakened some sympathy?"

"I know not, Madame, what sentiments it may have awakened, for I have received no answer to any of my petitions."

"And yet you have seen the ministers, the king, the queen?"

"No one. Everywhere I have failed."

"You cannot beg, however."

"No, Madame; I have lost the habit, but——"

"But what?"

"But I can die of hunger, like my poor father."

"You have no child?"

"No, Madame; and my husband, by getting killed in the service of his king, will find for himself at least a glorious end to our miseries."

"Can you, Madame,—I beg pardon if I seem intrusive,—but can you bring forward the proofs of your genealogy?"

Jeanne rose, opened a drawer, and drew out some papers which she presented to the lady, who rose to come nearer the light that she might examine them; but seeing that Jeanne eagerly seized this opportunity to observe her more clearly than she had yet been able to do, turned away as if the light hurt her eyes, thus turning her back to Madame de La Motte. In this position she examined all the papers, one after the other.

"But," said she, at last, "these are only copies. I do not find a single original."

"Oh, Madame, I have the originals safe, and am ready to produce them——"

"If any important occasion should present itself, you mean?" said the lady, smiling.

"It is, doubtless, Madame, an important occasion which procures me the honour of your visit; but these papers are so precious——"

"That you cannot show them to every stranger. I understand you."

"Oh, Madame!" cried the countess, who at last had obtained a clear view of her protectress's face, full of dignity, "I cannot think of treating you as a stranger; you shall see them"; and opening a secret drawer above the other, she drew out the

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originals, which were enclosed in an old portfolio, on which were the arms of the Valois.

The lady took them, and after examining them said, "You are right; these papers are perfectly regular, and I advise you to exhibit them without fail to the proper authorities."

"And what, in your opinion, Madame, should I gain by that?"

"Why, without any doubt, a pension for yourself, and advancement for Monsieur de La Motte, if he prove worthy of it."

"My husband is an honourable man, Madame, and has never failed in his military duties."

"It is enough, Madame," said the sister of charity, drawing her hood still more over her face. Madame de La Motte anxiously watched her every movement. She saw her feel in her pocket and draw out first the embroidered handkerchief with which she had shielded her face when in the sledge, then a small roll about an inch in diameter, and three or four in length, which she placed on the chiffonniere, saying, "The treasurer of our charity authorizes me, Madame, to offer you this small assistance, until you shall obtain something better."

Madame de La Motte threw a rapid glance at the little roll. "Three-franc pieces," thought she, "and there must be fifty, or even a hundred of them. So here are a hundred and fifty, perhaps three hundred, francs fallen from the sky. The roll is somewhat short for a hundred pieces, but it is also too long for fifty."

While she was thus thinking, the two ladies moved quickly into the outer room, where Clotilde had fallen asleep in her chair.

The candle was burning out in the socket, and the smell which came from it made the ladies draw out their smelling-bottles. Jeanne woke Clotilde, who seized the remnant of the candle and held it like a beacon light over the gloomy staircase, notwithstanding the protests of the two strangers, whom she lighted and at the same time poisoned.

"Au revoir, Madame la Comtesse," they cried, as they hurried downstairs.

"Where may I have the honour of coming to thank you?" asked Jeanne.

"We will let you know," replied the elder lady, going down as fast as possible.

Madame de La Motte ran back into her room, impatient to examine her rouleau, but her foot struck something which rolled from the mat on to the floor. On picking it up and holding it to the lamp, she found it to be a gold box, round, flat, and plainly ornamented. There were some chocolate confections in it, and evidently it also contained a secret compartment. The countess at last found the spring, and the lid to the secret compartment flew open and disclosed the portrait of a woman of masculine beauty and imperious majesty. The coiffure was German, and she wore a collar like that of an order. A monogram, composed of an M and a T encircled by a laurel wreath, ornamented the inside of the box. Madame de La Motte did not doubt, from the resemblance of the portrait to the lady who had just left her, that it was that of her mother or grandmother. She ran to the stairs to call to the ladies, but, hearing the street-door shut, she ran back, thinking to call them from the window, but arrived there only in time to see a cabriolet going rapidly away.

The countess, no longer hoping to recall her two protectresses, looked again at the box, and concluded that she would sent it to Versailles. Then seizing the rouleau, which was lying on the chiffonniere, "I was not mistaken," she said; "there are only fifty crowns here." When she opened it, she uttered a cry of joy, "Double louis! fifty double louis! two thousand and four hundred francs!" and transported at the sight of more gold than she had ever seen before in her life, she remained with clasped hands and open lips. "A hundred louis!" she repeated; "these ladies are, then, very rich. Oh, I will find them again!"

(*To be continued*)

Question

By GUSTAV DAVIDSON

THE house in my heart
Is built without art.
(I do not know
How it is so.)

The roads in my mind
Unwind, unwind.
(And where they lead
I do not heed.)

The ship in my soul
Sails, without goal
(Hither and thither,
I do not know whither.)

Does God in His sky
Know whither, and why?

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